MISSIONARY WORK

IN THE

SOUTHERN SEAS.

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Willie Denham with her
mothers best love -
Xmas 188-

THE MISSIONARIES' DWELLING.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY

JAMES HUTTON.

SECOND EDITION.

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 3, line 26, for *Pellew* read *Pelew.*

Page 132, line 23, for *tabaued* read *tabued.*

Page 190, line 15, for *Tonga-tabau* read *Tonga-tabu.*

Page 194, line 16, for *Lofuga* read *Lifuga.*

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS CONSULTED FOR THIS COMPILATION.

Beechey's (Capt. F. W.) "Narrative of a Voyage to the Pacific."

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Calvert's (J.) and Williams's (T.) "Fiji and the Fijians."

Campbell's (J.) "Maritime Discovery and Christian Missions."

Campbell's (J.) "Martyr of Erromanga."

Cook's (Capt.) "Voyages."

Ellis's (W.) "Polynesian Researches."

Erskine's (Capt. J. E.) "Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific."

Farmer's (S. S.) "Tonga and the Friendly Islands."

Hill's (S. S.) "Sandwich and Society Islands."

Lawry's (W.) "Friendly and Feejee Islands." First Visit in 1847.

Lawry's (W.) "Second Missionary Visit to the Friendly and Feejee Islands in 1850."

Lundie's (J. A.) "Missions in Samoa."

M'Farlane's (S.) "Story of the Lifu Mission."

Martin's (J.) "Tonga Islands."

Murray's (A. W.) "Missions in Western Polynesia."

Palmer's (Capt. G.) "Kidnapping in the South Seas."

Pritchard's (W. T.) "Polynesian Reminiscences."

Prout's (E.) "Memoirs of the Rev. J. Williams."

Seemann's (Dr B.) "Viti : Government Mission to the Vitian or Fijian Islands in 1860–61."

Selwyn's (Bishop) "Letters on the Melanesian Mission in 1853."

Stewart's (C. S.) "Residence in the Sandwich Islands."

Turner's (G.) "Nineteen Years in Polynesia."

Wilkes' (Commodore) "United States Expedition."

Williams's (J.) "Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands."

Yonge's (C. M.) "Life of John Coleridge Patteson, Missionary Bishop."

Yonge's (C. M.) "In Memoriam. Bishop Patteson."

2.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

CHAPTER I.

TAHITI.

Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Vasco Nuñez de Balboa—Magellan names the Western Ocean—Polynesia—The mountainous, the hilly, the coralline islands—Two distinct races of inhabitants—Tamatoa—Matetau—Natural disposition of the South Sea Islanders—Visit of Omai to England—Cowper's lines—Revival of religious feeling in the British Isles—Spanish and Portuguese mode of conversion—Captain Cook's aberration of judgment—Formation of the London Missionary Society—Captain Wilson's strange career—The *Duff* sails for Tahiti.

A MEMORABLE day was the 26th of September 1513 in the annals of maritime discovery. On that day the valiant Spaniard Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, from the summit of a mountain in the Isthmus of Darien, looked down in admiration and awe upon the seemingly boundless expanse of waters that lay stretched out at his feet. A man of broken fortunes and desperate character, reckless of human life and suffering, athirst for gold, and utterly

unscrupulous as to means, Balboa was still susceptible of great and noble emotions, such as the first sight of a hitherto unknown ocean can hardly fail to inspire in minds not utterly devoid of imagination and reverence. Overpowered by the glorious spectacle that on all sides met his enraptured gaze—lofty mountains clad with magnificent forests, broad valleys intersected by silvery streams, a calm, unruffled sea, as yet unploughed by European keels, as yet unwhitened by European sails—the daring adventurer dropped on his knees, and offered up his humble tribute of thanks to the Creator. Then springing to his feet, and all aglow with ambition and loyalty, he hurried down to the shore, and, striding through the waves up to his waist, with buckler and sword held aloft, took possession of the nameless ocean, and all that it contained, in the name of His Most Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand of Spain.

In those days, however little regard might be paid to Christian ethics, religious forms and observances were venerated even by men of blood and crime. Having discharged what he deemed his duty to his sovereign, Balboa next bethought him of what was due to his Saviour. He accordingly cut out the shape of the Cross on the bark of a tree growing within the influence of the tide, while his comrades carved the emblem of their faith upon many a trunk in the forest that fringed the shore.

Seven years, however, glided past before any European craft spread its canvas to the breeze westward of the mighty continents of America, and the honour of that achievement fell at last, not to a Spanish, but to a Portuguese mariner. Sailing in search of the Molucca Islands, Magellan discovered and passed through the straits that have handed his name down to the present day, and the

good ship *Vittoria* showed the way to the isle-begemmed ocean, upon which, deceived by the smoothness of its surface, he conferred the title of Pacific. Pursuing his adventurous course, Magellan came at last to the Ladrone and then to the Philippine Islands, where he lost his life in a dispute with the natives; but the *Vittoria* returned in safety to Portugal, the first vessel that had ever circumnavigated the globe.

Throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the spirit of maritime exploration continued unabated in vigour, and a rapid succession of discoveries kindled and kept alive a passion for distant voyages and expeditions. Within a comparatively short space of time so many clusters of considerable islands were found to dot the surface of the southern seas, and break the dreary monotony of their waste of waters, that the name of Polynesia, or many-islanded, was appropriately applied to the vast stretch of ocean comprised within fifty degrees on each side of the prime meridian, and between the fiftieth parallel of south and the thirtieth of north latitude. Strictly speaking, the name was originally confined to the Moluccas, the Philippines, and other islands, which now scarcely come within its modern acceptation, limited by President de Brosses to the various groups lying to the eastward of 130° from Greenwich.

The principal clusters north of the Line are the Pellew Islands, the Caroline, the Ladrone, the Ralick and Radack Chains, and the Sandwich Islands. Those to the south are more numerous, and comprise the Solomon Islands, Queen Charlotte's Archipelago, the New Hebrides, the Fiji, the Friendly, the Navigators' Isles, the Society, the Georgian, the Austral, the Marquesas, and the Low, Coral,

or Dangerous Islands, with the addition of a few separate islets, of which the most famous is Pitcairn's. All these different groups have apparently been upheaved by volcanic agency, and form links in a chain extending from the Bay of Bengal in a curvilinear direction to the south-east by east.

The Polynesian Islands have been conveniently divided into three classes, the mountainous, the hilly, and the coralline. The first class is naturally the most picturesque, some of the loftiest peaks towering to an altitude of 15,000 feet above the circumjacent sea. The scenery of these islands is exceedingly diversified, and oftentimes impressed with grandeur. Abrupt, needle-like spires arise out of the midst of a tropical vegetation, or a pyramidal mass supports "the labouring clouds" on its "barren breast," or a crenated rampart of rocks closes a fertile valley, and seems to shut out the world beyond. In some the streams descend from the highlands in rushing cascades, while their banks and the lovely vales at the base of the mountains are clothed with stately trees, such as the banana, the cocoa-nut palm, the bread-fruit tree, the casuarina, the candle-nut tree, the tamanu, the *Baringtonia speciosa*, the aoa, and many others, not less useful than majestic. Traces of volcanic eruptions are distinctly visible in the interior, while fragments of coral and layers of shells are found at the highest elevations, showing that at some remote period the entire mass has been thrown up from the bed of the ocean.

The islands of the second class, though by no means deficient in the beauty of their outlines or in the variety of their natural productions, can boast only of homely charms, and lay no claims to ruggedness or sublimity of

aspect. Their height above the sea-level varies from one hundred to five hundred feet, and the wall or cliff, at whose feet the waves idly fret themselves into foam, usually consists of a hard, white, coral limestone, not unlike the aragonite of the Giant's Causeway.

The low coralline islands of the third class, again, are much dreaded by navigators, for they seldom rise more than a few feet above the sea, and are in fact reefs that have gradually, in a long course of years, become covered with a scanty soil and a stunted vegetation.

In Tongatabu and the Friendly Islands, however, the soil is sufficiently deep to produce trees, shrubs, and vegetables not inferior to those which flourish in the hilly islands. In some groups the islands are surrounded in whole, or for the greater part, by a belt or reef of coral that rises to the surface of the water. This natural breakwater, upon which the long billows of the Pacific break with prodigious force and uproar, provides within its friendly shelter a safe harbour for vessels of large burden. Sometimes, indeed, it approaches within thirty feet of the shore, but more frequently there is an intervening expanse of smooth water two or three miles in breadth. The real difficulty lies in passing through the gaps in this wall of coral, which are generally opposite the mouth of a stream of fresh water; but these passages are now well known, and ships of all nations safely make their way into "the haven under the hill." Between the reef and the shore a fairy-like garden is laid out far down beneath the surface. Corals, of every form, variety, and hue, mingled with madrepores, and animated by the quick movements of the zebra, and other kinds of fish, furnish a submarine picture upon which sea-tossed

voyagers gaze with wonder and delight. Indeed, the early descriptions of the Polynesian Islands were of such a rapturous and glowing character that they might have been not unreasonably, though unjustly, ascribed rather to warmth of imagination than to accuracy of delineation.

Sober-minded writers, however, of modern times are scarcely less enthusiastic in their commendations of the exquisite scenery and rich tropical luxuriance of these lovely gems of the ocean. "A new Cythera," exclaims Malte Brun, "emerges from the bosom of the enchanted wave. An amphitheatre of verdure rises to our view; tufted groves mingle their foliage with the brilliant enamel of the meadows; an eternal spring, combining with an eternal autumn, displays the opening blossom along with the ripened fruits."

The inhabitants of the South Sea Islands appear to belong to two distinct races. Westward of 180° the aboriginal islanders are almost exclusively of the Papua or New Guinea type of negro. They are men of large frame, with crisped hair and a black skin, and seem to be intellectually inferior to the islanders of Eastern Polynesia.

The latter are manifestly of Malay origin, and still resemble their remote ancestors. Though less herculean than the negro race, they are remarkably well-built, both for strength and activity, have fine glossy hair, and are of a light copper colour. Many of their institutions, too, betray an Indian origin. Infanticide and the immolation of widows were commonly practised until the introduction of Christianity. "Tabu" bears a strong affinity to "caste." The degraded condition of women, the barbarous treatment of the sick, and a number of other usages, have been held as corroborative proofs of their Malay

descent. The similarity of language is likewise in favour of this theory, nor can any sound objection be drawn from the distance of the Polynesian groups from the Malay Peninsula. No one imagines that a premeditated scheme of emigration was either conceived or executed, or that Malay vessels proceeded in a direct course even from Sumatra or Borneo to the most distant clusters. There are many intervening stages that doubtless marked the progress to the eastward of adventurous or storm-caught voyagers, who scudded before the gale, and found a home where at last they found a haven. Mr Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, was himself once driven 1500 miles before the wind; and on another occasion he conveyed to their home some natives who had drifted in a canoe to an island 1000 miles westward of their own. It is true that the most prevalent winds are those which blow from east to west; but there are intervals, varying from two or three days to a fortnight, during which they come from the opposite direction. The longest stage to be traversed between Sumatra and Tahiti need not exceed 700 miles, and Mr Williams once sailed 1600 miles in a few days nearly due east.

Be this as it may, there can be no difference of opinion as to the grand *physique* of both the negro and the Asiatic races. The chiefs especially are described as sons of the Anakim. Tamatoa, the venerable chieftain of Raiatea, was a second Saul among the people, being little short of seven feet in height, and happily proportioned. Previous to his conversion to Christianity he suffered himself to be worshipped as a god, and would indulge to excess in the juice of the *kava* root, and at a later period in ardent spirits, obtained from British and American ship-captains.

In his intoxicated moods Tamatoa seems to have been a raging madman. If disturbed in his drunken slumbers, he would snatch up the first weapon that came to hand, and, rushing out of the house, would attack all who came across his path, man, woman, or child—several innocent persons being thus deprived of life. On one occasion, no weapon being within reach, he struck a chance passerby such a violent blow with his fist, that he knocked his eye out, and seriously damaged his own hand. This man of wrath, however, was brought to listen to the teachings of the missionaries, and, putting off the old man, became as a young child. For the last fifteen years of his life he abstained totally from all kinds of fermented liquor, and would regularly attend the adult class, taking his turn with the others. Nor was he less punctual in his attendance at the catechetical exercises, the prayer-meetings, or the public celebration of divine service. Being asked which of all the crimes he had committed lay most heavily upon his conscience, he replied that it was the having permitted his fellow-men to bow down and worship him as though he were a god. His last words were expressive of faith in his Redeemer.

A yet nobler type of man, from a physical point of view, was the chief of Manono, named Matetau, mentioned by Mr Williams as one of the largest and most powerful men he ever saw, and whose muscular and bony frame brought forcibly to mind the champion of the Philistines, the staff of whose spear was like a weaver's beam. Matetau also listened to the words of grace, and earnestly entreated that a teacher should be stationed on his island to instruct himself and his subjects in the truths of Christianity.

Apt for war and addicted to violence, the Polynesian Islanders appear from the first to have been, with a few exceptions, well-disposed towards their European visitors. The collisions that so frequently led to bloodshed almost invariably originated in their thievish propensities, and not in any desire to take human life, or in any jealousy of foreigners. The earliest navigators bear willing testimony to their gentleness of manner, their docility, cheerfulness, and hospitality; and even Captain Wallis, who became involved in serious hostilities with the natives, testifies to their general friendliness of demeanour and ready placability. It became the fashion, indeed, in England, to panegyrise the homely virtues and simplicity of character displayed by the South Sea Islanders, and to contrast their assumed contentment and tranquillity with the vices and crimes that disgrace civilised nations professing Christianity.

These idyllic sentiments were wrought to the highest pitch of enthusiasm when a native from the Society Islands was actually introduced into English society under the auspices of the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty. This man, whose name was Mai, though commonly pronounced Omai, had been an attendant on the King of Raiatea; but after a defeat sustained by his countrymen at the hands of the fierce inhabitants of the neighbouring island of Borabora, had fled to Huahine. There he prevailed upon Captain Furneux, who accompanied Captain Cook in his second voyage of discovery, to give him a passage to England, where he at once became the lion of the season. Unfortunately for himself, Omai was taken charge of by those whose only thought was how to amuse and astonish him.

Scarce any trouble was taken to develop and train his untutored mind. He was hurried from one sight to another, till he grew utterly confused and bewildered, and retained no clear impressions of anything he beheld or heard. He made some progress, indeed, in writing, and learned to express himself with tolerable facility in English; but he acquired not the slightest knowledge that could be of use to him on his return to his native land. He left Huahine in the autumn of 1773, remained two years in England, and in the summer of 1776 embarked with Captain Cook on board the *Resolution*.

It was not, however, until the autumn of 1777 that Omai once more set foot on the shore of Huahine, loaded with presents of the most incongruous character. His seeds and plants, his horses and goats, might have been serviceable to him as a settler; but it is not easy to conceive how his own happiness or the civilisation of his fellow-countrymen was to be promoted by his helmets and coat-of-mail, his fireworks, or his barrel-organ. Implements of husbandry, and other articles of practical utility, seem to have been entirely overlooked; nor does it appear that he possessed so much as an elementary acquaintance with either Christian doctrines or Christian morality.

His after-life proved rather a curse than a blessing to those around him. Resigning himself to indolence and wanton indulgence, he consented to earn the king's favour by pandering to his passions. The possession of firearms and ammunition rendered him a terror to his neighbours, by many of whom his name was execrated, and by none mentioned with respect.

Not such the dream of the pious but melancholy Cowper, who, in poetic vision, beheld the patriotic islander weep-

ing sad tears over the abject state of his native land, and longing for a ship to carry him back to England. The poet pities "e'en the favoured isles so lately found," which "inert through plenty, lose in morals what they gain in manners—victims of luxurious ease."

'But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle savage! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity, perhaps,
Or else vainglory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatched with leaves. But hast thou found
Their former charms? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp
Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music, are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as thou art (for we returned thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show),
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has washed our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honesttears,
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her up.
Thus fancy paints thee, and, though apt to err,
Perhaps errs little when she paints thee thus.

. . . . . .
. . . . We found no bait

> To tempt us in thy country. Doing good,
> Disinterested good, is not our trade.
> We travel far, 'tis true, but not for nought;
> And must be bribed to compass earth again
> By other hopes and richer fruits than yours."

Cowper lived, however, to see that he had not appreciated at its just value the truly charitable and Christian spirit by which thousands upon thousands of Englishmen are secretly actuated. Very many are the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, very many the mouths which have not kissed him. "The Task" was published in 1784, and only twelve years later the *Duff* sailed from these shores with a cargo of missionaries, whose only trade was "doing good, disinterested good," at the peril of their lives. The excitement caused by the glowing descriptions of Wallis, Carteret, and Cook, and fanned by the visit of the "gentle savage," happily coincided with a revival of religious feeling throughout the British Isles.

It now dawned upon many as a new revelation that there was higher and nobler work to be done than to discover and take possession of hitherto unknown lands. Doubts might possibly have been entertained in some quarters as to the right, assumed by European navigators, of claiming as the property of their respective sovereigns whatever shores they were the first of civilised nations to discover. Had the islands been uninhabited, small objection could have been raised to their appropriation; but these enterprising mariners regarded the coloured races as simply part of the local fauna, and without the slightest scruple annexed the savage inhabitants, with all that pertained to them. The practice was of long date, but it must be admitted that both the Spaniards and Portuguese dis-

played, according to their imperfect or evil lights, greater concern for the spiritual welfare of the aborigines than seems to have entered the minds of the British explorers.

Thus, within a few years after the conquest of Mexico, the Spaniards administered the sacrament of baptism to upwards of four millions of the natives, though in most cases the rite must have been accepted in complete ignorance of its true significance. In like manner, the Portuguese admiral Magellan, in the course of eight days, persuaded the inhabitants of Zebul, one of the Philippine group, to enter the Christian fold through the gateway of baptism, the king receiving the name of Carlos, while his eldest son took that of Fernando. The king's brother, being afflicted with sore illness, was promised immediate recovery as an inducement to embrace the new religion, and, as it happened, the pledge was fulfilled. One district, however, refused to renounce its idol-worship, and was desolated with fire and sword, a cross being erected in the midst of the smouldering ruins of the principal village. The chief of another isle was presented with a banner on which were painted a cross and a crown of thorns, with instructions to place it on a high mountain, backed by the assurance that it would avert tempest and the levin-bolt if devoutly adored.

That British mariners had recourse to neither violence nor fraud in the sacred name of religion is certainly not to be regretted, however reprehensible may have been their tendency to view the superstitious practices of the heathen as matters which in no way concerned them. Captain Cook, indeed, was weak enough to take part in their odious ceremonies, and even suffered the Sandwich Islanders to prostrate themselves before him, as in the

presence of an incarnate deity. This grievous error may be held to have been expiated by the melancholy fate of that amiable and benevolent discoverer; but assuredly neither from his demeanour, nor from that of other explorers, had the South Sea Islanders any reason to suspect that there was anything revolting or inhuman in their religious usages.

The time, however, was now at hand for the awakening of the Gentiles, and for lifting up an ensign to the nations from afar. No one cause, perhaps, contributed so forcibly to rouse the British public from its apathy as the "Letters on Missions," written at Sierra Leone by the Rev. Melville Horne, and published in 1794. The good seed fell on a soil prepared to receive it, and rapidly germinated under the fostering care of Dr Haweis, chaplain to the pious, if eccentric, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, and of other earnest and zealous Christians, both lay and clerical. Through the labours of these good men were laid the foundations of the London Missionary Society, which gave its first sign of vitality and usefulness by passing a resolution, "that a mission be undertaken to Otaheite, the Friendly Islands, the Marquesas, the Sandwich Islands, and the Pelew Islands, in a ship belonging to the Society, to be commanded by Captain Wilson, as far as may be practicable and expedient."

Action followed promptly upon deliberation. The ship *Duff* was purchased for the considerable sum of £5000, handsomely equipped, and abundantly supplied with such articles as were likely to be serviceable in the cause of Christianity and civilisation. Donations poured in from all quarters, to the total value of several thousand pounds. The Honourable East India Company promised a return

cargo of tea from Canton, with a view to diminish the expenses; and even the Customhouse relaxed the stringent severity of its regulations. On the 10th August 1796, the *Duff* left her moorings at Blackwall, freighted with a message of love, purity, and goodwill.

Twenty years previously such an event appeared so improbable that Captain Cook was quite justified in supposing it to be very unlikely that a permanent establishment of any kind in the South Sea Islands "would ever be seriously thought of, as it can neither serve the purpose of public ambition nor private avariee; and without such inducements I may pronounce that it will never be undertaken." It was one of those cases which so frequently occur to reprove the rash wisdom of man, and expose its utter foolishness.

Not the least remarkable incident in connection with the despatch of the *Duff* on its errand of grace and mercy was the selection of its captain. As a young man, Captain Wilson had served in America during the War of Independence. Upon the conclusion of peace he proceeded to India, where he rendered important services to the army under the command of Sir Eyre Coote. Captured by the French, he was confined in the fort of Cuddalore, whence he effected his escape by dropping down a height of forty feet, and then swimming across the Coleroon, a river swarming with alligators. After encountering numerous perils not less terrible, he fell into the hands of a troop of Hyder Ali's horsemen, whose commander exclaimed, on hearing his ingenuous tale, "This is Allah's man!" He was not the less hardly dealt with, but was dragged and driven a distance of 500 miles, bleeding and exhausted, barefooted, without food or clothing. On reaching Seringapatam he

was thrown into a loathsome dungeon, loaded with chains, and so ravenous from hunger, that his jaws snapped involuntarily when the jailer appeared with his scanty allowance for the day. This wretchedness he endured for nearly two years; and when his prison doors were opened, he crawled forth a pitiable spectacle, covered with sores, and more like a hideous scarecrow than a man. Gifted, however, with a strong constitution, he recovered his health and resumed his maritime pursuits, and at Bencoolen was the only European on board his ship who survived the fever that was raging at that unhealthy port.

All this time he was an unbeliever. On his homeward voyage he chanced to be a passenger in the same ship with Mr Thomas, a well-known Baptist missionary; but so little did he seem to be affected by that worthy man's arguments and example, that Mr Thomas once declared that he should have more hope of converting the Lascars than of bringing Captain Wilson to a knowledge of the truth. On his arrival in England Captain Wilson resolved to enjoy the repose he had earned by so much suffering and hardship, and for several years surrounded himself with the comforts and luxuries within reach of a decent competence.

One day, happening to take up a number of the *Evangelical Magazine*, containing a rough outline of the projected mission to the South Seas, he was suddenly seized with a desire to co-operate in the noble enterprise. Sacrificing his ease, and renouncing his peaceful retirement, he volunteered to take command of the *Duff* without pay or reward, and safely guided that ship and her precious cargo to the distant shores of Tahiti. On Saturday the 6th of March 1797, the anchor was let go, while from the

mast-head streamed out the missionary flag—three doves *argent* on a purple field, with green olive-branches in their beaks.

This first detachment of Protestant missionaries comprised only four ordained ministers; but great care had been taken in the selection of the remaining twenty-six members, who were, for the most part, individuals not only of exemplary character, but of more than average intelligence and application. Not a few of them were skilled in the mechanical arts, and could have earned a livelihood as compositors, carpenters, and blacksmiths. Five of them were accompanied by their wives, while two little children completed the muster-roll. Ten male members of the party were intended for Tongatabu, and two for the Marquesas, while the remaining eighteen were reserved for the hopeful enterprise of converting and civilising the Tahitians.

CHAPTER II.

Discovery of Tahiti by Quiros—Visited by Wallis, De Bougainville, and Cook—The Georgian and Society Islands—Two Spanish ships—Arrival of the *Duff*—Friendly reception of the missionaries—The ex-King Pomare—Haamanemane, the high priest—Description of Tahiti—Mechanic arts—Linguistic studies—Human sacrifices—Their disuse and abolition.

SAILING over the South Seas in search of the antarctic continent that was so long the goal of maritime adventure, the renowned Spanish mariner, Pedro Fernandez de Quiros, on the 10th February 1606, sighted an island, to which, from its fancied resemblance to a bow, he gave the name of La Sagittaria. The natives are described as a primitive race in a state of complete nudity, and possessing no other weapons than rude clubs, and wooden spears hardened at the point by fire. On the shore the Spaniards alighted upon a cairn which they assumed to be an altar dedicated to the worship of the Evil One, whose kingdom they thought to overthrow by erecting on the heap of stones a stout post, with a rough log nailed transversely in the shape of a cross. For the next century and a half no European ship seems to have traversed those waters, and when Captain Wallis in 1767 came in sight of the wooded mountains and gushing cataracts of that lovely island, he was evidently under the impression that to him had fallen the good fortune and honour of being its discoverer.

On the 19th June the *Dolphin* anchored in Matavai Bay, upon which her loyal commander bestowed the name

of Port Royal, while he called the island after His Majesty King George the Third. Unhappily, in chastising the secretive tendencies of the natives, Captain Wallis became involved in a serious conflict, in which the islanders, after displaying marvellous valour, sustained a deplorable loss of life. In the following year the celebrated De Bougainville passed eight delightful days in roaming through the interior of this island, charmed alike with the wonderful variety of the scenery, and with the seemingly gentle manners of the inhabitants.

The French discoverer was followed by Captain Cook, perhaps the most famous of navigators, who, in 1769, set up an observatory on the shore of Matavai Bay for the purpose of observing the transit of Venus. Imitating the praiseworthy example of his predecessor, Cook restored to the island its native appellation of Tahiti, though, through a pardonable error in pronunciation, he called it Otaheite. Upon the cluster, of which he found Tahiti to be the principal island, he conferred the designation of the Georgian Isles, which likewise comprise Aimeo, Tabucemanu or Sir Charles Sanders' Island, Tetuaroa, Matea, and Meetia.

Seventy miles to the westward he discovered a second group, which he named the Society Islands, in honour of the Royal Society. These include Huahine, Raiatea, Tahoa, Borabora, Maurua, Tubai, Maupiha or Lord Howe's Island, and Fenuaura or the Scilly Islands. Multitudinous islets are commingled with the larger isles, which are also known as the Windward and Leeward Islands. It was from Huahine that, on a subsequent occasion, Cook's subordinate officer, Captain Furneux, conveyed Omai to the banks of the Thames.

On his return to Tahiti in 1777, Captain Cook visited a house that had been constructed by some Spaniards three years previously, and which, with its contents, had been scrupulously respected by the natives. Two Spanish ships from Lima, it seems, had landed two priests, an attendant, and a person named Mateema, and had taken away with them four natives as hostages. Within twelve months afterwards they came back with only two of the islanders, the others having died at Lima, and after a brief delay resumed their voyage, carrying off their own people, but leaving some hogs, dogs, goats, and, oddly enough, a bull and a ram. The commodore in command, on the first arrival of these ships, had died while they lay in the bay, and was buried in front of the house, a cross being erected at the head of his grave. On the transverse beam were inscribed the words "Christus vincit," and on the perpendicular "Carolus III., Imperat., 1774." Anxious to preserve for his own country whatever credit is due for priority, Captain Cook inscribed on the other side of the post—

Georgius Tertius, Rex,
Annis 1767,
1769, 1773, 1774, et 1777.

Between the last-mentioned year and the arrival of the *Duff* several European ships touched at Tahiti, exchanging nails, hatchets, knives, and scissors for hogs, fowls, yams, cocoa-nuts, and bananas. Not a single step, however, appears to have been taken to disperse the murky clouds of ignorance, or to dispel the horrors of a grovelling superstition. The only thought was to increase the stores

of scientific knowledge in Europe by mapping out the Southern Seas, or gazing at the stars of heaven. With the arrival of the ship *Duff* a new era commenced, and the Tahitians welcomed with joy and gladness the black-coated strangers, whose "only trade" was "doing good, disinterested good."

On the morning after the ship sailed into the bay—being the holy Sabbath—she was surrounded by canoes, and about forty of the natives were permitted to scramble on board. In their presence the missionaries performed divine service, preparatory to their disembarkation. During prayers and the sermon, the islanders remained grave and tolerably silent, but were unable to conceal their delight and admiration when the missionaries joined in a hymn of praise, though even then their conduct was perfectly respectful and decorous. Shortly afterwards the bearers of good tidings stepped over the ship's side, and were rowed to the shore.

On landing, they were kindly welcomed by the natives, and conducted to the presence of King Otu, who had quite recently acceded to the actual exercise of the power resigned by his father at his birth. The latter is described as a noble-looking savage, six feet four inches in height, with an open, ingenuous countenance, a grave, dignified demeanour, and using as a walking-stick a club of polished iron-wood, a sufficient load for an ordinary man to carry. Originally he was only the head-man of a district; but by his astuteness, diligence, and statesman-like craft, assisted by the firearms of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, had raised himself to the possession of the supreme authority. One night, while travelling across the mountains, he had been overtaken by darkness, and com-

pelled to pitch his tent in an exposed situation. Here he caught cold, and in the morning was afflicted with a troublesome cough, which induced his attendants to speak of the preceding night as a *po mare*, or night of cough. The phrase took his fancy, and from that moment he adopted it as his own name.

From the first Pomare was a faithful friend of the missionaries, though rather for the sake of the material benefits they were likely to confer than from any belief in their teaching. In the beginning, indeed, all ranks and classes united in promoting the comfort of their singular visitors. Not content with handing over to them a commodious house erected in anticipation of Captain Bligh's return, King Otu and his queen, in the presence of his father Pomare, his mother Idia, Haamanemane the high priest, and a large concourse of influential persons, ceded to them a considerable tract of land for building and garden purposes. The high priest especially exerted himself on their behalf, and declared himself the *taio*, or bosom friend, of Captain Wilson. Not that he had the slightest intention of renouncing idolatry, or of seeking religious instruction from the missionaries. He was by no means a disinterested wellwisher. The missionaries, he once observed in a set speech, were very liberal with words and prayers, but kept to themselves their knives, axes, scissors, and cloth. There was, however, nothing to complain of at the outset. The people were friendly, the chiefs well disposed, and both the king and his father sufficiently gracious. Accordingly, when Captain Wilson returned from a short trip to the Friendly and Marquesas Islands, he found only one of the party weak-hearted or home-sick. But when on the 4th August 1797, he set his course for Canton, the de-

voted little band must have felt much as a "forlorn-hope" who have volunteered to scale the walls of an unbreached fortress.

In their new homes, however, they found much to interest them, much to call forth sincere thankfulness. The largest island in the Georgian group, Tahiti, consists, as it were, of two islands connected by a broad isthmus. One of these parts is of a circular form, and above twenty miles in diameter; the other, more oval, extends sixteen miles in length by eight in breadth. "The mountains of Tahiti," Mr Ellis remarks, "are less grand and stupendous than those of the northern group, but there is a greater richness of verdure and variety of landscape." With the exception of a border of low alluvial land along the shore, the island may be described as a fragment of a mountainous range. The highest point is in the centre, and rises to an altitude of nearly 7000 feet above the sea. "In the exterior or border landscapes of Tahiti and the other islands there is a variety of objects, a happy combination of land and water, of precipices and plains, of trees often hanging their branches, clothed with thick foliage, over the sea, and distant mountains shown in sublime outline and richest hues. . . . The inland scenery is of a different character, but not less impressive. The landscapes are occasionally extensive, but more frequently circumscribed. There is, however, a startling boldness in the towering piles of basalt, often heaped in romantic confusion near the source or margin of some crystal stream that flows in silence at their base, or dashes over the rocky fragments that arrest its progress; and there is the wildness of romance about the deep and lonely glens, around which the mountains rise like the steep sides

of a natural amphitheatre, till the clouds seem supported by them."

At the time in question the population of Tahiti was probably between eight and ten thousand, and of the Georgian and Society Islands, taken together, not less than fifty thousand. A wide and interesting field of labour thus lay open before the missionaries, in need of much tillage and weeding, though the harvest was nearer at hand than the most sanguine could have anticipated.

The first object was to gain the ear of the natives, and this was effected through the knowledge of the mechanic arts possessed by several members of the little band. Hitherto the islanders had never succeeded in splitting a tree into more than two parts, and their admiration was unbounded when they observed with what ease and dexterity three or four planks might be cut out of a single trunk by means of a saw. The fabrication of chests, tables, chairs, and other articles of furniture, filled them with delighted surprise, and a box of carpenter's tools was in their eyes as the lamp of Aladdin. But no words can depict their astonishment when a blacksmith's forge was erected, and a bar of iron was converted beneath their own eyes into a multitude of useful objects, such as hatchets, heads of fish-spears, fish-hooks, &c. It is related that Pomare, after staring for some little time at the wonderful transformations accomplished with such apparent facility, threw his arms round the smith, all begrimed with dirt, and rubbed noses with him—the Polynesian equivalent for a hearty shake of the hand.

Others of the party wandered over the island, planting the seeds of fruit-trees and vegetables brought from Europe and South America, and studiously acquiring an oral fami-

liarity with the native tongue. No progress, indeed not even a commencement, could be made in imparting divine truths until they should be able to express themselves fluently and correctly in the language of the islanders. For some time after their arrival they were constrained to avail themselves of the services of two Swedes, who had picked up a few words by ear, and contrived to make themselves partially intelligible. These men were uneducated sailors, gross, sensual, and unprincipled, who were afterwards a thorn in the side of the missionaries, and the fomenters of much trouble and annoyance. One of them, a Finlander named Peter Haggerstein, had been one of the crew of the *Matilda,* wrecked on that coast; while the other, Andrew Cornelius Lind, a native of Stockholm, was a deserter from the *Dœdalus:* but the great mischief-maker was Peter.

The work which faced the missionaries on the very threshold of their new sphere of action was nothing less than the construction of a language. It is needless to premise that the South Sea Islanders knew nothing of grammatical rules, and were literally unlettered. With infinite trouble a number of separate words, mostly names of things, were first of all collected, and represented in writing by distinct equivalents. As the natives pronounce the vowels after the broad and open fashion of the Italians, it was found necessary to give to each a precise and definite sound. Thus *a* stands for the sound of *a* in "father," *e* for that of *a* in "may," *i* for that of *e* in "me," and *u* for that of *oo* in "soon." Each syllable has its peculiar and separate force, and is never slurred into one preceding or following. For example, Tahiti is pronounced as Tah-hee-tee, Pomare as Po-mah-ray, Huahine as Hoo-ah-hee-nay, Raiatea as

Rai-ah-tay-ah, Aitutake as Ai-too-tah-kay, Idia as E-dee-ah, Teriitaria as Tay-ree-tah-ree-ah, and so forth.

After some thousands of words had been collected, a missionary sadly recorded his belief that thousands yet remained undiscovered, and ten years later one of them who had paid the greatest attention to the subject confessed that he had only just ascertained the precise meaning of a certain word in frequent use. Nor was it enough to have mastered the names of things, or even their attributes: the mystery of collocation had yet to be solved. The Tahitians, it is said, were fortunately great talkers, and never grew weary of answering as well as asking questions. They even took pains to assist the strangers in acquiring a correct knowledge of their language, and though much given to ridiculing mistakes made by one another, seldom so much as smiled at the blunders of the missionaries.

No long time elapsed, however, before it became painfully apparent that beneath the plausible demeanour of the Tahitians there lurked the most savage ferocity, the most revolting profligacy. Pomare had readily acknowledged the wickedness of human sacrifices, and had promised to use his utmost influence to bring about the abolition of the hateful practice. And yet, only a few days after the final departure of the *Duff*, the high priest, Haamanemane, informed the missionaries that he had been summoned by Pomare to offer up the sacrifice of a human being at a forthcoming convocation of the chiefs. He dared not, he said, refuse obedience, but it was probable that Pomare would desist from his purpose if some of the Europeans were present on the occasion. Two of them accordingly accompanied Haamanemane, and their

presence appears to have prevented the fulfilment of the odious rite.

Only a few months later, however, Pomare dreamed that his god stood before him and demanded a human life. Impressed by this imaginary vision, Pomare put to death the first person he met after leaving his house that he judged suitable for such a purpose. Human sacrifices were invariably offered preparatory to the declaration of war. Like Moloch—

> "Horrid king, besmeared with blood
> Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears"—

Oro, the war-god of the South Sea Islanders, could only be conciliated by human blood. If a treaty were violated, the offenders sought to appease the anger of the gods by the death of a victim. Another life was taken when war was decided upon; and if the threatened hostilities were likely to be of a serious character, as many bodies as possible, reddened with their own blood, were laid out at the foot of the hideous idol. An eye was generally taken out, placed upon a leaf, and presented to the king, who made as though he would eat it. The idea seems to have been that the gods devoured the spirits of the slain, and also entered the birds that preyed upon the dead bodies exposed on the altar. Some portion of each human sacrifice was eaten by the priests. When victims were wanted, the king sent round messengers to different chiefs to inquire if they had at hand a "broken calabash," or a "rotten cocoa-nut." If an individual happened to be present in any way obnoxious to the chief, the latter would indicate him by a movement of the head or hand. Then, watching their opportunity, the messengers would

get behind their victim, and holding a small, round stone in the hollow of their hand, would strike him a violent blow on the back of the head. The poor wretch, falling helpless to the ground, was speedily despatched, his body wrapped in broad leaves, and carried off with song and shout to the shrine of the god.

At other times the fatal attack would be made openly, and in a peculiarly horrible manner. The king's messengers, armed with spears, would gather round the house of their victim, and prod him through the interstices between the poles, until, exhausted and bleeding, he would throw his cloth around him and sink down on the floor, until some one entered and put an end to his agony. A victim's whole family was marked for slaughter, with the exception of the women, whose very touch was held to render a dead body unfit for presentation as a sacrifice. Mr Williams had at one time a servant, the last of his family, every other male member having been sacrificed, and he, too, had been eight times hunted on the mountains with dogs.

In the account of his third voyage, Captain Cook describes at some length the ceremonies connected with the offering of the dead victim in the *marae*, and particularly mentions that some hair was pulled off the head, and the left eye taken out, both of which were wrapped in a green leaf, and presented to the king, who did not touch them, but handed a tuft of red feathers to the priest. On this occasion the body was buried beneath some earth and stones, after which a lean, half-starved dog was killed by twisting its neck. "The hair was then singed off, and the entrails being taken out, were thrown into the fire, where they were left to be consumed. But the kidney, heart, and liver were only roasted by being put on hot stones; and the

carcass of the dog, after being rubbed over with the blood, was, with the liver, &c., laid down before the priests, who were seated round the grave praying. They for some time uttered ejaculations over the dog, while two men at intervals beat very loud on two drums, and a boy screamed, in a loud shrill voice, three times. This, they said, was to invite the *Eatooa* [*Atua*] to feast on the banquet that they had provided for him. When the priests had finished their prayers, the body, heart, liver, &c., of the dog were placed on a *whatta*, or scaffold, about six feet in height, on which lay the remains of two other dogs, and of two pigs which had been lately sacrificed. The priests and attendants now gave a kind of shout, which put an end to the ceremonies for the present."

The object of these ghastly rites was to secure, on behalf of the Tahitians, the aid of the god of war in a projected invasion of the neighbouring island of Aimeo. It might have been thought that if Captain Cook did not feel himself justified in preventing the immolation of his fellow-men—though it is not easy to understand how such a naturally humane man could have abstained from intervention—he would at least have refused to sanction, by his presence, such a detestable ceremony. But not satisfied with the revolting spectacle they had already witnessed, he and his companions, on learning that "the religious rites were to be renewed the next morning," resolved that "they would not quit the place while anything remained to be seen." Their curiosity was, in the first instance, gratified by witnessing the slaughter of two hogs, one of which was placed on the scaffold above-mentioned, while the other was cut open, and its quivering entrails carefully inspected by a priest. Much foolish mummery was also enacted,

and four double canoes were fitted up in honour of the god, to accompany the fleet that was about to sail against their kinsmen of Aimeo.

"The unfortunate victim offered on this occasion," the great navigator calmly remarks, "was, to appearance, a middle-aged man, and was one of the lowest class of the people. But it did not appear that they had fixed upon him on account of his having committed any particular crime that deserved death. It is certain, however, that they usually select such guilty persons for their sacrifices, or else vagabonds who have no visible way of procuring an honest livelihood. Our gentlemen having examined the appearance of the body of the unhappy sufferer now offered up to the object of these peoples' worship, observed that it was bloody about the head and face, and much bruised upon the right temple, which denoted the manner in which he had been killed. And they were informed that he had been knocked on the head with a stone. The wretches who are destined to suffer on these occasions are never previously apprised of their fate. Whenever any one of the principal chiefs deems a human sacrifice necessary on any great emergency, he fixes upon the victim, and then despatches some of his trusty servants, who fall upon him suddenly, and either stone him to death, or beat out his brains with a club."

The *marae* in which these sacrifices were offered was the burial-place of the royal family, and of the most powerful chieftains of the island. Except that it was somewhat larger, it did not materially differ from the generality of *maraes*. An oblong pile of stones, about thirteen feet in height, and narrowing from the base upwards, stood between four quadrangular areas, loosely paved with

pebbles, beneath which were interred the chiefs connected with each particular *marae*. The sacrifices were performed near two scaffolds, the larger of which sustained the offerings of fruits, flowers, and roots, while the smaller was reserved for pigs, dogs, &c., human victims being deposited in the earth beneath. At one end of the larger scaffold a platform was erected against the side of a heap of stones, on which were placed the skulls of the "consecrated men," as they were called, the graves being opened to take them out a few months after interment. Among these mouldering relics of humanity were fixed pieces of wood fantastically, and not unfrequently obscenely, carved, and wrapped in fragments of cloth, sometimes stuck over with feathers. These were the tenements of the gods, but were not supposed to be always occupied. In one *marae* alone Captain Cook counted forty-nine human skulls, not one of which showed any signs of decay, or even of long exposure to the weather.

There is no means of judging of the number of murders annually committed in the name of religion in any one island, but it must certainly have been very considerable. The burial, and very often the birth, of every man of importance was celebrated by the slaughter of at least one human being; and in the case of a king, or in expectation of hostilities, or to appease the wrath of their bloodthirsty deities, as evinced by hurricane or epidemic, not fewer than ten or a dozen human lives would be ruthlessly taken. Nor did these savage rites appear to impress the spectators with awe and reverence. Even the priests chatted together in the intervals of prayer, as though too familiarised with the ceremony to look upon it as anything more than a mere routine. And yet they professed

to believe in the actual invisible presence of the god to whom they offered these fearful sacrifices.

It may have been that this contemptuous familiarity in some degree facilitated the labours of the missionaries in repressing the monstrous evil. The disuse of human sacrifices was one of the earliest triumphs they achieved, and its final and formal abolition was the natural consequence of the overthrow of idolatry. Had the arrival of the *Duff* in Matavai Bay produced no other result than the extirpation of this atrocious rite, it would have conferred upon the rude inhabitants of the Georgian group far more essential benefits than they could ever hope to derive from presents of seeds and plants and four-footed animals, acceptable as these might be, the sole memorials of preceding visits, whether from Spanish, French, or English navigators. "These very people," Mr Williams exultingly exclaims, "who a few years ago were addicted to all these horrid practices, now sit by thousands in places of Christian worship erected by themselves, clothed, and in their right mind, and listen with intense interest to the truths of the gospel. A spectacle more truly sublime it is scarcely possible for the human mind to contemplate."

CHAPTER III.

Infanticide—Mr Williams' experiences—Modes of infanticide—Motives—The Areois—Extirpation of the practice—The children's festival at Raiatea—Second despatch of the *Duff*—Failure of the enterprise—Arrival of the *Nautilus* in Matavai Bay—Ill-usage of the missionaries—Disruption of the party—Evil influence of European seamen—Singular mode of baptism—The missionaries' letter to the Society—Critical position—Assassination of the high priest—Murder of Mr Lewis.

At the commencement of 1798 the missionaries had a public conference with the king, his father, and other influential personages, at which they explained, through the medium of Peter the Swede, that their object in settling at Tahiti was not only to teach the inhabitants to read and write, and instruct them in the craft of the carpenter and the blacksmith, but to give them the knowledge of divine truth, to wean them from the worship of false gods, and to show them the way to eternal happiness. In return for the benefits they were eager to confer, they implored the Tahitians to desist from human sacrifices and the destruction of infants. To render acquiescence with the latter demand more easy, they undertook to build a house for the reception of the children that should be spared, and to rear and educate them with as much care and attention as they bestowed upon their own offspring.

Without accepting this benevolent offer, the chiefs at once promised that infanticide should cease, and admitted that it was a practice which could not be defended. No steps, how-

ever, were taken to insure the fulfilment of the promise, and their children continued to perish until Christianity was recognised as the only true religion. Again and again did the missionaries entreat parents to confide to their tenderness the expected babe, offering even bribes in the shape of articles valued by the islanders. Very rarely was their intercession crowned with success. Once in a way their prayers might prevail, but in most instances the inhuman parents would meet them a few days afterwards, with as much indifference as if nothing had happened, and not a word had been said on the subject.

Although the practice of infanticide probably originated at a distant period, and may have been brought by the earliest inhabitants of these isles from their Indian homes, it could not have long prevailed to such an extent as at the time of the arrival of the missionaries. It is impossible that the population could have been so great as it was, had the children been destroyed for generations on the wholesale scale that astonished and horrified those worthy men. As a rule, the first three children were certain to be put to death, and of twins no more than one was ever permitted to live. Although the Georgian Islanders were remarkably prolific, it seldom happened that any mother could point to more than two or three children as her own. A woman in the occasional employment of Mr Ellis had destroyed five or six, a neighbour had saved one out of eight, and some had done away with as many as nine or ten.

The crime was not less common in Raiatea than in Tahiti. Mr Williams was one day conversing on the subject with a guest who was anxious to obtain accurate information as to the extent to which it had been carried. In the room were seated three women at work upon some European

clothing—motherly, respectable-looking persons. "I have no doubt," said the missionary, "that each of these women has destroyed some of her children;" and turning to one of them, he abruptly asked, "Friend, how many children have you destroyed?" "She was startled at my question," he continues, "and at first charged me with unkindness, in harrowing up her feelings by bringing the destruction of her babes to her remembrance; but upon hearing the object of my inquiry, she replied with a faltering voice, 'I have destroyed *nine*.' The second, with eyes suffused with tears, said, 'I have destroyed *seven*.' And the third informed me that she had destroyed *five*. Thus three individuals, casually selected, had killed one-and-twenty children." At that time, however, all three were consistent members of the Christian fold.

On another occasion Mr Williams was sent for in haste to afford the last consolations of religion to the wife of a chief, the sands of whose hour-glass were wellnigh run out. When he entered the apartment, he found her in a state of despondency, alternating with paroxysms of terror. She was a convert of many years' standing, had learned to read when nearly sixty, and had been active in imparting to other adults the knowledge she herself had acquired so late in life. "O servant of God!" she cried, "come and tell me what I must do." Then she wailed, "Oh, my sins, my sins! I am about to die." Shocked with her miserable condition, the good man sought to soothe and comfort her; but she cried aloud in agony, "Oh, my children, my murdered children! I am about to die, and I shall meet them all at the judgment-seat of Christ." And she confessed that she had destroyed *sixteen*. For a long time the words of hope fell idly upon her ear. She could only reiterate,

"Oh, my children, my children!" But by degrees she listened more calmly to the gracious promises held out to all penitent sinners, and eight days afterwards died in the hope that "her sins, though many, would be forgiven her."

If a man married a woman of superior rank, he could only hope to attain to the height of her social position by putting to death their first three or four children. We read of a father pleading for his second babe, and then for his third—but all in vain, the mother and her relatives were inexorable, and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. It generally happened, however, that if a child were suffered to live for half an hour, it was no longer in any danger of foul play. Not unfrequently mothers with their own hands murdered their offspring, though there were persons who earned their livelihood as professional baby-killers.

One of these wretched beings was for fifteen years after her conversion in the service of Mr Williams, and more than once described the various modes practised for the extinction of the scarcely kindled spark of life. Sometimes suffocation was produced by pressing a wet cloth upon the infant's mouth, or its little throat would be pinched until animation had ceased. At other times the babe would be placed in a hole in the ground, with a board fixed over it to prevent the actual contact of the earth, which was then filled in up to the surface, when death speedily ensued.

A piteous tale is told how a man who had married above his own rank, and had to no purpose interceded for the lives of his children, was in time to extricate his third child from its premature grave before it had

quite ceased to breathe. The rescued one was confided to his brother and sister, who secretly brought her up in the neighbouring island of Aimeo. Years afterwards the unnatural mother was reclaimed from idolatry, and her heart being softened, bitterly bewailed her voluntary bereavement. Her husband had died without revealing the secret of their daughter's escape; but one of the neighbours was acquainted with the fact, and, moved by her passionate grief, imparted the joyous intelligence that she was not wholly bereft. Taking advantage of the first opportunity, the gladdened mother sailed across to Aimeo, and directed her hurried steps to the house of her husband's kinsfolk. There, standing in the doorway, she seemed to behold the image of herself as she was when a young girl. Throwing her arms round the wondering maiden, and pressing her to her heart, she lifted up her voice and cried aloud, "Rejoice with me, for this my daughter was dead, and is alive again."

There were yet other modes of destroying infant life. The new-born babe was stabbed to the heart with a sharp strip of bamboo-cane, or was flung on the ground and trampled under foot, or the first joints of its fingers and toes were broken, and then the second. If this did not suffice to put the little sufferer out of pain, its ankles and wrists were dislocated; and finally, if consciousness still remained, the knee and elbow joints were shattered. So universal, too, was the practice of this unnatural crime, that Mr Nott assured Mr Ellis that during the thirty years he had passed in the South Sea Islands he had not met with a single woman, who had had children prior to the introduction of Christianity, who had not been guilty of it. This statement is confirmed by the experiences of both Mr

Ellis and Mr Williams, than whom more intelligent and credible witnesses could not be desired. The carefully formed estimate of the earliest missionaries charged the inhabitants of the Georgian and Society Islands with the deliberate murder of two-thirds of their children, in most cases killed before they were born.

Several causes have been assigned for the prevalence of infanticide in these naturally favoured islands. Notwithstanding the marvellous productiveness of the soil, the abundance of fruits and vegetables, and the inexhaustible supply of fish, the indolent islanders shrank from the grateful trouble of rearing and feeding their helpless but also unhelping offspring. Others pleaded the frequency of wars as an excuse for saving their children from the evil days that awaited them. Even mothers blushed not to avow that their chief motive was to preserve their own personal attractions as long as possible. Sometimes, as already instanced, difference of rank would be held sufficient justification for a practice sanctioned by universal custom. Indeed, when Captain Cook inquired if the chiefs did not punish such inhuman cruelty, he was told that "the chief had no right to interfere in such cases, every one being at liberty to do what he pleased with his own child."

The most potent cause of infanticide, however, was the abominable institution of the Areois. A childish mythological legend ascribes to Oro the deification of the founders of this, so to speak, chartered society of libertines, a moral pest of the worst description. This profligate fraternity embraced men of all ranks and classes, and generally those of the greatest vivacity and intelligence, who sailed from island to island to exhibit their performances, Captain Cook reporting the departure from Huahine of a fleet of seventy

canoes filled with Areois. Their primary law of existence was celibacy, but without chastity. They were, in fact, constantly involved in shameless intrigues, and their illegitimate offspring were almost invariably put to death. Roaming from place to place, they drew together crowds of idlers to witness their coarse buffooneries and vicious entertainments. For days and nights together they would make the neighbourhood resound with their loud revelry, accompanied with flute and drum. In some districts a large substantial house was set apart for their accommodation, and if the supplies spontaneously offered by the neighbours proved insufficient, they would trespass where they pleased, and help themselves to whatever they fancied.

Their persons being sacred, no one ventured to oppose or remonstrate with them, and thus the gratification of their vile passions was pursued with impunity. For their public performances they prepared themselves in a ludicrously grotesque manner. They blackened their bodies with charcoal, and stained their faces with a scarlet dye. When not absolutely nude, they wore a girdle of yellow leaves, or a vest of ripe plaintain leaves, and on their heads a wreath of the scarlet and yellow leaves of the *Baringtonia*. Much of their recitations, illustrated by appropriate gestures, were filthily obscene, and not to be condoned through the plea put forth by Dr Russell, that "they perpetrated the most offensive immoralities in the name of their deities, mixing the ceremonies of a gross worship, founded on the productive powers of nature, with the maxims of a more early faith which they were unable to comprehend." It is, however, gratifying to know that the intelligence and energy so long misapplied have since been directed into more useful channels, and that in these

latter days some of the ablest and most zealous native teachers and preachers are converted Areois.

Infanticide is now a thing of the past, and is held in horror where a recent generation practised it openly, with perfect impunity, and without shame or remorse. Mr Williams describes an affecting spectacle he had the happiness to witness at Raiatea, one of the Georgian Islands not far from Tahiti. A feast had been prepared for six hundred children, who walked through the settlement in procession, dressed like Europeans, with little hats and bonnets made for them by their parents, who, but for the teaching of the missionaries, would have consigned, perhaps, every one of these little ones to an untimely grave. The children had prepared small flags, which they bore aloft, inscribed with mottoes and scriptural phrases, such as, "The Christians of England sent us the gospel," "What a blessing the gospel is!" "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c. &c.

The occasion that called forth this display of grateful feeling was the annual examination of the attendants at the missionary schools. The old king, who had himself been worshipped as a god, occupied the chair placed in the centre of the spacious chapel. Round him were ranged the children, while the seats beyond them were crowded by their delighted parents. As soon as all had taken their places, the children struck up the jubilee hymn in their own language. They were then examined class by class, and afterwards by selection of individuals. "In the midst of our proceedings," says Mr Williams, "a venerable chieftain, grey with age, arose, and with impassioned look and manner, exclaimed, 'Let me speak; I must speak.' On obtaining permission, he thus pro-

ceeded: 'Oh that I had known that the gospel was coming! oh that I had known that these blessings were in store for us, then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among this happy group, repeating these precious truths; but alas! I destroyed them all, I have not *one* left.' Turning to the chairman, who was also a relative, he stretched out his arm and exclaimed, 'You, my brother, saw me kill child after child, but you never seized this murderous hand, and said, "Stay, brother, God is about to bless us; the gospel of salvation is coming to our shores."' Then he cursed the gods which they formerly worshipped, and added, 'It was you that infused this savage disposition into us, and now I shall die childless, although I have been the father of *nineteen* children.' After this he sat down, and in a flood of tears gave vent to his agonised feelings."

Towards the close of 1798 the London Missionary Society, aided by the liberal contributions of genuine philanthropists, again despatched the *Duff* with a second batch of missionaries to reinforce their brethren in the Southern Seas. This time the benevolent expedition was doomed to disappointment and failure. Within sight of the shores of South America the *Duff* was captured by a French privateer, *Le Grand Buonaparte,* and taken into Monte Video, but not before the missionaries and their wives had been subjected to much annoyance and insult by the ruffianly crew, who cared little for their officers. On their homeward voyage the missionaries were again captured, and after experiencing most harsh and contemptuous treatment, were carried to Lisbon. From the Tagus they ultimately reached England with the loss of one of their number, and probably impressed more with the

realistic than the romantic view of missionary enterprise.

In the meantime, however, the missionaries in Tahiti had been exposed to imminent peril, and for a while were almost driven to despair of success. On the 6th March 1798, the anniversary of the arrival of the *Duff*, the *Nautilus*, from Macao, commanded by Captain Bishop, anchored outside the harbour. Eager to learn tidings of the world from which they had been so long shut out, three of the missionaries boarded the strange ship, and were informed by the captain that he had been driven out of his course by stress of weather, and was greatly in want of provisions and other necessaries. Unhappily, he had nothing to offer in exchange but muskets and ammunition, articles valued by the natives above all others, but which the missionaries were particularly anxious that they should not possess. It was resolved, therefore, to supply the ship from their own stores and garden as far as possible.

While the *Nautilus* was lying off the shore, five Sandwich Islanders who happened to be on board made their escape from the ship, and were concealed by the king. After a vain attempt to recover them Captain Bishop sailed away, but only to be forced back again, a fortnight later, in greater extremity than before; and, on the very night of his return, two seamen went off with one of the ship's boats. That was easily recovered; but the captain, being already short of hands, was determined to get back his deserters also at any cost. In the hope of preventing a collision, with its consequent bloodshed, and by no means desirous to be troubled with any more lawless Europeans in their immediate neighbourhood, the missionaries deputed four of their number to wait upon the king, and urge him to

send back the seamen. They were readily admitted into the royal presence, but drew an evil augury from perceiving the five Sandwich Islanders among Otu's attendants. After waiting some time in the expectation of seeing Pomare, they decided upon visiting him at his own house. The natives greeted them as usual as they proceeded on their way, and some thirty of them accompanied the missionaries, chatting with them as well as they could in a friendly manner. But they had not gone above a mile, and were close to a river, when the islanders suddenly threw themselves upon them, stripped off their clothes, and, dragging them through the water, attempted to drown two of their number. After a severe struggle the missionaries shook off their assailants, but not before they had themselves received many hard blows, in addition to the indignity and danger they had incurred. Some of the bystanders now took compassion upon their sad plight, though they had not ventured to interpose on their behalf, and gave them some fragments of cloth as a partial covering.

When at last they reached the abode of Pomare, both that chief and his consort Idia evinced real sorrow and concern, and, after clothing them in native dresses, set refreshments before them. When they had somewhat recovered from the effects of their ill-usage, Pomare returned with them to the residence of his son, from whom nothing satisfactory could be elicited as to the cause of this outrage. That he was at least privy to it, even if he gave no positive orders to that effect, seems to admit of no doubt, and, from his own point of view, he had some reason to be angered against the missionaries. At that time he was nurturing schemes of conquest, the realisa-

tion of which required only the muskets and ammunition which Captain Bishop would have willingly bartered for provisions had not the missionaries succeeded in dissuading him. The assistance of the two European deserters would also be of great service to him, and he accordingly resented what he deemed the officious and mischievous interference of the missionaries. Some of their clothing, however, was restored to them, and they returned to the settlement in a double canoe furnished by Pomare.

This untoward adventure inspired the missionaries with natural alarm, and eleven of the party, including four married men, accepted Captain Bishop's offer of a passage to Port Jackson. The natives generally were much afflicted when the news spread abroad that their kindly and beneficent visitors were about to depart from their inhospitable shores. Pomare, in particular, testified the keenest regret. He implored them to remain, in secure reliance upon his protection. He entreated them one by one, calling them by their names, not to leave him. To his intense satisfaction a married couple—Mr and Mrs Eyre—and five of the unmarried missionaries resolved to continue at their post, and hazard all in the hope of turning the heathen from the error of their ways.

And their path was set by very real dangers. More than once, when King Otu was borne on men's shoulders round the missionary settlement, during the morning or evening family worship, Peter the Swede drew his attention to their defenceless condition, and urged him to kill them and seize their property. This odious counsel was uniformly rejected, but there were many who would gladly have carried it into execution. Pomare was unmistakably well disposed to them as teachers of the

mechanic arts, though he paid no heed to their religious instructions. Before the *Nautilus* sailed away with the faint-hearted, he had put to death two of the principal actors in the outrage which led to their departure; and two days after the attack he had sent the high priest to present them with a fowl and a young plantain-tree, as an atonement and a peace-offering. But the devoted men and the brave-hearted lady who had elected to stand to their duty, whatever might befall them, placed such little confidence in human assistance or support, that they sent on board the *Nautilus* all their weapons and ammunition, with the exception of two muskets and a small quantity of gunpowder, which they presented to Pomare and Idia. Having put their hand to the plough, they would not look behind them, but were minded rather to press forward to the prize of their high calling.

Peter the Swede was not the only European who exercised over the South Sea Islanders an influence opposed to the diffusion of Christianity. In every group one or more deserters from naval or merchant ships maintained a coarse, sensual, indolent existence by aiding this or that chief in his savage wars, and by administering to the evil passions of their employers. Even the few who fancied they were co-operating with the missionaries did much more harm than good, through their ignorance of even elementary truths. Mr Williams, for instance, came across two English sailors in one of the Navigators' Islands, who, thinking to do him a pleasure, "began to describe their exploits in turning people religion, as they termed it." In answer to his inquiries, they stated that they had made between two and three hundred converts. Being pressed to explain their mode of proceeding, one of them answered,

"Why, sir, I goes about and talks to the people, and tells 'em that our God is good, and theirs is bad; and when they listens to me, I makes 'em religion, and baptizes 'em." On the missionary expressing some astonishment at their venturing to administer that holy rite, the poor fellow replied, "Why, sir, I takes water and dips my hands in it, and crosses them on their foreheads and on their breasts, and then I reads a bit of prayer to 'em in English." He acknowledged that they did not understand him, but added, "They says they knows it does 'em good." These two seamen were not, however, wholly disinterested in their efforts to "turn the people religion," for they pretended to heal the sick by reading "a bit of prayer" over them, for which they took care to exact a fee proportioned to the credulity and apparent means of their patients.

The six missionaries—Messrs Bicknell, Eyre, Harris, Jefferson, Lewis, and Nott—who had resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to prosecute the good work they had taken in hand, addressed a letter to the Missionary Society, on the departure of their brethren for New South Wales, which is the best possible illustration of their Christian zeal and singleness of purpose. "Experience has taught us," they say, "the more we are encumbered about worldly things, the less concern we have for the conversion of the heathen; and the more we are detached from secular employments, the more, we trust, our minds will be attached to the propagation of the gospel. Otaheite affords food and raiment suitable to the climate, and sufficient to answer the great end of Providence in granting us these blessings; and having these things, we hope the Lord will teach us to be content. We deem it needful to inform the directors that it appears to us, at present, a reinforcement of

this island with a body of missionaries, consisting of men, women, and children, and furnished after the manner of ourselves when we quitted our native country in the ship *Duff*, would nothing forward the work of God on Otaheite or the adjacent islands; but if four or six Christian men, void of worldly encumbrances, will be willing to hazard their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ in the conversion of the heathen, and, led by the Eternal Spirit, forsake all and follow us, we shall glory if spared to give them the right hand of fellowship."

The position of the six missionaries remaining in the Matavai district was extremely critical. The people of Pare having taken up arms against Pomare to avenge the fate of the two men he put to death for their ruffianly assault upon the four missionaries, that chief applied to Mr Nott to know how far he might rely upon the aid of himself and his companions, and was answered explicitly that they knew nothing of war, and would have nothing to do with it. As it happened, he was successful without their aid, and slew fourteen of his enemies, besides burning forty or fifty of their houses. The ill-will previously borne by the people of Pare towards their European instructors was naturally increased by these disasters, while Pomare himself somewhat cooled in his friendship for men who seemed likely to entangle him in hostilities, from which they would do nothing to extricate him.

About five months after the departure of the *Nautilus*, two London whalers anchored for three days in Matavai Bay, when one of the captains presented a large quantity of gunpowder to Oripaia, a rival of Pomare. Fancying from the coarseness of the grain that it was not genuine, Oripaia desired one of his attendants to load a pistol and

try it. The stupid fellow did as he was bid, but fired across the heap of gunpowder, into which a spark fell, and an explosion ensued. The chief and five of his people were dreadfully scorched, and the remedies applied by one of the missionaries failed to allay their torment. Recourse was then had to native skill, beneath which Oripaia and another of the sufferers died in agony. The missionary's failure was attributed to the anger of his God, who now sought to avenge the insult offered to his worshippers, and even Otu became greatly exasperated, and soon found an excuse for carrying fire and sword into the Matavai district, which more particularly belonged to his father.

The missionary settlement was, however, spared on this occasion, though surrounded by fierce warriors brandishing spears and clubs. The king's principal ally on this expedition was the high priest Haamanemane, who was likewise a chief of considerable influence, and a man of a crafty, intriguing disposition. Unable to make head against him in the field, Pomare sent a message to his consort Idia to have him assassinated. Won by the solicitations of his mother, the young king consented to the death of his faithful friend, who was accordingly murdered by one of Idia's people, while on his way from Matavai to Pare. This tragical event occurred in December 1798, and was followed by a period of comparative tranquillity, during which the missionaries devoted themselves to the acquisition of the language, and to conversations with the natives upon religious topics, though apparently without making the slightest impression upon either their understanding or their heart.

The following year was marked by the death of Mr

Lewis, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Not quite four months after the departure of the *Nautilus*, he had acquainted the brethren with his intention of taking to wife a native woman, who was still an idolatress. After vainly endeavouring to dissuade him from such a deplorable connection, the missionaries declined to hold any further intercourse with their backsliding brother. He was, nevertheless, a regular attendant at public worship, and appears to have otherwise conducted himself with propriety and decorum. Towards the latter end of November, however, they were startled by the intelligence of his death. Hastening to his house, they found his dead body laid upon the bed, the face and forehead exhibiting wounds inflicted by a stone or sharp instrument. The natives declared that he had beaten his face against the pavement in front of his house, as if under an access of delirium; but it afterwards came to the knowledge of the missionaries that he had been murdered, and that his mistress must have been privy, if not actually consenting, to his death.

CHAPTER IV.

Erection of the first Christian chapel in the South Seas—Pomare's offering—Reinforcement of missionaries—First preaching tour —The Atehuru rebellion—The mission-house turned into a fortalice—Suspension of hostilities—Perversity of the natives —Death of Pomare I.—King's letter to the London Missionary Society—Letters from home—Renewal of hostilities—Defeat of Pomare II.—Break-up of the South Sea Mission.

THINGS now began to go from bad to worse. The little missionary band had not yet recovered from the shock of Mr Lewis's melancholy secession and death, when they were further discouraged by Mr Harris's announcement of his intention to proceed to New South Wales in an English vessel which put into Matavai Bay about that time. The loss of this member of their party was, however, soon made good by the return of Mr and Mrs Henry from Port Jackson; but the captain who brought this welcome addition to their society somewhat marred the gratification of the poor missionaries by leaving on the island three of his crew, whose influence with the natives was exercised greatly to their disadvantage. Undaunted by the manifold misfortunes and annoyances that had hitherto befallen them since their arrival in Tahiti, they set about the erection of a place of worship easy of access for the inhabitants of the district, and selected as a site a spot close to Mr Lewis's untimely grave. This was the first building solely devoted to the service of the Creator in which the South Sea

Islanders were invited to assemble, for until then divine worship had been conducted in one of the rooms of the mission-house. When this chapel was nearly completed, Pomare sent a fish, which he begged might be hung up in it as an offering to Jesus Christ. Had he been allowed to add this new deity to those he already worshipped, he was quite willing to bend his knee to the God of the missionaries, but he was not prepared to renounce his faith in the blood-stained Oro. Indeed, he was about to attest the sincerity of his belief in that hideous idol by an act of violence that deluged the island with human blood, and brought the missionaries to the verge of destruction.

In July 1801, the *Royal Admiral*, commanded by a nephew of the Captain Wilson who brought out the missionaries in the *Duff*, anchored in Matavai Bay, with welcome supplies and not less welcome letters. A reinforcement of eight missionaries from England was also gladly acclaimed by the brethren, while Pomare openly alluded to the assistance he expected to derive from them in the forthcoming struggle for the possession of the image of Oro, which he and his father had resolved to remove, by fair means or foul, from Atehuru to Pare. The newcomers commenced their career of usefulness by sowing the seeds of many new kinds of vegetables, and by planting vines, with fig, peach, and other fruit-trees likely to flourish in that climate. Pine-apples and water-melons soon became abundant; but the natives destroyed the vines, because, in their impatience to taste the grapes, they gathered them before they were ripe, and were disgusted with their acidity. The other trees were trampled under foot during the period of strife that ensued, and their introduction was thus retarded by many a year.

The *Duff's* missionaries meanwhile were occupied with more spiritual cares, and in March 1802, Messrs Nott and Elder, having now fairly mastered the difficulties of the language, set out on their first preaching tour into the interior. The villagers listened to them patiently, and even with evident interest, but intimated their apprehension that the gods of Tahiti would visit them with storm and disease if they accepted the new worship, and bowed down to Jehovah and Jesus. On their homeward journey the missionaries passed through the district of Atehuru, and found the king and his father, and the principal chiefs, assembled in the great *marae* described by Captain Cook, and engaged in offering up sacrifices to their national god Oro. The altar was covered with the carcasses of hogs, while several human corpses, hanging from the surrounding trees, completed the ghastly horror of the scene. The two witnesses to the Truth feared not to protest against these impious rites, declaring the death of Christ to be an all-sufficient sacrifice and atonement for the sins of mankind, and branding as wilful murder the slaughter of fellow-creatures, the pouring out of whose life was an offence to their common Father. They were preaching to the deaf, and their words were as idle wind in the ears of these savages.

On the morrow Pomare begged the chiefs of Atehuru to resign the custody of the image, as Oro himself had expressed a wish that it should be removed to Tautira. This request being refused, King Otu demanded that the idol should be given up to him; and, on a second and peremptory refusal, his attendants rushed upon the image and carried it off to their boats. To avert the displeasure of Oro at the violence offered to his image, a human

FIJIAN SACRIFICES.

sacrifice was judged necessary; and as no captives were at hand, Pomare caused one of his own servants to be killed as soon as they reached the shore. The people of Atehuru at once flew to arms, swept through the district of Pare, contiguous to that of Matavai, put to the sword every living creature that fell into their hands, and gave to the flames everything that would burn. They then withdrew into their own territory with their plunder, but announced their intention to return without delay to pillage the missionary settlement.

Their fell purpose, however, was thwarted by several unforeseen events that worked together for the preservation of the Christian teachers. Not only had six sailors been recently landed under the command of Captain Bishop, in order to purchase pigs and salt pork for Port Jackson, but a vessel was wrecked in the bay, and a further reinforcement of seventeen well-armed Englishmen —for both crew and cargo were saved—was added to the little garrison. The rebels at first carried all before them. A flotilla from Aimeo, indeed, brought over two or three hundred warriors to Pomare's aid, who were joined by the people of Pare; but their combined forces were attacked, routed, and driven in confusion into the Matavai district. All would then have been lost but for the firm attitude assumed by Captain Bishop, who, with a body of seamen, checked the onward rush of the victors, and gave the vanquished time to rally in his rear. The Atehuruans thereupon proposed to cede Matavai and the two ravaged districts to the southward to the English, threatening otherwise to force a passage through, with club and spear. It was resolved to accept the proffered terms, on the ratification of which the rebels retired from Matavai, and,

after offering to Oro the bodies of their fallen enemies, crossed the isthmus, and marched to Tautira.

While these stirring events were passing in one peninsula, Otu and Pomare in the other had been wasting their time in striving to propitiate their stolen god by human sacrifices. While thus engaged, they were surprised and driven to their canoes by the enemy, who, after a sanguinary resistance, recovered possession of their idol, which they carried off in triumph to Atehuru.

As it was now certain that the missionary settlement would be the next object of attack, the two ship-captains promptly set to work to put the place in a state of defence. The trees were all cut down, the enclosures of the garden destroyed, and a stout palisade planted round the mission-house. Boards bristling with nails were buried in the paths leading to the post—no mean annoyance to barefooted men dashing recklessly forward. The chapel was pulled down; four brass cannon saved from the wreck were placed in the upper rooms, and the verandah was protected by a barrier of chests, bedding, &c. &c. Though non-combatants, the missionaries could not refuse to take their turn of sentry-duty by night as well as by day; and for the unfortunate ladies, cooped up with so many seamen in one house, in addition to their own over-numerous party, it may be readily imagined that they had to endure much discomfort and privation, as well as the most painful solicitude.

To make matters still worse, Pomare inflamed the minds of the rebels to the highest degree of fury by perpetrating an act of monstrous barbarity. Receiving intelligence that Atehuru had been left unguarded except by a few sick and aged men, he secretly despatched a

nocturnal expedition, which fell upon the village in the darkness of night, and murdered nearly two hundred women and children, with their defenceless male companions, in the brief space of a couple of hours. For a time, however, the rebels were constrained to postpone their vengeance, for just then the *Nautilus* returned, and Captain Bishop, with twenty-three Europeans and a four-pounder, accompanied Pomare in an attack upon the insurgents. The latter might have come off scatheless had they been contented to remain in their almost impregnable fastness; but in an evil moment they were drawn out by the taunts of their adversaries, and, on encountering the English, were seized with a panic and fled. Seventeen of their warriors, including their leader, were made prisoners, and immolated on the spot, their dead bodies being horribly disfigured and mutilated. As their stronghold appeared inaccessible, Captain Bishop returned to Matavai, and shortly afterwards all the British seamen quitted the island. Pomare thereupon fixed his headquarters on the borders of Pare, and hostilities were temporarily suspended.

Taking advantage of this breathing-time, the missionaries again enclosed and replanted their garden, and resumed their seemingly fruitless task of imparting instruction alike to children and adults. The natives, on their part, continued as inattentive as before, but became more audacious in their pilferings, until one of them, being caught in the act, was publicly flogged by the king's orders. The year 1802 was approaching its expiration when Messrs Jefferson and Scott started on a preaching tour through the island. On the score of hospitality they had little to complain of, and personally they were gene-

rally treated with respect and consideration. Their preachings, however, were either unattended, or were turned into ridicule, the natives talking aloud, and making offensive remarks on their dress, features, motives, and doctrines. Sometimes they would bring dogs or cocks, and set them fighting close to the group seated round the missionaries.

At other times a strolling band of Areois would stop and give a performance within a stone's-throw of the preachers, and with song and dance would carry off all their listeners. An epidemic then raging in the island was also ascribed to the God of the missionaries, who were threatened with terrible reprisals as soon as Oro should have recovered his ascendancy. In December of this same year Messrs Bicknell and Wilson made the first missionary voyage to Aimeo, where they produced a more favourable impression than they had as yet succeeded in doing in Tahiti.

On the 3d of September 1803, while Pomare was going off in a canoe to a ship that had just arrived in the bay, he felt a sudden pain in his back which made him start. Applying his hand to the spot, he fell forward on his face, and instantly expired. The unexpected demise of this chief, who, though between fifty and sixty years of age, was in full enjoyment of all his faculties, was naturally ascribed by the superstitious islanders to his sacrilegious seizure of the idol Oro. His death, however, made no change in the political condition of Tahiti. Shortly after the usual religious ceremony, in which his spirit was invoked, he is said to have appeared to his widow Idia, rising out of the sea, the upper part of his person bound round with many folds of finely-braided cinet made from the fibre of the cocoa-nut husk. Otu now assumed the title of Pomare, which became the name of the dynasty,

after the fashion of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, and towards the middle of 1804 crossed over to Aimeo, taking with him the image which had already cost the lives of so many of his subjects. His attitude towards the missionaries underwent no change. He shielded them from open violence, and permitted them to pursue unmolested their unpromising labours. Some of the children had by this time learned the catechism by rote, but no actual progress appeared to be made, the people declaring that they would have nothing to do with the new religion until it had been safely adopted by their chiefs.

The year 1805 was passed, like its predecessors, in disheartening toil, and under a depressing sense of abandonment by friends at home; for though several vessels touched at the island, not one of them brought letters or supplies. The natives remained impassive till the close of the year, when their jealousy of the missionaries vented itself in the destruction by fire of a flourishing plantation of cocoa-nut, orange, citron, and other fruit-trees, upwards of six hundred in number. In the spring a larger catechism had been compiled, and a Tahitian alphabet drawn up, in Roman characters, but with native names affixed to each letter.

In January of the following year Pomare II. returned from Aimeo, bringing with him the idol Oro, in whose honour several human beings were murdered, and their dead bodies hung from the boughs of trees. The king was much taken with the mystery of the missionaries' printing-press, and asked them to build a small plastered house near their own, in which he could apply himself without interruption to the lessons in writing that he was receiving at their hands. Among the earliest specimens

of his proficiency in this useful art was the following characteristic letter, addressed to the Directors of the Missionary Society in London, in which spiritual blessings are frankly subordinated to material possessions :—

"Friends, I wish you every blessing, friends, in your residence, in your country, with success in teaching this bad land, this foolish land, this wicked land, this land which is ignorant of good, this land that knoweth not the true God, this regardless land. Friends, I wish you health and prosperity; may I also live, and may Jehovah save us all! I wish you to send a great number of men, women, and children here. Friends, send also property and cloth for us, and we also will adopt English customs. Friends, send also plenty of muskets and powder, for wars are frequent in our country," &c. &c.

Pomare II. resembled his father in his readiness to accept the Christians' God as a Being of awful might, and even more powerful than Oro. But then the latter was present with them, and was regarded as a vindictive, malignant deity; whereas Jehovah was believed to reside chiefly in Europe, and, moreover, was represented as merciful, long-suffering, and beneficent. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the ignorant barbarians should hesitate to break off with their old worship so long as they continued to believe in the real existence of the gods of their forefathers, even though inclined to suspect that they were somewhat less powerful than had been previously imagined. Their failure to touch the hearts or open the minds of the adult population, only rendered the missionaries more assiduous in their labours to quicken the understanding of the children, for whose especial use they now opened a school to teach reading and writing. A spelling-book was composed,

as also a narrative of Scripture history, adapted to stimulate the dulness of their youthful comprehension.

Justly to appreciate the devotedness of these good men, it is well to remember that they were uncheered by any expressions of the sympathy of their friends or the approbation of their own countrymen. Though ships frequently anchored in Matavai Bay, not a single communication from England reached the missionaries from July 1801 to the end of November 1806. The London Missionary Society, indeed, had by no means forgotten their zealous representatives during their perilous sojourn among the heathen, but had sent letters and supplies by every opportunity to Port Jackson, whence, it was supposed, they could easily be forwarded to Tahiti. They had also authorised their agent in New South Wales to expend £200 a year in aid of the South Sea Mission, and thus at last it came to pass that a small sloop of twenty tons burden was chartered to convey to Tahiti the accumulated stores.

For some time previously, tea, sugar, and other luxuries, which have become almost necessaries to Europeans, had been quite exhausted, the clothing brought from England had been worn out, and on their preaching circuits the missionaries had been compelled to go barefoot. At last they were gladdened by tidings from the dear ones at home; but the supplies had lain so long at Port Jackson, and had been forwarded in such an unseaworthy vessel, that they were utterly spoiled, and for the most part unfit for use. This disappointment, however, was borne with cheerful resignation, and the missionaries rather rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer in the service of the Founder of their faith.

In June 1807, the island again became the scene of murderous civil war. The king, apparently without provocation, suddenly made an inroad into the district of Atehuru, and, taking the people unawares, slew upwards of one hundred, among whom were some men of note. The country was laid waste, the dwellings of the natives plundered and burnt, the survivors driven to their mountain fastnesses, and the bodies of the slain carried off to Tautira and offered as sacrifices to Oro. This barbarous expedition remained for a time unavenged, but in the ensuing year the people generally began to weary of the burdens imposed upon them for the maintenance of royalty, and to regret the old patriarchal form of government, when each district, and it might almost be said each village, was administered by its own chief. The preparations for the coming strife not only suspended the usefulness of the missionaries, but filled them with natural anxiety for the safety of their wives and little ones.

At the very moment when a collision seemed inevitable, a vessel from Port Jackson anchored in the bay, and by the king's advice the women and children were at once carried on board. On the following day Messrs Nott and Scott repaired to the rebel camp, and urged the leaders to come to terms with Pomare. This they absolutely refused to do, but expressed friendly feelings towards the missionaries, whom they promised to protect to the best of their ability. This assurance, however, afforded little hope of safety, and the king himself counselled the departure of the married couples. It was therefore unanimously resolved that the mission should be broken up until happier times might dawn, except that four of the

unmarried missionaries volunteered to remain with the king and watch the progress of events. The rest were safely conveyed to the neighbouring island of Huahine, where they received a kindly welcome at the hands of the chief and the inhabitants generally.

The rebels now took up a strong position over against the royal encampment at Matavai, but abstained from all aggressive action. On the 22d of December, however, they were furiously attacked by the king, misled by the promises of a soothsayer. The royal troops were completely routed and fled from the field, throwing away even their muskets, and leaving their dead, including several of their chiefs, at the mercy of the enemy. The missionaries attached to the king also found it necessary to abandon their home and escape to Aimeo, whence three of the party shortly afterwards removed to Huahine. Following up their success, the insurgents ravaged the districts of Matavai and Pare, sacked the mission-house, and burned it to the ground. The books were either thrown into the flames or used for cartridges; the type was melted down and cast into musket-balls, and every scrap of iron was converted to some homicidal purpose. Before they sought safety in flight, Mr Nott had several times stood in the very shadow of death. Once a native had poised his spear, and was on the point of transfixing him, when his arm was arrested by a friend of the missionary. At another time a musket-ball entered the room where he was sitting, and on yet another occasion he was hurried into a canoe barely in time to save him from a party of rebels bent upon slaying the king's friend.

It was, nevertheless, with sore reluctance and many a bitter pang of disappointment that these earnest

men yielded to the "inexorable logic of facts," and relinquished the enterprise which they had so steadfastly pursued for wellnigh a dozen years, in spite of ridicule, threats, violence, and, worst of all, the apparent forgetfulness of their friends in their far-away native land. So far as human eye could see, the South Sea Mission had entirely failed, and the grateful task of converting the heathen was reserved for other agents and other times. The main body of the missionaries, therefore, resolved to proceed to Port Jackson, only Mr Hayward continuing in Huahine, while Mr Nott attached himself to the fortunes of King Pomare, hoping against hope, and placing his trust in the all-wise Disposer of events.

CHAPTER V.

Glimmerings of hope—Domestic trials—Pomare in search of truth—First two converts—Many are added to the Church—Destruction of idols—Progress of inquiry—First and last martyr—Conspiracy to massacre the Christians in Tahiti—Battle of Narii—Defeat of the idolaters—Extirpation of idolatrous worship.

Affairs remained in this unpromising condition until the autumn of 1811, when several of the married missionaries took heart of grace and left Port Jackson for Aimeo, where they were joyfully received by the king. The lessons of adversity had not been lost upon Pomare. During his enforced residence in that little island, he had communed much with himself, and had listened with eager interest to Mr Nott's instructions. The first arrivals, Mr and Mrs Bicknell, were taken into his own house, and he would pass hours together in conversing with them, and in reading and writing. A few of his attendants seemed also to be well disposed towards the new religion; and for the first time since the departure of the *Duff* from Portsmouth, a ray of hope glimmered on the horizon. Other trials, however, awaited the missionaries, and of a peculiarly distressing character. Three of them were bereaved of their wives within a few months of each other, and the mission was enveloped in gloom and sadness. Thrown so exclusively into each other's society, working in a common cause, and bound together by

common dangers and sufferings, the South Sea missionaries formed a united family, no one member of which could be afflicted without a sympathetic grief pervading all. Their sorrow, however, was tempered by the glorious prospect of success that now opened before them. The first of these three graves had not yet been dug, when the king announced his intention of abjuring his false gods and becoming a convert to Christianity. Having to no purpose urged the chiefs of Raiatea and Huahine, and other friends of his family, to join him in a public renunciation of idolatry, he adhered to his own resolution, and begged that he might be baptized, declaring that he "desired to be happy after death, and to be saved at the day of judgment." Though not distrustful of his sincerity, the missionaries counselled him not to be over-hasty, lest he should have mistaken impulse for conviction, and the king readily consented to receive further instruction previous to his admission within the Christian fold.

A month later Pomare once more found himself in Tahiti, having been invited to return by some of his former subjects. Though separated from the missionaries, and exposed to many temptations, he wavered not from his determination to break with the past, and to seek salvation where only it can be found. In his letters to his Christian teachers he bitterly bewails his bloodguiltiness, and prays for strength from on high to put away his "evil customs" and become one of the elect. His only concern was to "become one of Jehovah's people," and to obtain forgiveness for his "accumulated crimes." His worldly prospects, which had brightened up for a brief space, were soon clouded over, and his hold even on the Matavai district was extremely insecure. His regular observance of the

Sabbath, his bold, contemptuous denunciation of idolatry, and avowed intention of embracing the true religion, alienated many of his warmest supporters, and exposed him to ridicule from his nearest kinsfolk. The death of his consort, his childless condition, his recent expulsion from the island, and his present precarious position, were all ascribed to the displeasure of the gods, whose wrath would burn yet more fiercely if he persisted in insulting them by preferring the God of the missionaries. The king, however, continued firm and immovable, and lost no opportunity of exhorting his friends to follow his example, and, putting away their idols, to adopt the Christians' faith. That his exhortations made a considerable impression upon many of his hearers was shown by subsequent events, but at the time they appeared to fall upon stocks and stones.

About the middle of June 1813, however, a report reached the missionary settlement in Aimeo that two of their former pupils in Tahiti had not only been brought to see the error of their ways, but had associated to themselves several of their neighbours, and that prayer-meetings were occasionally held in a retired valley. On receipt of this gladdening intelligence, Messrs Hayward and Scott immediately crossed over to Tahiti, and proceeded to Hautaua, where these unexpected proselytes were believed to reside. The morning after their arrival, the missionaries retired as usual into the brushwood for the purpose of prayer and meditation, when Mr Scott heard a voice at no great distance offering up to the throne of grace prayers and thanksgivings in the native language. The supplicant proved to be an individual named Oito, though afterwards called Petero, who had formerly received instructions from the missionaries at Matavai, and had subsequently been

much affected by some words that fell from Pomare. Sorely disquieted in mind, Oito made a confidant of his friend Tuahine, who had lived for some time at the mission-house, and found that he was similarly perplexed. The result of their mutual confidences was the strengthening of their growing convictions, and the two would often retire into the jungle to exchange their spiritual impressions, and unite in prayer for further enlightenment. Their obvious sincerity induced several youths to join them, and it was agreed that a prayer-meeting should be held on Sundays, that the worship of idols should be discontinued, together with all the abominable practices connected with idolatry, and that Jehovah alone should be their God. These were the first-fruits of the sixteen years of toil, privation, and personal peril passed by the missionaries in Tahiti. The spark kindled in that island quickly burst into a vivifying flame that warmed and illumined all the adjacent islands. From the sequestered valley of Hautaua the knowledge of divine truth spread gradually, and even rapidly, over the South Seas, and it is satisfactory to know that both Oito and Tuahine laboured to their last hour in extending the borders of Christ's kingdom upon earth.

Sunday, the 25th of July 1813, is memorable in the chronicles of missionary enterprise as the day on which the first place for public worship was opened in Aimeo. On the following day forty of the islanders assembled to hear Mr Nott's exposition of Christianity, when thirty-one of those present desired to have their names written down, in proof of their firm resolution to have nothing more to do with idols, but become disciples of Jesus. Eleven more names were shortly afterwards added, and among this last batch of proselytes were Taaroarii, the

young chief of Huahine, and Sir Charles Sanders' Island, and Matapuupuu, chief priest of Huahine and an Areoi of high repute.

The conversion of the chief of Huahine was primarily due to Pomare, who had frequently spoken to him on the utter foolishness of the idolatrous worship of their ancestors, contrasting its horrid rites with the purity and tenderness that illustrate the religion of Christ. Desiring to hear more on this subject, he invited Mr Nott to come and preach at his place. His father, Pairu, king of Huahine, received the missionaries—Mr Nott being accompanied by Mr Hayward—with infinite courtesy, and said that, though he himself was quite satisfied to remain as he was, his son was desirous to learn more about Jehovah and Jesus. "The people of Huahine and their chief," says Mr Ellis, "were certainly among the most superstitious and idolatrous tribes of the Pacific." They had kept aloof from the missionaries, and were content to live and die as their forefathers had done; and yet the light suddenly dawned upon the darkest recesses of their hearts, and of their own accord they asked for instruction. Within a few months afterwards the old king himself embraced the new faith, from which he never wavered.

The good work now advanced with leaps and bounds. One evening, as Mr Nott was returning to the settlement after preaching to Taaroarii's people, he was accompanied by Patii, the priest of that district. As they wandered along the shore in deep converse, the latter astonished the missionary by declaring his intention of publicly burning on the morrow all the idols to which he had hitherto sacrificed. When the time approached, a considerable

crowd had gathered together to witness the strange spectacle that had been announced, and which they fully believed would culminate in the awful destruction of the impious priest, and of those who abetted him. A quantity of fuel had been collected, and a funeral pyre erected near the beach. A few minutes before the sun went down Patii came forth, and ordered the pile to be set on fire. As soon as the flames were blazing upward he hastened to the shrine of his gods and brought out the idols, which he flung on the ground. Stripping off their ornaments and clothing, which he threw into the fire, he exhibited to the gaping crowd the hideously-carved images—sometimes merely shapeless logs—and pitched them one after the other into the hungry flames. Nor was his tongue idle while his hands were thus busy. Now, as he held up a god, he would declare his name and attributes. Then he would deplore his own infatuation in having bowed down to such senseless and inanimate stocks. Presently he would strike another key, and taunt the gods with their helplessness, telling them to save themselves if they wished for any more sacrifices. The spectators murmured and looked on with horror, but not one stirred hand or foot to stay the work of destruction. The missionaries and their native converts stood beside the daring priest, momentarily expecting a wild onslaught from the angry multitude; but the sun sank beneath the horizon, the fire slowly died out, the spectators, awestricken and appalled, moved away by twos and threes, and a heap of ashes was all that remained of the gods they had so long worshipped and adored.

The news of Patii's heroism spread far and wide, and both in Tahiti and Aimeo not only images, but many

temples and *maraes* were consigned to the flames. Men of influence began to flock to the mission-house at Aimeo from the adjacent islands, anxious to hear and judge for themselves. The number of professed converts amounted at this time to fifty, though very many others stood, as it were, at the door, hesitating to cross the threshold. The exemplary conduct of the converts naturally prepossessed all but the hopelessly vicious in their favour; while their habit of invoking a blessing upon every work they undertook, and upon every act they performed, obtained for them the title of *Bure Atua*, or the "Praying People," though the literal meaning of the phrase is said to be "Prayers to God."

Throughout 1814 the number of converts steadily increased, and even the idolaters were accustomed to speak of their gods as evil or foolish spirits. So great was the assemblage at public worship, that the chapel had to be enlarged for the second time, many of the natives joining in the hymns composed in their language. The strain alike upon the mental and physical powers of the missionaries at this time must have been most trying. On the Lord's day they had two services, with explanatory discourses delivered in a foreign tongue, and in the evening a special meeting for the benefit of those whose names had been written down. Divine service was also performed on a weekday, and from morning till night they were engaged in reasoning with individuals or extemporised assemblies, reading and explaining the Word of God, and praying for aid, guidance, and strength for themselves as well as for the excited and impulsive multitudes by whom they were hourly surrounded and besieged. In addition to all this, some of them were studiously occupied in translat-

ing the New Testament, and in preparing spelling-books, catechisms, and elementary treatises. And as though this were not enough, they had to labour with their own hands to obtain their daily food, and to execute whatever carpentry or smith's work had to be done.

They had their reward. Before that year closed their preachings were regularly attended by 300 hearers, of whom 200 were open and avowed converts to Christianity. Their schools, too, were frequented by fully 300 natives, eager to receive instruction, and altogether their work prospered exceedingly. Not that they were yet free from tribulation. In Tahiti the new converts were exposed to persecution even unto death; and the last human sacrifice offered in that island was a young man, who, in spite of the remonstrances of his family, had abjured idolatry. While seated beneath the shade of a clump of trees, absorbed in his evening meditations, the Tahitian martyr was suddenly approached by a number of the attendants of the neighbouring chiefs and priests, and informed that the king desired to see him. Knowing that the king was absent from the island, the young man easily divined that their real object was to offer him as a sacrifice, on occasion of a religious ceremony that was to be celebrated on the morrow. Calmly, and without the least trepidation, he told them that they were trying to deceive him, and that their real intention was to take his life. For his part, he continued, he was not afraid to die. His body might be in their power, but they could not harm his soul, for that was safe in the hands of Jesus. Exasperated by this courageous enunciation of his faith in Christ, the murderers rushed in upon him, stabbed and slew him, and placing his dead body in a basket made of the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, carried it off to the

marae, where it was duly offered to the god of murder. In the blood of this young martyr the Church of Tahiti was finally established, and never again was a human being sacrificed to the horrible superstitions which had so long prevailed in that beautiful island.

The rapid growth of the new sect seeming to foreshadow the total extinction of the ancient worship, the priests conspired with many of the chiefs to destroy the Christians and their friends at one blow. It was known that on the evening of July 7, 1814, the whole of the Bure Atua, or Praying People, would be assembled at a certain spot near the sea for discussion and prayer. Advantage was to be taken of this splendid opportunity, and the heresy rooted out by one strong effort. So well was the secret kept, that it was only a few hours before the meeting was to take place that the first suspicion of the projected massacre reached the ears of the intended victims. Resistance would have availed nothing, and had the different bands of murderers been punctual in arriving at the appointed rendezvous, escape would have been, humanly speaking, impossible. Happily, it was so ordered that sufficient delay occurred to enable the Bure Atua to launch their canoes, and before sunset they were hastening, with thankful hearts, to their friends in Aimeo. When the idolaters reached the shore, it was too late for pursuit. Baffled and disappointed, they began to dispute and quarrel among themselves, and the assembled tribes separating into two parties, fought together with the utmost fury. Civil war raged throughout the north-eastern portion of the island. Houses were fired, plantations cut down, fields and gardens laid desolate, and several richly-cultivated districts reduced to a howling wilderness. The vanquished

fled to the mountains, or crossed the sea to Aimeo, and from one end of Tahiti to the other Oro was recognised as the national god.

Thus matters remained till the autumn of 1815, when the refugees in Aimeo were invited to return to Tahiti, under promises of personal safety, and of restoration to the lands of which they had been deprived. The presence of the king being deemed necessary on such an august occasion, Pomare and a strong body of his Christian adherents, not fewer than eight hundred, accompanied the idolatrous refugees. As they approached the shore, however, they were greeted with a sharp fire of musketry, to which the king replied by displaying a white flag. Negotiations thereupon ensued, and the party were allowed to land; but they remained under the conviction that the truce was hollow and not to be relied upon, and that hostilities were only deferred to a more convenient opportunity. That was not long in coming. On Sunday the 12th of November 1815, Pomare and the Christian converts assembled for divine worship at the village of Narii, in the Atehuru district. Sentinels had been posted to prevent a surprise, and the service was about to commence when musket-shots were heard in the distance, and a large body of men, preceded by the emblems of idolatry, was descried marching round a point of land, and advancing in their direction. For a moment there was some confusion. Only a few of the worshippers were armed, the majority having left their weapons in their tents. Pomare, however, rose and called upon them to resume their seats, reminding them that they were under the protection of Jehovah, without whose permission no harm could befall them. A hymn was then given out by one who till quite recently

had been a member of the Areoi institution, but was now a Christian teacher. A portion of Scripture was next read, and a prayer offered to the Almighty for pardon of their sins, and for help against the heathen who were raging so furiously together against His servants.

Having thus committed themselves to the divine protection, they proceeded, with lightened hearts, to arm themselves for self-defence, and took their appointed places in the battle array. The Bure Atua were not yet drawn up before the idolaters made a furious charge upon the front ranks, and compelled them to give ground. They retreated, however, slowly, resolutely disputing every step, and yielding only to overpowering numbers. Ever and again they would kneel down, by twos and threes, and pray that, if they must lose their lives, they might yet save their souls from eternal condemnation. Fortunately, the main body stood firm, and not only arrested the further advance of the enemy, but gradually forced them back. Suddenly a panic seized the idolatrous host, and in terror they fled from the field to their fastnesses in the mountains. As the victors were about to pursue, Pomare shouted, "*Atira!*"—Enough!—and strictly charged his followers to offer neither injury nor insult to the women and children of the vanquished, and to spare even their property. The dead bodies of the idolaters were decently buried; and one great chief who had fallen in the fight was sent, with every mark of respect, to his own people.

Only towards the false gods was Pomare inexorable. As soon as victory was assured, he despatched a strong body of his most valiant warriors to Tautira, with instructions to destroy the temple of Oro, for whose possession he had in former days poured out torrents of human blood. "Go not

to the little island," he said, "where the women and children have been left for security; turn not aside to the villages or plantations; neither enter into the houses, nor destroy any of the property you may see; but go straight along the highroad, through all your late enemy's districts." Without opposition Pomare's soldiers arrived at Tautira. The idol was brought out from the temple, and, when divested of its manifold wrappings, was found to be a mere log of wood about six feet in length. The altars throughout the district were then levelled with the ground, the temples pulled down, the images and their ornaments given to the flames, and the *maraes* cleansed of their late abominations. As for the idol of Oro, it was fixed as a support to the roof of Pomare's kitchen, and ultimately cleft in pieces for firewood. Thus, in the words of the prophet, the gods that have not made the heavens and the earth perished from the earth and from under the heavens, and the idols were utterly abolished.

The king's clemency could not fail to produce good fruit. Such a thing had never before been heard of as forbearance to a prostrate enemy. When the vanquished stealthily returned to their homes, they were astonished to find their wives and families unmolested, their property uninjured, their own persons exempt from punishment. With one accord they restored Pomare to his throne, and then even their rude logic compelled them to see the immense superiority of Christian principles to the vile usages by which they had hitherto been held in bondage. Their cry now was for instructors to teach them the truth. Family idols were used for fuel. Not a single altar was spared. The very priests derided the gods they had served with more zeal than knowledge. Schools and chapels sprang

up in every district. Chiefs and aged warriors patiently conned their spelling-books, or listened with avidity to the words of the native preachers. The chapels were crowded with worshippers, among whom the women were allowed an equality of place, the old yoke being broken from off their necks. Mr Nott and Mr Bicknell in turn crossed over from Aimeo and lent their powerful aid; and it is stated that at the close of that eventful year 2700 spelling-books, 800 copies of the "Abridgment of Scripture," and very many copies of part of the Gospel of St Luke, had been distributed in the two islands of Tahiti and Aimeo, while the demand for more was urgent and incessant. By that time not fewer than 3000 of the natives were able to read with fluency and intelligence.

Early in the following year Pomare sent his family idols to the London Missionary Society "for the inspection of the people of Europe, that they may satisfy their curiosity, and know Tahiti's foolish gods." So far, the work of conversion was complete. The idols of the heathen were overthrown. The light of the gospel shone bright and clear upon Tahiti, the gem of the Southern Seas, and radiated far and wide over the adjacent islands. Human sacrifices and infanticide had ceased to cry aloud for vengeance. Woman, too, had recovered her proper place as a helpmeet for man, and the rude islanders were directed to the only path that leads to happiness in this life and in the next.

CHAPTER VI.

Printing-press at work—Interest evinced by Pomare—Excitement of the islanders—The *Haweis*—A missionary idyll—Religious condition of Huahine—Introduction of industrial arts—Lime-burning—Mr Williams's ingenuity—He builds a ship—First trip of the *Messenger of Peace*—Rats at Rarotonga—A graceful demonstration of gratitude—Native huts—Europeanised cottages.

When Mr Ellis landed in Aimeo, two years after the abolition of idolatry, the crying want of the island was for books. Hundreds of the natives, after mastering the alphabet and the spelling-book, could procure nothing to read. Others knew by rote whatever had been translated into their language, and were an-hungered for more. In the neighbouring islands not a few had taken the trouble to copy out the whole of the spelling-book, either on writing-paper, or on native cloth made from the bark of a tree. Others had committed to leaves, or scraps of paper or cloth, detached texts and fragments of Scripture, which they would treasure up as gems of great price, frequently perusing and re-perusing them with the utmost reverence.

To meet this demand for spiritual instruction, a printing-press had been sent out under the charge of Mr Ellis, who, previous to his departure from England, had taken lessons in printing and bookbinding. As all classes were eager to see this wonderful machine in operation, land, labour, and materials were readily forthcoming, and no time was lost in preparing for action. When all was complete, the

king proceeded to the printing-office, accompanied by some of his most intelligent chiefs, and attended by a multitude of his humbler subjects. The composing-stick being placed in his hand, he was taught to arrange the capital letters, then the ordinary letters, and finally the monosyllables which made up the first page of the spelling-book. There his labours ended as a compositor; but a few days later, when the first sheet was ready to go to press, Pomare took his turn as a pressman. Receiving the printer's ink-ball into his hand, he struck it two or three times upon the face of the letters. Then laying out a sheet of white paper upon the parchment, it was laid down under the press, and he was directed to turn the handle. When the paper was brought forth, chiefs and assistants all rushed forward to see the effect of the royal manipulation. A moment of silent wonder was followed by exclamations of delight, when the clear black forms were presented to their view, and they felt that a new power was established in the midst of them. And when the marvellous sheet was displayed to the crowds that thronged the exterior of the premises, a sudden shout of joyful acclamation went up to heaven.

An edition of 2600 copies was soon worked off, succeeded by an edition of 2300 copies of the Tahitian Catechism, a collection of texts from Scripture, and Mr Nott's translation of the Gospel according to St Luke, of which nearly 3000 copies were composed and struck off by Messrs Ellis and Crook, almost unaided. After a while two natives were instructed to work the press; but from eight to ten hours a day, in a tropical temperature, these two gentlemen toiled as compositors, cheered on, indeed, by the eager interest evinced by the natives, but primarily sustained by the sense of Christian duty. So

great was the curiosity of the people, that the beach was lined with canoes from distant parts, while the crews stood upon the fence round the building, or climbed upon one another's backs to get a glimpse of the interior. Strangers from other islands scarce knew what to make of the wondrous machine, fearing to approach too closely, and slow to believe that it was not an animated being forced to slave for the missionaries.

As each book was finished, the sheets had to be folded, stitched together, and placed within some sort of binding. The millboard on hand being speedily exhausted, recourse was had to various ingenious devices for obtaining suitable substitutes, which were found to answer the purpose sufficiently well. The natives themselves took kindly to this process, and also to the preparation of leather. The skins of all kinds of animals were turned to account, and one of the commonest of rural sights was "a skin stretched on a frame, and suspended on the branch of a tree to dry." To make the people more careful of their books, the cost-price was charged for the Scriptures, though elementary treatises continued to be distributed gratuitously. In the absence of coin, a small bamboo-cane of cocoa-nut oil constituted the medium of barter. The demand far outstripped the supply. Canoes would lie on the shore for weeks together while St Luke's Gospel was in course of preparation.

One evening a canoe arrived with five men from Tahiti, who hurried to Mr Ellis's dwelling, exclaiming "Luka!" or "Te Parau na Luka"—The Word of Luke—and holding up their bamboo-canes of oil. Not a copy remained on hand, but the missionary promised that if they came to him on the morrow they should have what they wanted. Looking out of his window at daybreak, he

saw them lying on the ground outside his house, with some plaited cocoa-nut leaves for their sole bedding. In reply to his inquiry why they had not lodged in a native hut for the night, they replied that they feared others might arrive before them and get all he could spare. So he at once went to work, and made up seven books, the additional two being asked for a mother and a sister. Each wrapped his book up in a piece of white native cloth, put it in his bosom, wished Mr Ellis good-morning, and, launching their canoe, without stopping to eat or to drink, they made all haste back to their native island. Scarcely less attractive than the gospel, was a little volume of hymns, some original and others translated, the islanders being particularly fond of rhythmical compositions.

Nor was it only in the art of printing that these early missionaries showed themselves expert. Towards the close of 1817 they launched a vessel of seventy tons burden built by their own hands. It was appropriately named the *Haweis*, Pomare himself breaking the conventional bottle of wine across her bows as she was about to glide into the water. This venture, however, was not encouraging; and after two or three short trips from island to island, the *Haweis* was sold in Port Jackson, and became a regular trader between that port and Van Diemen's Land. Still the fact remains that these simple messengers of glad tidings to the heathen succeeded in building and rigging a craft of considerable tonnage, and which took her place among the handiwork of professional shipbuilders.

Mingled with the stern realities of missionary life in the South Sea Islands came occasional glimpses of romance

that illumined their hard, self-denying existence, and relieved the monotony of their daily, and too often depressing, work. Thus in June 1818, it was resolved to remove the printing-press to Huahine, the most easterly of the Society Islands. The voyage was safely effected on board the *Haweis*, and on the 20th of that month Messrs Ellis, Williams, and Orsmond, with their respective wives, landed in Fa-re harbour, on the verge of a virgin forest. Two of the party were received into the house of a respectable native farmer, but the four others were glad to take shelter beneath a roof supported by three posts up the centre and several round the sides,—for the building was of an oval shape. For carpet and floor there were stones, sand, and clay; and to obtain some sort of privacy, four stout sticks were driven into the earth, to which sheets and native cloth were attached so as to form a screen. A couple of chests served as a bedstead for the parents, by the side of which some packages were laid for the children. At each end of the open building a private apartment was thus constructed, and in the centre part the luggage was piled up as neatly as possible.

"Large fragments of rock," says Mr Ellis, "were scattered at the base of the mountains that rose on one side of our dwelling, the sea rolled within a few yards on the other, and in each direction along the shore there was one wild and uncultivated wilderness." A present of fish and bread-fruit opportunely arrived from a neighbouring chief, and a youth stepped forward and offered his services as a cook. In due time the little party sat down to their simple fare of fried fish, baked bread-fruit, fresh plantains, cocoa-nut milk, and tea. As evening closed in, they prepared for the sudden and intense darkness of the tropics by converting one end

of a cocoa-nut shell into a lamp, which they filled with oil, inserting by way of wick the thin stalk of a cocoa-nut leaflet wrapped round with a little cotton wool. All, however, were glad to retire to rest at an early hour, after tying down the screen with strips of bark, and commending themselves to the care of an all-watchful Providence.

"Notwithstanding the novelty of our situation," Mr Ellis cheerfully remarks, "the exposure to the air from the mountains, the roaring of the heavy surf on the reefs, the inroads of dogs, pigs, and natives, with no other shelter than a pile of boxes, we passed a comfortable night, and rose refreshed in the morning, thankful for the kind protection we had experienced—gratified also to find that no article of our property had been stolen, though all was unavoidably exposed."

Although Huahine had been visited by Mr Nott, and also by the missionaries fleeing from Tahiti to Port Jackson, no abiding impression appears to have been made, and so late as 1818 the islanders were almost universally opposed to the introduction of the new religion. In obedience to instructions from the king, at that time absent in Tahiti and Aimeo, the ancient temples had been destroyed, the idols flung into the fire, the *maraes* desecrated, infanticide prohibited, and the stills for the extraction of ardent spirits from the sugar-cane broken to pieces or buried. Here and there, too, an individual might be found who had been taught to read during a trip to Aimeo, or who could repeat from memory certain passages from the spelling-book; but the foundation alone had been laid, or rather the site had been partially cleared of the unsightly rubbish with which it was previously encumbered.

The effect thus far produced, indeed, was of a negative

character. Idolatry was no longer practised, but neither was there any desire to become acquainted with the principles of Christianity. On the contrary, the people generally were averse from any manner of restriction being placed upon the gratification of their sensual appetites, and altogether indisposed to apply themselves to the laborious acquisition of elementary knowledge. For a time the missionaries preached to scanty and inattentive audiences, while their schools were neglected and themselves treated with a coldness bordering on contempt. This period of discouragement, however, was of brief duration. On the return of Mahine and his chiefs from Tahiti, an immediate impulse was given to the propagation of the gospel, and many of those who had been previously indifferent, if not actually hostile, now became constant and seemingly eager listeners.

The indolence of the South Sea Islanders has been remarked by all voyagers in those seas. The genial warmth of the climate, the exceeding fruitfulness of the soil, which appeared to yield spontaneously all that was needed for a mere animal existence, and the inexhaustible supplies of fish procurable almost without an effort, naturally inspired the islanders with a love of ease, and a corresponding distaste for labour. In vain did the missionaries urge them to build more commodious houses, to apparel themselves decently, to stimulate the land to greater productiveness, and to introduce new varieties of animal and vegetable life. They were content with their actual condition, they asked for nothing more; why should they toil and weary themselves for objects they did not desire? As the spirit of Christianity, however, began to pervade their minds and influence their conduct, they

shook off much of this innate aversion for work, and applied themselves, not unsuccessfully, to the more simple and useful arts. They took more pride in their houses. They broke up the land for sugar-cane, coffee, cotton, and tobacco. They planted out the young fruit-trees brought over from the West Indies and South America. They dressed themselves in a becoming manner, the women taking the lead, and showing no disinclination for personal adornments.

At Aitutake, so simple an operation as the conversion of coral rock into lime impressed the natives with a strange sense of power. At first they imagined that the missionaries were roasting stones for food; but when they were allowed to see and touch the firm white plastered wall, they burst forth into exclamations of wonder. "The very stones in the sea, and the sand on the shore," they cried, "become good property in the hands of those who worship the true God, and regard His good Word." Turning-lathes also became comparatively common, and native carpenters soon learned to make ordinary articles. The first lathe ever seen by the South Sea Islanders was one constructed by the ingenious Mr Williams in Rarotonga, and the first article turned by it was the leg of a sofa, with which a chief was so charmed that he hung it round his neck, and strutted up and down exhibiting this object of high art to the admiration of all beholders. It was agreed on all hands that had this sofa-leg preceded the introduction of Christianity, it would have been wrapped in cloths and worshipped as a god.

This excellent missionary appears to have been endowed with a real talent for the mechanical arts. Among other devices he contrived a rope-machine, and taught the Raro-

tongans how to make rope. He also made a sugar-mill, and showed them how to make sugar. His most remarkable achievement, however, was in the shipbuilding line; destitute of any previous practical knowledge of the subject, unprovided with proper tools or books of reference, and unassisted except by the voluntary labour of the natives, Mr Williams designed and completed a vessel of over seventy tons burden, which he rigged and navigated as though to the manner born. The first thing to be done was to make a pair of smith's bellows; and to obtain the materials, three out of the four goats upon the island were killed. But having inserted the pipe into the under as well as the upper chamber, he found that the wind escaped and that the flame was drawn in. The rats, however, spared him the trouble of correcting this mistake, by devouring every particle of the goats' skins during the night, and leaving him nothing but the bare boards.

In this difficulty it occurred to him that a machine to throw air might be constructed on the same principle as a pump to throw water. A rude engine was accordingly constructed, but it also sucked in the flames, and in a few minutes was in a blaze. This inconvenience was speedily put to rights, and eventually a machine was made that answered the purpose of keeping up a continued succession of blasts. A perforated stone did duty for a fireiron, and a block of stone for an anvil, while charcoal made from the cocoa-nut and other trees left no room to regret the want of coal. The timber was procured by splitting trees in half with wedges, and then shaping them by means of small hatchets fastened to a crooked piece of wood, and used as an adze. For knees it was necessary to hunt up curved trees, which, being split in half, each furnished

two. Iron being scarce, wooden treenails were driven in; and instead of oakum a tolerable substitute was found in dried banana-stumps, native cloth, and other substances. The mats on which the natives lie at night were converted into sails, after being quilted to give them strength. The king, it is said, was especially pleased with the pumps, and would often have his stool taken on board, and amuse himself for hours in pumping out the bilge-water.

In less than four months the vessel was launched, and received the appropriate name of the *Messenger of Peace.* She was sixty feet in length, and eighteen across the beam, and carried two mainsails and a foresail, hoisted on two tall bamboo masts. In this frail bark, and guided only by compass and quadrant, Mr Williams made an experimental trip to Aitutake, 170 miles distant, accompanied by the king, who brought back a return cargo of pigs, cocoa-nuts, and cats. Dick Whittington's cat would have been deified at Rarotonga previous to this importation. The rats were so numerous and audacious that at meal-times it was the occupation of two persons to keep them off the table. While engaged in family prayer, the noxious animals would run up the backs and over the legs and arms of the worshippers; and one morning four were found under Mr Williams's pillow. Shoes left out at night were certain to disappear, and trunks covered with skin were treated like the goatskin bellows. The pigs and cats together, however, made great inroads upon the detestable vermin, and did much to abate the plague.

It may here be remarked that while the male portion of the population of these islands was thus acquiring a practical acquaintance with useful handicrafts, the industrial training of the women was by no means neglected. After

conquering their natural indolence and love of ease, the female converts took kindly to needlework, and made themselves bonnets and garments somewhat after the European fashion. That they were not ungrateful for the trouble bestowed upon their instruction, was manifested in a very graceful manner during Mr Williams's excursion from Rarotonga to Aitutake. As the *Messenger of Peace* was built immediately in front of his house, the garden had been broken down, most of the shrubs and fruit-bearing trees destroyed, and quantities of rubbish heaped up here and there. On his return he was surprised to find that the dirt had been all removed, not a shaving or chip remaining to mark the work that had been done. Paths, too, had been made by laying down large flat stones for curb-edging, and filling up the interval with small broken pieces of coral, interspersed with black pebbles. On each side full-grown trees had been planted; and while the men repaired the garden fence, the women had filled the enclosure with banana and plantain trees, bearing fruit that would be ripe about the time their friend was expected to return. "And the kind people," says Mr Williams, "appeared amply rewarded by observing the pleasure which their work afforded us."

Of the domestic and social innovations introduced by the missionaries, the improvement of the native dwellings was perhaps the one most directly conducive to the elevation of the moral tone of the islanders. During the ascendency of idolatrous practices the common people lived in miserable huts, whose ill-thatched roofs admitted the rain, while they failed to exclude the noontide heat. Not only did the entire family herd together day and night in a single apartment, but their rude shelter was shared with

their dogs, pigs, and poultry. The earth floor was carpeted with long grass that was seldom, if ever, removed, even when reeking with decayed animal and vegetable matter, and swarming with vermin. Whenever the surface became utterly filthy, a fresh layer of grass was strewn over the fermenting heap of decomposition, upon which the members of the family and their friends sat down in circles, whether to converse or to take their meals. Next to the outer walls, which were usually nothing more than bamboo-canes driven into the earth as close to one another as possible, but with frequent interstices that let in light and air, the sleeping-mats were laid down at night—being rolled up during the day.

As there were no screens or partitions of any kind, men, women, and children slept together, destitute of shame and regardless of decency. In large buildings as many as two hundred human beings would lie down to rest, oftentimes without any covering at all, and never with anything more than a piece of native cloth thrown loosely over the sleeper. The chief and his wife would sleep at one end of the barn-like hovel, with their family next to them, and then their friends and attendants. The rich used softer mats than the poor, and would spread out four or five, one over the other, and sometimes these were placed on a low wooden bedstead a few inches high, resembling a berth in a steamship. The reason assigned for this unwholesome and demoralising custom was the fear of evil spirits, which hesitated to enter a crowded apartment, though always ready to seize upon and strangle a solitary sleeper.

It is needless to remark that such a practice would have been impossible had any respect been entertained

for women. Not only, however, was polygamy sanctioned in the Georgian group, but concubinage on the most extensive scale was practised by the chiefs. Marriage, indeed, was attended with many ostentatious ceremonies; but we are assured on the highest authority that neither party felt bound to the other any longer than the arrangement might be mutually convenient and agreeable. "When the rank of the parties," says Mr Ellis, "was equal, they often separated—the husband took other wives, and the wife other husbands; and if the rank of the wife was in any degree superior to that of her husband, she was at liberty to take as many other husbands as she pleased, although still nominally regarded as the wife of the individual to whom she had been first married." Female morality in these islands was at the lowest possible point, and women were treated as in all respects an unclean and inferior order of beings.

Tahiti, indeed, might have suggested the poet's "Hill of Hörsel," where

> The lustful queen, waiting damnation, holds
> Her lustial revels. The Queen of Beauty once,
> A goddess called and worshipped in the days
> When men their own infirmities adored,
> Deeming divine who in themselves summed up
> The full-blown passions of humanity.
> Large fame and lavish service had she then,
> Venus yclept, of all the Olympian crew
> Least continent of spirits, and most fair.

In the hope of imparting a sense of self-respect, the missionaries early turned their attention to the improvement of the native dwellings, and especially to the introduction of separate sleeping apartments. Their success at first was slow and partial, but by degrees the chiefs were

induced to set the example of plastering the walls, of partitioning off bedrooms, of using windows, shutters, and doors, and of making clean, solid floors, with mortar. After a little while houses were built of two stories, and even with glazed windows.

When Captain Gambier visited Huahine in the first month of 1822, he was struck with the English-like appearance of the village of Tare. "The chiefs," he remarks, "take a pride in building their own houses, which are now all after the European manner, and think meanly of themselves if they do not excel the lower classes in the arts necessary for the construction. Their wives also surpass their inferiors in making cloth. The queen and her daughter-in-law, dressed in the English fashion, received us in their neat little cottage. The furniture of her house," he continues, "was all made on the island, and by the natives, with a little instruction originally from the missionaries. It consisted of sofas with backs and arms, with (cinet) bottoms, really very well constructed, tables and bedsteads by the same artificers. There were curtains to the windows made of white cloth, with dark leaves stained upon it for a border, which gave a cheerful and comfortable air to the rooms. The bedrooms were up-stairs, and were perfectly clean and neat. These comforts they prize exceedingly; and such is the desire for them, that a great many cottages, after the same plan, are rising up everywhere in the village."

CHAPTER VII.

Hervey's Island—Mangaia—Brutal conduct of the islanders—Their subsequent conversion—Partiality for rats—A providential disappointment—Aitutake—Step by step—Abolition of idolatry—Degradation of the idols—Atiu—Castaways—Roma-tane converted by Isaiah—Forbids self-mutilation.

Between five and six hundred miles to the westward of Tahiti lies a group of islets named by their discoverer, Captain Cook, after Captain Hervey, R.N., one of the Lords of the Admiralty, subsequently created Earl of Bristol. The Hervey, or, as they are sometimes called, Cook's Islands, are seven in number—Mauke, Mitiaro, Atiu, Mangaia, Rarotonga, Hervey's Island, and Aitutake. Hervey's Island consists in reality of two islets connected by a coral-reef. The two component parts together measure about six leagues in circumference, and when first discovered in 1773, were so completely covered with wood that they were over-hastily supposed to be uninhabited. The second time he came in sight of Hervey's Island, in 1777, the great navigator was surprised to observe six or seven double canoes put off from the shore, with from three to six men in each.

These natives are described as exhibiting a different type of countenance to that represented in the other islands of the same group. Their complexion was of a darker hue, their hair long and black, and their aspect as fierce and savage as that of the New Zealanders.

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Neither did they *tatau* their bodies, though their dialect was similar to that of the Sandwich Islanders. Their thievish propensities appeared to be highly developed, nor were they wanting in a certain sort of reckless daring.

In 1823 Mr Williams visited this island with the intention of leaving a native teacher to prepare the minds of the inhabitants for the reception of divine truth, but desisted from his purpose on learning that the population had been reduced by incessant wars to sixty individuals. Some years later this scanty remnant had become still further diminished by relentless strife to five men, three women, and a few children, and these were disputing which of the five should be king over the others.

Captain Cook is also entitled to the honour of discovering Mangaia, which he sighted for the first time in 1777. This island exceeds twenty miles in circumference, and is well wooded, but almost unapproachable by a European boat, by reason of the heavy surf caused by a close-fitting girdle of coral-reefs. The natives had long beards, and were tataued on the inside of their arms from the elbow to the shoulder, and on some other parts of the body. The lobe of their ears was slit to such an extent that one of them stuck into it a knife and a string of beads that had been given to him. A chief who ventured on board, happening to stumble over a goat, asked what kind of bird it was, but was too frightened to pay much attention to the other wonders that surrounded him. The population, fifty years ago, was estimated at between two and three thousand.

When visited by Mr Williams in 1823 the islanders showed the greatest disinclination to hold any intercourse with the strange ship, which was the second that any of

them had ever seen. A native teacher named Papeiha, one of the Raiatean converts, volunteered, however, to go ashore alone, in the hope of bringing about a better mutual understanding. There being no opening in the reef to admit of the passage of a boat, he boldly leaped into the waves and swam to the land. His reception was all that could be desired. At his request the natives tied up their spears in bundles with their slings, and expressed their readiness to receive instruction, promising protection to the two married teachers who had undertaken the task of converting them from the error of their ways.

Papeiha accordingly returned to the ship, and made such a favourable report that the teachers and their wives agreed to go back with him. No sooner, however, had they landed, than a rush was made to seize their few articles of property. A saw which one of them was carrying was snatched from his hand and broken to pieces, the fragments being appended from the ears as ornaments. A box of bonnets intended for the wives of the chiefs was dragged through the water. The bedsteads were divided among as many owners as could run off with a post or any other portion.

The bamboo-canes of cocoa-nut oil were speedily emptied of their contents, which the despoilers poured over each other's heads and bodies as though it were water. Two pigs, unknown animals in that island, were secured by a chief, who decorated them with his own insignia, and dedicated them to the gods.

Far worse than all this was their treatment of the teachers and their wives. The former were thrown on the ground and held down by main force, while the unfortunate women were dragged through water and mire into the

woods, when the report of a small cannon fired from the ship terrified and dispersed their brutal assailants.

Papeiha, who narrowly escaped strangulation, courageously upbraided the chief for inviting them ashore among such savages, and told him that the Christians meant nothing but what was good to himself and his people. The chief, who had really exerted himself to keep order, is said to have shed tears, excusing himself, however, on the ground that in Mangaia "all heads being of an equal height," he had not the power to protect the strangers as he had wished to do. The teachers and their wives got back to the ship in a very sorry plight, their hats and bonnets smashed, their dresses torn to shreds, and the whole of their little property stolen or destroyed. A second attempt was out of the question, and the missionaries, grievously disappointed, sailed away for Atiu.

Not many months, however, elapsed before the venture was successfully renewed. Shortly after the departure of the missionary ship a terrible epidemic broke out in the island, which spared neither youth nor old age, and showed itself no respecter of persons. The calamity was ascribed to the "God of the strangers," who was thus taking vengeance for the affront offered to His servants, just as Homer attributes the plague that decimated the Greeks under the walls of Troy to the anger of the far-darting Apollo, because the daughter of his priest was held in shameful captivity. The hearts of the islanders were accordingly troubled within them, and they solemnly vowed that if the offended Deity would stay His destroying hand, they would receive kindly any of His worshippers who should visit them.

While they were in this state of contrition, another missionary ship arrived off the island, and two unmarried

native teachers swam ashore, with a portion of the New Testament in the Tahitian tongue fastened upon their heads in a waterproof cover. Instead of insult, however, they experienced the utmost kindness, and one of them in particular became a great favourite with all classes. His death, in the third year after his arrival, had considerably retarded the completion of the good work, though by the end of May 1830 there were at least five hundred professing Christians in the island. Unfortunately, these were oftentimes much harassed by the heathen, who threatened to burn their houses, murder their teacher, and turn his skull into a drinking-cup. On one occasion the two parties had actually encountered each other in arms in the open field, when the Christians lost three of their number, but defeated the idolaters with the loss of eighteen.

Among other questions, Mr Williams was asked if it were lawful to eat rats, and gave great satisfaction by replying in the affirmative, though he recommended in preference the flesh of pigs and goats. As a matter of taste, however, the islanders seem to have given the palm to the smaller animal, for when pronouncing anything to be supremely delicious, they declared that it was "as sweet as a rat." The mode of cooking was simple enough. After the hair was singed off on hot stones, the body was rolled up in palm-leaves, and baked by being placed between heated stones in a hole covered over with earth. The Lord's day being kept by the early converts with great strictness, no cooking was allowed, and consequently a cold baked rat was much esteemed, as giving a relish to yesterday's vegetables.

A more serious point submitted to the missionary con-

cerned the employment of women. To their care was intrusted the cultivation of the taro, a species of *Arum* much used as food throughout the islands of the Pacific Ocean. These tubers thrive best in a swampy soil, where the slush sometimes reaches up to the knees, and in which quite young girls and matrons past their prime were compelled to work for hours at a time. Mr Williams, however, protested so strongly against such an unfeminine occupation, that the men at length promised to relieve them for the future from work so unsuitable to their sex, and his grateful clients celebrated their emancipation by a sumptuous banquet, to which upwards of four hundred persons sat down. Not a single baked rat, he facetiously remarks, was seen on the table, though live rats were running about on the ground in all directions. This delicacy being omitted, the bill of fare consisted of pigs roasted whole, fish of various kinds, and a profusion of vegetables, washed down with spring water and cocoa-nut milk.

In the following year Mangaia was again visited by Mr Williams, in company with Mr Buzacott and the King of Rarotonga. These strangers arrived in time to assist at the opening service in a place of worship just erected by the joint labours of converts and idolaters. The building is described as of an oval form, about 120 feet in length. The ridge-pole, the rafters, and the eight stout square posts, 25 feet in height, which supported the roof, were beautifully carved, though the wood was exceedingly hard and the only tools employed were old nails, bits of iron hoop, and a few chisels. The congregation was computed at over 1500 souls, including many of the unconverted, who listened to the Word of God with becoming serious-

ness and attention. As they nevertheless still refused to renounce their idolatrous practices, it was resolved to visit them in their own districts. In one place two or three hundred came together, in holiday attire, to hear what these strangely persistent foreigners had to say. "The females wore wreaths of entwined leaves and ornamental flowers of varied hue, with necklaces of berries, while their persons were profusely anointed with scented oil;" nor were the men less careful to set off their persons to the best advantage. No immediate results, however, were attained at this meeting, the aged chief merely promising to give the matter his serious consideration, and the others expressing themselves much to the same purport. In the meanwhile, another old chief, with many of his people, had gone to the settlement, where they engaged in a long and earnest discussion with the Rarotongan Christians, which lasted till after midnight.

The last visit paid by Mr Williams to Mangaia was of a singularly interesting character. He had no intention of touching at that island, but was forced to run for it against his will, in consequence of contrary winds. After the anchor was dropped, the ship remained for some time seemingly unnoticed, until a solitary individual came off in a canoe, and reported that it was a day of fasting and prayer, as the heathen had threatened to attack the settlement in great force on the morrow, and exterminate all the Christians. The latter appear to have brought this menace upon themselves by excess of zeal. They had given out that, weary of the slow progress they were making, they proposed to traverse the island in all directions, in the confident hope that each of them would bring back to the settlement at least one convert.

This design was easily misinterpreted, and the rumour went abroad among the heathen that the men of the new religion were going to convert them by force. In self-defence, therefore, the idolaters determined to appeal to the arbitrament of arms, and the morrow was the day fixed for bringing the question to a direct issue. Recognising the hand of Providence in the winds which drove him to Mangaia, and perceiving that not a moment was to be lost, Mr Williams stepped into the canoe with three chiefs from Rarotonga, and being lifted over the reef on the crest of a billow, landed on a part of the island that happened to be uninhabited.

For several miles they had to proceed over a rugged, coral beach, with the midday sun beating vertically upon their heads, and in the midst of a blinding glare from the sea on one side and the limestone rocks on the other. Scaling the cliff at a point where it was nearly 200 feet in height, and stumbling over fragments of rock and coral thickly strewn over a flat plain, the messengers of peace descended into a narrow valley, hemmed in by lofty and precipitous cliffs. Ascending another hill, and entering another vale, they at length reached the dwelling of a fine, manly young chief, who readily promised to abstain from immediate hostilities, but declined to commit himself further until he had taken counsel with his allies. From this position he was not to be moved, even by the impassioned eloquence of the Rarotongan chiefs, one of whom seized him by the hand and exclaimed, "Rise, brother. Tear off the garb of Satan, and become a man of God." The missionary and his native friends then pushed on to the residence of the principal chief of the island, who came forth adorned with the barbaric insignia of his

rank, and beckoning Mr Williams aside, inquired, "Friend, have you any axes?" He was answered in the affirmative, but reminded that more important matters must first be considered. This chief also was quite willing to lay down his arms when assured that no harm was intended him, and even offered to place himself at once under the instruction of the teachers, if Mr Williams would make him king. As this request could not be entertained for one moment, he declined to repair to the settlement, but set before his visitors a baked pig, yams, taro, and a cocoa-nut shell of sea-water as a substitute for salt, pepper, and mustard.

After supper the good missionary read a portion of Scripture and offered up a prayer, in which his audience seemed to take a reverential interest. The chief's wife expressed a yearning desire to embrace the new faith; but it must be confessed that her motives were rather of a secular than spiritual character. In comparing herself with Christian women, she said that she felt ashamed because they had bonnets and beautiful white dresses, while she had only "Satan's clothes." Then they and their children knew how to read and write, and do many other things of which she was entirely ignorant. She therefore begged her husband to send their children to the settlement, if he would neither go himself nor allow her to go.

Next day, on their way to the coast, the apostles of peace came to the house of an aged chief, who with his brother had not only prepared an ample meal for their expected guests, but now declared their wish to become Christians. Placing his head on Mr Williams's knees, the old man said, "Begin." Being asked what he meant, he answered with some surprise that he wanted, of course, his hair to be

cut off. As the Christians cut their hair short, while the idolaters suffered theirs to grow long, hair-cutting came to be considered a preliminary rite, and it was commonly said that such a one had cut his hair when it was intended to convey the meaning that he had abandoned the usages of his forefathers.

In the end the idolatrous chiefs not only engaged not to molest the Christians, but gave permission to as many of their people as pleased to proceed to the settlement for instruction. Several individuals thereupon accompanied Mr Williams, and placed themselves under the native teachers, and shortly afterwards the bulk of the population was brought to prefer light to darkness. The adverse wind had in truth proved itself a "ministering angel."

The first island of the Hervey group that publicly professed Christianity was Aitutake, measuring about eighteen miles in circumference, and containing a population of perhaps 2000 souls. This is the island described by Captain Cook in 1777, under the name of Otakootai. At that time, says the great navigator, there were no fixed habitations to be seen except a few empty huts; but under the shade of some lofty trees were observed monuments consisting of several large stones, probably the burial-places of deceased chieftains. It was in the latter end of 1821 that two natives of Raiatea—one of them the brave and consistent Papeiha—who had been taught by the missionaries the cardinal doctrines of the Christian religion, volunteered to attempt the conversion of the inhabitants of Aitutake. His own and his wife's ill-health having compelled Mr Williams to proceed to New South Wales for relaxation and change of air, advantage was

taken of this opportunity to convey these courageous volunteers to their new sphere of duty.

The first appearance of the islanders was far from prepossessing, as they came off in their canoes, dancing, shouting, and gesticulating. "Some were tataued from head to foot; some were painted most fantastically with pipeclay and yellow and red ochre; others were smeared all over with charcoal." Their chief, Tamatoa, however, appeared delighted at the arrival of the teachers, rubbed noses with them most heartily, and promised them protection and kindness. Both he and his subjects were much taken with the missionary's child, a fine little fellow about four years of age, and begged hard that he should be left with them and become their king. As they grew clamorous in their demands, and began to whisper among themselves, the anxious mother hastily descended into the cabin with her priceless treasure, having no ambition to found a royal dynasty in the islands of the Pacific. As soon as Papeiha and his colleague reached the shore, they were conducted to the *maraes* and dedicated to the gods.

Not long afterwards whatever little they possessed was stolen from them, and thrice the island was desolated by the bloody strifes of rival chiefs. Still the natives listened with interest to their story of the creation and the fall of man; and when the teachers expatiated on the loving-kindness of God in redeeming mankind through the sacrifice of His own Son upon the cross, many of their hearers cried aloud, "Surely this is the truth; ours is all deceit."

Little more than a year after their first landing, two circumstances occurred which materially strengthened their

hands. They had frequently affirmed that a ship would come, bringing presents from their English friends, and to ascertain how they were getting on. This statement was generally received with incredulity, the people jeering at them as "two logs of driftwood dashed on shore by the waves of the ocean," and refusing to believe that any one would ever take the trouble to inquire after their welfare. An excellent effect was accordingly produced when the promised vessel actually made her appearance, bringing presents of pigs, goats, axes, and other useful articles. The animals were especially acceptable, as previously the only quadrupeds on the island were "a few millions of rats," and at the time of Captain Cook's visit the only animals seen were two species of lizards—one small, but of "a most forbidding aspect." The good faith shown by the preachers in this matter exercised a remarkable influence upon the people, who expressed a vehement desire to forsake their old ways. Tamatoa's grandfather, however, would countenance no innovations, and insisted upon completing an idolatrous ceremony in which he was engaged. During its lengthened celebration a favourite daughter fell ill and died, notwithstanding his incessant prayers and valuable offerings. Enraged by the inefficacy of his own and the priests' invocations, the chief sent his son to set fire to his *marae,* which was soon burnt to the ground, involving in its destruction two neighbouring *maraes.*

On the Sunday after the maiden's death the idols of several districts were thrown down at the teachers' feet; and before another week had elapsed, the islanders declared with one accord that "Jehovah reigneth."

On the third Sunday in December 1822, the entire adult population of Aitutake assembled beneath the

spreading boughs of a stately grove, "whose interwoven leaves and thick foliage were at intervals penetrated by the rays of the sun, while the cooling breeze from the ocean swept softly among the branches."

On the following day a public meeting was held, at which it was unanimously resolved that every *marae* in the island should be consumed by fire, that the idols should be collected and forwarded to Mr Williams's headquarters at Raiatea, and that a building should be erected and set apart for the worship of the one true God. Nor were these resolutions suffered to remain unfulfilled. The *maraes* were that same day consigned to the flames; the idols on the morrow were carried in procession to the teachers' houses, and flung on the ground; and the erection of a building for public worship was at once taken in hand.

Such was the position of affairs when Messrs Williams and Bourne arrived off the island on their way to Rarotonga, then only known by name. Ignorant of the blessed change that had taken place within the short space of eighteen months, the missionaries approached the shore with considerable caution, though nothing could be more friendly than the greetings of the natives, many of whom stood up in their canoes, crying out, "Good is the Word of God. It is now well with Aitutake. The good Word has taken root at Aitutake." To inspire more confidence, they held up their spelling-books, and pointed to their European-shaped hats, as an outward and visible sign of conversion. The joyful news was soon confirmed by the chiefs and by the teachers themselves, and the missionaries on landing were conducted to the new chapel, just finished, but not yet opened for divine service.

It was a spacious building, nearly two hundred feet in

length, by thirty in width, wattled and plastered, and contained a square pulpit made of the same materials as the walls. The teachers' cottage was also neatly plastered, and divided into five rooms, and was being imitated as a model by the islanders. In eighteen months one of the wildest tribes to be found in the South Seas had become "mild and docile, diligent and kind." On the following day the chapel was opened in due form; and it may well have been "a delightful sight to behold from 1500 to 2000 people just emerged from heathenism, of the most uncultivated appearance, some with long beards, others decorated with gaudy ornaments, but all behaving with the greatest decorum, and attending, with glistening eyes and open mouth, to the wonderful story, that 'God so loved the world, as to give His only-begotten Son.'"

Only eighteen months before, these very men, who were now met together to offer up prayer and thanksgiving to the God of love and peace, were engaged in incessant strife, and feasted upon the bodies of the slain. In a walk through the settlement the missionaries came upon two gods supporting upon their heads the roof of a cooking-house. These they purchased for two fish-hooks, the owner substituting other props, and giving a kick to the senseless logs as they lay upon the ground, "There, your reign is at an end," being his appropriate comment. Thirty-one gods, or bundles of gods, all that had escaped destruction, were carried on board the vessel, and subsequently conveyed to Raiatea, hanging in derision from the yard-arms, where at the request of an Aitutake chieftain they were burned to cook food, in order that the people of England might never know how great had been his folly.

From Aitutake the missionaries sailed in search of

Rarotonga, as yet hardly "a geographical expression;" but after a week's cruise, having failed to sight it, they made for Mangaia, their signal discomfiture at which island has already been related. Thence they proceeded to Atiu, called Wateeoo by Captain Cook, by whom it was discovered in 1777. This is an island of comparatively low altitude, about twenty miles in circumference, and containing, fifty years ago, perhaps 2000 inhabitants. "It is a beautiful spot," writes the great navigator, "with a surface covered with verdure, and composed of hills and plains." Having never before seen a European ship, the islanders, though not unfriendly or indisposed to hold intercourse, were too much astonished by the whole to pay particular attention to details. Nothing could induce them to approach the cows and horses, while the sheep and goats they took to be birds.

The most remarkable incident, however, connected with the discovery of this island was Omai's meeting with three natives of the Society Islands. A party of twenty persons, male and female, had embarked in a large canoe at Tahiti with the intention of crossing over to Raiatea, but had been driven out of their course by contrary winds. Their scanty stock of provisions being soon exhausted, sixteen of their number perished from want of food. The next misfortune they encountered was the upsetting of their boat, but the four survivors contrived to keep afloat by hanging on to its sides, until they were seen, some days later, by the people of Atiu, some of whom put off in canoes, and rescued them from death by drowning. One of the four subsequently died, and the others having been settled on the island for fully twelve years, declined to accept a passage to their native islands. They had

drifted six hundred miles in an open boat, and wisely preferred to enjoy their present lot to again tempting the dangers of winds and waves. Their adventure, however, as Captain Cook observes, satisfactorily explains "how the detached parts of the world, and in particular the islands of the Pacific Ocean, may have been first peopled, those especially which lie at a considerable distance from each other, or from any inhabited continent."

A few months previous to the arrival of the English missionaries two native teachers had landed on Atiu, and experienced the worst possible treatment. Their property had been stolen, themselves neglected and starved, and the prospect of converting the idolatrous islanders appeared exceedingly remote. As the missionary ship approached the land, Roma-tane, the principal chief, came off in a state canoe, and was heartily welcomed as he stepped on board. He was then led aside by the grandfather of the young King of Aitutake, who had volunteered to accompany the missionaries to Rarotonga, and urged to seek forgiveness of his sins from the only true God, through the merits and intercession of Jesus Christ. These exhortations he strengthened by showing his brother chieftain the gods of Aitutake lying huddled together in the hold, and prevailed upon him to remain in the vessel all night. The following day being Sunday, divine service was performed, to which Roma-tane listened with earnest attention, especially to Isaiah's denunciation of the folly of idol-makers. "He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; he roasteth roast, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I am warm, I have seen the fire: and the residue thereof he maketh a god, even his graven image; he falleth down

unto it, and worshippeth it, and prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my God."

For the first time Roma-tane was struck with the absurdity of using the same materials for making a god and making a fire in his cooking-house. For some time he sat astonied and silent. Nearly all night long he was engaged in eager discussion with the chiefs and teachers from Aitutake. Ever and again he would spring to his feet and stamp on the deck, with rage and wonder at his own blindness and infatuation, exclaiming, "Eyes, it is true, they have, but wood cannot see; ears they have, but wood cannot hear." He was resolved, therefore, to lose no time in burning his *maraes*, destroying his idols, and building a house for the worship of Jehovah. This intention he repeated on the following morning to the English missionaries, but consented to accompany them in the first instance to the small neighbouring islands of Mitiaro and Mauke, which also acknowledged his supremacy. As a proof of his sincerity in turning from the barbarous rites of his ancestors, he strictly forbade the people of Atiu to cut and disfigure themselves on account of his absence. To indicate grief, it was the custom of the South Sea Islanders to gash themselves with instruments made of a small cane about four inches in length, with five or six shark's teeth let in on opposite sides. Every woman on her marriage procured one of these implements of torture, with which they would cut themselves in a frenzied manner till the blood streamed down their face and neck. The men also would cut themselves with knives, or strike violent blows upon themselves with stones and clubs. The greater the sorrow, the more horrible were these self-mutilations. On the death of a chief, for

instance, the women tore their hair, gashed their temples, cheeks, and breast with shark's teeth, and struck their heads with stones. The men, in like manner, would cut off a finger, or knock out a tooth; while both sexes mingled their loud wailings and lamentations, and altogether conducted themselves as if utterly demented. As a first step towards an improvement of social life, Romatane prohibited all demonstrations of this kind in reference to his temporary absence from Atiu.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HERVEY ISLANDS.

Mitiaro—Mauke—Captain Byron's visit to Mauke—Providential escape of a boat's crew from starvation—Conversion of Atiu—Mr Williams's escape from drowning—Discovery of Rarotonga—Makea—Ill-treatment of the teachers' wives—Papeiha's devotedness—Partial conversion of the Rarotongans—Destruction of the idols—Penal code framed—Murderous plot in Raiatea—Punishment for theft in Rarotonga—New laws—Opposition of the women to innovations—An epidemic—A hurricane—Five warning calamities—Fruits of adversity—Intemperance at Raiatea—Final triumph of Christianity in Rarotonga.

THE object which the missionaries had in view in proceeding to Mitiaro was greatly furthered by the king's presence on board their boat. The people, however, were not a little astonished when he commanded them to destroy their *maraes* and false gods, and place themselves under the instructions of the teacher who was about to reside among them. Would not the gods strangle them, they asked, if treated with disrespect? In reply, they were told to fear nothing, but commit to the flames even the god named "Great Ears," whose chief priest was the king himself. Roma-tane further desired that the house which was being built for his own residence should be converted into a house of prayer to the Christians' God. Mitiaro is the smallest island in the group, not much more

than twelve miles in circumference, and the population had quite recently been reduced by an invasion to scarce a hundred souls.

Twenty miles north-east of Mitiaro is another small island, about fifteen miles in circumference, named Mauke, the inhabitants of which, with the exception of about three hundred, had been put to the sword only three years previous to the arrival of the missionaries. The exterminator of the peoples of both these islands was the same Roma-tane who now came to them with words of love and universal brotherhood, and in the first European ship that was ever seen from those shores. Here, as at Mitiaro, the chief's mandate was sufficient for the immediate overthrow of the ancient superstitions and obscene customs. A native teacher and his wife were accordingly welcomed in a kindly manner, and implicitly obeyed in all things relating to the new religion.

When Lord Byron arrived off Mauke in H.M.'s ship *Blonde*, in 1825, he was at first disposed to look upon himself as a discoverer, but was agreeably undeceived by receiving a visit from two individuals, who produced a written certificate from the Tahitian branch of the London Missionary Society, qualifying them to act as teachers in this island. He was still more surprised on being conducted to two of the prettiest whitewashed cottages imaginable—the dwellings of the missionaries. "The inside of their dwellings," he continues, "corresponded with their exterior neatness. The floors were boarded; there were a sofa and some chairs of native workmanship; windows, with venetian shutters, rendered the apartments cool and agreeable. The rooms were divided from each other by screens of *tapa*, and the floor

was covered with coloured varnished *tapa*, resembling oilcloth. We were exceedingly struck with the appearance of elegance and cleanliness of all around us, as well as with the modest and decorous behaviour of the people, especially the women." The church is described as standing "on rising ground, about four hundred yards from the cottages. A fence, composed of the trunks of cocoa-nut trees, surrounds the area in which it stands. Its form is oval, and the roof is supported by four pillars, which bear up the ridge. It is capable of containing two hundred persons. Two doors and twelve windows give it light and air; the pulpit and reading-desk are neatly carved and painted with a variety of pretty designs, and the benches for the people are arranged neatly round."

A great change had clearly taken place since the arrival of the missionary ship, when the natives were so much astonished at the outward appearance of the Europeans that they took hold of their hands, smelt them, turned up their sleeves, and expressed delight at the whiteness of their English skins, concluding thence that they must be great chiefs. The goats also were objects of wonder, and they called to one another to come and look at the strange "birds with great teeth upon their heads."

The conversion of the people of Atiu was accelerated by the arrival of a small missionary boat that, in proceeding from Tahiti to Raiatea, was driven out of her course, and for six weeks drifted to and fro until finally it reached Atiu. The crew were indebted for their lives to a little pot of rice which a friend had sent to Mrs Williams. This they ate grain by grain, "moistening their mouths by dipping the fibrous husk of the cocoa-nut in oil, and thoroughly masticating it." Notwithstanding the pangs

of hunger, they actually allowed a large fish to escape which they could easily have caught, had they not feared to desecrate the Lord's day. During all this dreadful time they never ceased reading the Scriptures, singing hymns, and praying to God to save them from the manifold perils of the deep. As soon as they had partially recovered from their state of exhaustion, these single-minded men assisted in the work of instructing the people of the island, the most obstinate of whom now cast away their idols, exclaiming, "Now we know that this religion is true, for these people could not have come here to deceive us. They were driven by the waves of the ocean, and behold, they have their books with them; and the God to whom they prayed has preserved them."

In 1833 Messrs Williams and Barff opened a new chapel capable of containing 1500 worshippers, and administered the Sacrament to twenty communicants, including the zealous Roma-tane. The islanders were so anxious to obtain a saving knowledge of gospel truth that they would not suffer both the missionaries to be asleep at the same time. As soon as one was overcome, they roused the other; and in this way they "were employed, alternately, during the nights, teaching them to sing, and explaining to them passages of Scripture which they had noted for that purpose." On Mr Williams's next visit he experienced one of the disagreeable adventures incidental to a missionary career. In going off from the shore to his ship, the boat was upset, and being caught in a whirlpool, he sank to a great depth, and feared that he would never again reach the surface. When at last he got his head above water, he struck out for the reef, and with the assistance of two natives, who sprang into the sea to

help him, he escaped with a ducking. And this was the sixth time he had been in danger of drowning.

After conveying Roma-tane back to Atiu, after his useful excursion to Mitiaro and Mauke, the missionaries prosecuted their search for the hitherto unknown island of Rarotonga, and were at last rewarded for their perseverance just as they were about to abandon the enterprise in despair. This is the largest of the Hervey Islands, measuring thirty miles in circumference, and containing, in 1823, a population exceeding 6000 souls. The lofty mountains, the picturesque rocks, and the luxuriant valleys, excited the admiration and gratitude of their pious discoverers. Two native teachers—one of whom, Papeiha, was a host in himself—immediately landed in company with one of the natives of the island to whom they had given a free passage from Aitutake. On explaining the object of their coming, the teachers were much applauded, and the king went off in person to the ship, where he met with one of his female cousins. The two relatives, after rubbing noses, fell on each other's necks and wept. Makea, the king, is described as a fine manly barbarian, six feet in height, stout, and of noble aspect. His body was "beautifully tataued, and slightly coloured with a preparation of turmeric and ginger, which gave it a light-orange tinge, and, in the estimation of the Rarotongans, added much to the beauty of his appearance."

Relying upon his assurances of protection, the teachers and their wives, with Papeiha and the native passengers from Aitutake, went ashore with the king, while the ship stood off for the night. Bitter was the disappointment of the missionaries when the teachers came off with their wives on the following morning. A

neighbouring chief, who had wrested the greater part of the island from Makea, insisted upon adding one of the Christian women to the nineteen wives he already possessed, and was only foiled in his attempt to carry her off by the determined resistance made by Makea's female cousin. In the struggle, however, the dresses of the Christians were torn to tatters, and their appearance altogether was doleful and distressing. The chiefs generally were desirous that the teachers should remain to instruct them, but plainly declared their intention to appropriate their wives. In this emergency Papeiha volunteered to remain on the island with the small party of Christianised natives who had been brought from Aitutake, but wisely left his property on board. Four months later he was joined by his friend Tiberio from Raiatea, by which time he had made good his footing; and little more than a year after the discovery of the island the entire population were engaged in building a church 600 feet in length.

One of the causes which contributed to this happy result was the arrival, by some means or other, of a heathen woman from Tahiti, who expatiated on the wonderful benefits her countrymen had received from the Cookees—as Europeans were called, after Captain Cook. She spoke of the knives, scissors, hatchets, and other useful articles that were now common among them, and inflamed her hearers with a burning desire to become worthy of similar favours. The king, Makea, even named one of his children Jehovah (*Tehovah*), and another Jesus Christ (*Teeteetry*), while his uncle erected an altar to the Father and the Son, to which all manner of sick and infirm persons were brought to be healed of their diseases. As the light gradually dawned upon their minds these errors were

amended, and within two years after Papeiha's coming amongst them, Mr Bourne felt justified in saying that the attention of the Rarotongans "to the means of grace, their regard to family and private prayer, equals whatever has been witnessed at Tahiti and the neighbouring islands."

On Sunday, 6th May 1827, Messrs Williams and Pitman, with their respective wives, landed in the midst of a great concourse of people, the women dressed in white cloth garments, and wearing bonnets, while the men also were decently appareled, even to European-shaped hats of light materials. The three miles' passage from the ship to the shore was accomplished not without considerable danger, the sea running high, and the boat so leaky that one of the ladies had to sit in the bottom and bale out the water. On the third morning the ship was obliged to put out to sea, the two missionaries taking ashore as much as they could put into the crazy old tub. Their position was decidedly an unenviable one. They were six or seven miles from land in a stormy sea, with the wind blowing a gale, and with only two oars to propel their deeply-laden boat. Fortunately, a large double canoe went to their rescue, and after several hours of hard rowing, they reached the land in safety. Here they remained twelve months, and were instrumental in bringing the islanders to a more correct appreciation of the spirit of Christianity.

A few days after their arrival, while they were seated outside their house, a procession approached bearing on their shoulders fourteen idols, the smallest of which was fifteen feet in length. "Each of these was composed of a piece of *aito*, or ironwood, about four inches in diameter, carved with rude imitations of the human head at one end, and with an obscene figure at the other, wrapped

round with native cloth until it became two or three yards in circumference. Near the wood were red feathers, and a string of small pieces of polished pearl shells, which were said to be the soul of the god." In the course of the next two months the chiefs and people, working in unison, erected a place of worship 150 feet in length and 60 in width, well plastered, and fitted up throughout with seats. While Mr Pitman was engaged in showing a chief how to fasten a window-sill, a man working on the roof accidentally let go a heavy piece of timber, which struck the missionary on the head, and laid him senseless on the ground. Happily no bones were broken, nor any serious injury sustained.

Although very properly averse from interfering with political institutions of any kind, the South Sea missionaries were in some measure compelled to assist in framing a penal code consistent with the humane principles of the religion they were labouring to introduce. The first time their opinion was asked, was after the detection of a conspiracy among some wild, dissolute young men of Raiatea to murder Messrs Williams and Threlkeld and the friendly chief Tamatoa. The first of these three was in the habit of proceeding every second or third Sunday to the neighbouring island of Tahaa, and his boatmen, who belonged to the plot, had arranged to throw him into the sea on the next occasion, while their associates on shore despatched the two others. It providentially happened, however, that the boat, having been fresh painted, was unfit for the voyage, and consequently the desired opportunity did not present itself. The conspirators therefore resolved to have recourse to still more desperate measures, and on the following day one of them, fantastically attired, and

brandishing a formidable knife, began to dance before the mission-house, shouting aloud, "Turn out the hog, let us kill him; turn out the pig, let us cut his throat!" Annoyed by the fellow's insolence, Mr Williams was going out to order him off, when one of the native deacons rushed into the house and thrust him back, telling him that he was the pig that was doomed to slaughter, and revealing the plot that had failed on the previous day. The effect of this alarm upon Mrs Williams was the premature birth and speedy death of an infant. The chiefs seem to have behaved very well on this sad occasion, for they proposed to put the four ringleaders to death, and it was with great difficulty they were induced to commute the capital sentence for one of four years' banishment to an uninhabited island.

Many inquiries were thereupon made as to the manner of dealing with crimes in England, and the result was a simple code of laws, and the introduction of trial by jury. The terrible and capricious severity with which theft was visited in Rarotonga led to the adoption of a similar code. Not only was it the custom in that island for the aggrieved party and his friends to retaliate on the offender to the extent of carrying off everything of a portable nature, but they would even pull down his house, cut down his trees, and lay waste his garden. The thief was even liable to be murdered on the spot if caught in the act; and in some instances the body was hewn in pieces, and the ghastly fragments hung up on the nearest trees. A child, eight years of age, being detected while stealing some food, was flung into the sea with a heavy stone tied to his leg, and would inevitably have been drowned had not a native teacher plunged in and saved him. Such barbarous penalties being plainly at variance with the tenor of their

new religion, the chiefs applied to the missionaries for advice, and in the end a scale of punishments was arranged calculated to repress crime without trenching upon cruelty and personal vindictiveness. But it was not only with what is universally recognised as criminal that it was necessary to deal. Some of the social institutions of the Rarotongans were an offence against religion and civilisation. Plurality of wives, for instance, was clearly incompatible with the profession of Christianity; and although the chiefs readily promised to put away all their female companions save one, they afterwards pretended that they understood the separation was only of a temporary character, or that the selection they had made disappointed them. Then, in accordance with a truly abominable usage, as soon as a son attained to maturity, he would fight or wrestle with his father for the possession of the paternal farm, and, if successful, would turn his parent out to shift for himself as best he could. Again, a widow was usually despoiled of her deceased husband's property by his nearest relatives, and left, with her children, without house or land. Yet another barbarous custom, which went by the name of land-eating, was the general adoption of

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

The female portion of the community, whose social position was so eminently improved by the abolition of the old customs, were at first the most vehemently opposed to the new system of faith and works. While one of the inferior chiefs was engaged in destroying his *marae* and its idols, the women indulged in loud and frantic

lamentations. Many of them inflicted horrible wounds upon themselves with sharp shells and shark's teeth, and ran about besmeared with their own blood, while others blackened their skins with charcoal and wailed aloud over their fallen gods. Nothing, perhaps, conduced more directly to the diffusion of Christianity over this island than the clemency shown after a battle to the prisoners taken from the vanquished idolaters. Instead of being sacrificed to the gods, and feasted upon by the victors, they were merely advised to embrace the new religion and were then set at liberty. Overcome by this practical proof of its excellence, they brought their idols to the teachers and became their disciples. The treatment they experienced was, indeed, a contrast to the ancient mode of disposing of prisoners. Female captives were commonly put to death lest they should give birth to a generation of avengers. Spears were passed through the ears of little children, who were then led to the *maraes*. In quite recent times, when a warrior was struck down, the conqueror smashed his skull and took out a portion of the brains, which he placed upon leaves of the bread-fruit tree, and offered to his god as a foretaste of the victim.

In Rarotonga the women were habitually regarded as an inferior order of beings. There were several kinds of food which they were not permitted to taste, nor were they allowed to dwell under the same roof with their husbands. This inequality, of course, vanished under the Christian dispensation, and the first-fruits of female emancipation were gathered by their husbands in the tender sympathy and assiduous nursing they experienced during an epidemic that shortly afterwards raged in the island. Some years, however, elapsed before the Rarotongans thoroughly com-

prehended the true principles of the pure religion they had agreed to profess.

At the close of 1830, Mr Buzacott had reason to complain of the incivility and haughtiness of Makea. Supplies of food ran short, and notwithstanding the new penal code, the property of the missionaries was frequently pilfered. The schoolhouse was twice burnt down, and several dwellings were maliciously fired. This trial passed over, but only to be succeeded by a fearful epidemic that mowed down the people by hundreds. The disease appears to have originated with a vessel that touched at the island; and it is remarked that the first intercourse between Europeans and South Sea natives has always been attended with the introduction of fever, dysentery, or some other fatal sickness, even though the ship that conveyed the germs of these diseases might be in the enjoyment of a perfectly clean bill of health. And when the plague was stayed, many of the evil customs were revived that had for a time been discontinued. The missionaries, however, acted with commendable energy, and succeeded in convincing the backsliders of their folly and wickedness. Makea alone of the principal chiefs remained obdurate, and his conduct seems throughout to have been marked by waywardness and inconsistency.

Only a fortnight later a terrible hurricane burst over the island, blowing down houses, uprooting the stateliest trees, and laying waste the luxuriant gardens. The *Messenger of Peace*, the vessel built by Mr Williams, was lifted bodily over a swamp, and deposited several hundred yards inland, in the midst of a grove of chestnut-trees. The chapels, schoolrooms, mission-houses, and fully a thousand native dwellings were unroofed, rent asunder, and levelled with

the ground. "Every particle of food in the island," writes an eyewitness, "was destroyed. Scarcely a banana or a plantain tree was left, either on the plains, in the valleys, or upon the mountains; hundreds of thousands of which, on the preceding day, covered and adorned the land with their foliage and fruit. Thousands of stately bread-fruit, together with immense chestnut and other huge trees, that had withstood the storms of ages, were laid prostrate on the ground, and thrown upon each other in the wildest confusion. Of those that were standing, many were branchless, and all leafless. So great and so general was the destruction that no spot escaped; for the gale veered gradually round the island and performed most effectually its devastating commission." This fearful storm occurred on the 23d of December 1831, and was accepted by the people as a judgment upon them for having returned to the evil ways of their ancestors. Some, however, were affected in exactly the opposite sense, and ascribed to their offended gods the series of calamities with which they had been visited since their renunciation of idolatry. First of all, there was the sore sickness of 1827; then the desolating pestilence of 1830; after that, the loftiest mountain in the island was struck by lightning, and its forests burned for a fortnight; next came a plague of caterpillars and of a species of *mantis*, the former devouring their taro, the latter their cocoa-nut trees; and finally this hurricane. The majority, however, were disposed to bow before the chastening hand of Jehovah, and to acknowledge that they had deserved the evils which had befallen them.

At a public meeting, which was held immediately after the last calamity, it was resolved at once to erect a temporary place of worship, to repair the shattered dwelling

of the chief, and to build a new house for Mr Buzacott. An aged native also addressed the assembly in a very admirable manner, taking for his text Luke iii. 17, "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will throughly purge His floor, and will gather the wheat into His garner; but the chaff He will burn with fire unquenchable." After dwelling at some length upon the warnings that had been vouchsafed to them, he warned his hearers not to further tempt Divine justice by continued contumacy, lest a worse thing should happen unto them. And he wound up by showing that thus far judgment had been tempered with mercy. "True," he exclaimed, "our food is all destroyed, but our lives are spared; our houses are all blown down, but our wives and children have escaped; our large new chapel is a heap of ruins, and for this I grieve most of all, yet we have a God to worship; our schoolhouse is washed away, yet our teachers are spared to us; and," holding up a portion of the New Testament, "we have still this precious book to instruct us."

Fortunately Mr Williams had received a cask of ironmongery from some friends at Birmingham, which enabled him to supply the chiefs with saws, axes, and other tools, so that in an incredibly short space of time the wreck was cleared away, and temporary dwellings run up all over the island. To that energetic missionary the effects of the hurricane were truly lamentable. Having lost six infants at Raiatea, and expecting very shortly to be blessed with a seventh, his wife had accompanied him on this excursion in the hope that the climate of Rarotonga might prove more favourable. The alarm and danger she underwent during the wild raging of the cyclone, however, caused her to be prematurely delivered of a still-born babe, and for some

hours the life of the mother also trembled in the balance. The islanders on this occasion exhibited warm sympathy. They could hardly, indeed, have failed to be touched by the self-denial of this estimable couple, who may be almost said to have offered up seven of their own children in the hope of bringing the heathen to repentance, and to the knowledge of the one true religion. Makea and all his people came to condole with them; and not one appeared empty-handed, notwithstanding the great losses they had themselves just sustained. Some of the women, too, laid their simple presents at Mrs Williams's feet, and wept over her. At a later period, when Mr Buzacott lost his little girl, the entire population went into deep mourning, as a token of respect for their resident missionary.

The next few months were passed in working at translations of Holy Writ, until the people were at leisure to assist in repairing the *Messenger of Peace,* in lifting her out of the hole into which she had settled, and in launching her once more upon the waters of the Pacific. At last she was again scudding on her usual errand of love and goodwill to men, and arrived in Raiatea at a most opportune moment. In consequence of Mr Williams's long absence and the death of Tamatoa, whose son was an exceedingly dissipated young man, the people had given way to intemperance, and in addition to the spirits obtained from trading ships, some twenty stills were in active operation. By the adoption of energetic measures, however, further mischief was speedily prevented; the stills were destroyed, and orderly habits re-established. The *Messenger of Peace* then returned to Rarotonga with a cargo of American flour, general provisions, and several head of horses, asses, and cattle. The live stock throve

well, and materially improved the condition of the islanders. For very many years the early missionaries never tasted beef, and when at last an ox was killed, and a party assembled to enjoy the novelty, not one of them could endure either the taste or the smell of the meat; and a lady burst into tears at the thought of losing her relish for the roast beef of Old England.

By 1833 Rarotonga had become professedly a Christian island. Upwards of 2000 children attended the three principal schools, many of whom wrote their own language with both fluency and propriety. The supply of English slates proving wholly insufficient, the boys brought down flakes of stone from the mountains, the surface of which they rubbed smooth with sand and coral, afterwards staining them with the purple juice of the mountain-plantain. Some even cut these stones into a square shape, and fitted them into wooden frames; while the spines of the echinus, or sea-urchin, softened by fire, were found to be good substitutes for slate-pencils. The missionary-houses were also extremely comfortable, and even picturesque, surrounded with fruit-trees, and provided with productive gardens. The lesson of the hurricane of 1831 had not been thrown away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE AUSTRAL ISLANDS: SAVAGE ISLAND.

Rapa—Savage inhabitants—Visited by Mr Ellis—Their rapid conversion—Raivavai, or High Island—Christianity easily introduced—Tubuai—Reclaimed from idolatry—Rimatara—Emancipation of the women—Rurutu—Salutary effects of an epidemic—Overthrow of idolatry—Savage Island—Ferocity of the inhabitants.

Sailing from New Zealand to Tahiti, towards the close of 1791, Vancouver discovered an island, called by the natives Rapa, the most southerly of the group named by Malte Brun the Austral Islands. It is probably about twenty miles in circumference, well wooded and watered, and enjoys a healthy and temperate climate. The mountains in the interior are singularly rugged and picturesque, having the appearance from the sea of a range of cylindrical columns. When first discovered, and for many years afterwards, the natives were unmitigated savages, and were estimated by Vancouver at about 1500. There is some reason to believe that in 1826 the population was not less than 2000; but three years later their numbers had been reduced by a fatal epidemic to not more than 500. Though idolaters, they do not appear to have offered human sacrifices to their gods; nor were their chiefs much addicted to wars among themselves. Their principal idol, Paparua, was formed of cocoa-nut husk, curiously braided, and shaped like a cylinder, smaller at

the two ends than in the middle, and from two to three inches in length. Another idol, named Poere, was made of stone, from twelve to fifteen inches long, and was fixed in the ground. The favour of these and the other gods was usually propitiated by offerings of fish.

A European ship in 1815 being becalmed off this island, fifty of the natives sprang into the sea, and seizing hold of a hawser that happened to be trailing astern, endeavoured by swimming to drag the vessel ashore, at the same time shouting to their companions to come and help them. The noise they made attracted the attention of the crew; but it was with great difficulty the rope was drawn in, one of the sailors leaning over the stern and menacing the savages with a cutlass as they approached the ship.

Two years later, Rapa was visited by Mr Ellis, and at one time it seemed as if the islanders intended to take forcible possession of the vessel. At first they were reluctant to go on board until a chief had set the example. They then swarmed up the sides, and attempted to steal whatever they could lay their hands upon. One gigantic ruffian seized a lad standing near the gangway, and tried to lift him from the deck. Failing in this, he caught the cabin boy, who was rescued by the sailors after a severe struggle. Another took up in his arms a fierce ship dog, cowed by the uproar; and when he found that it was chained to the kennel, he attempted to move that also. Baffled by the nails which secured it to the deck, he let go the dog and pounced upon a kitten, with which he sprang over the bulwark into the sea. It was then judged necessary to clear the deck of such dangerous guests, and in this work the dog co-operated not only by furiously barking, but by tearing the leg of an islander who passed within

his reach. Some of them had their fingers severely cut by ignorantly clutching the blades of the long clasp-knives with which the sailors threatened the most refractory and obstinate.

Nothing was gained, therefore, by this visit; nor was any further attempt made to humanise these savages until 1825, in which year a Tahitian cutter brought two of them to that island. Their first alarm being dispelled by the kindness they experienced, and their wonder excited by the evidences of an incipient civilisation that met them on all sides, they were easily induced to attend the schools and places of public worship, and even acquired a knowledge of the alphabet. After a short time they returned in the same cutter to Rapa, loaded with presents and accompanied by two Tahitians. The latter were so charmed with their reception, and gave such a favourable account of the people, that in the following year Mr Davies proceeded to Rapa in person, taking with him two Tahitian teachers and their wives, a schoolmaster, a mechanic, a supply of spelling-books and translations of the Scripture, and a quantity of tools, agricultural implements, seeds, and plants, together with the framework of a chapel, and doors and windows for the dwellings of the teachers.

On Sunday divine service was performed by Mr Davies, in presence of several of the natives, who conducted themselves with perfect propriety. The bulk of the population, however, clung for a while to their ancient superstitions, fearing lest their gods should take vengeance upon them if they forsook the religion of their forefathers. Three years later, however, four chapels had been erected in different parts of the island, and the people generally had opened their minds to the reception of Christianity,

stimulated, it may be, by the material benefits that had accompanied its introduction into Tahiti.

Six degrees to the north-west of Rapa lies the island of Raivavai, discovered by Lieutenant Broughton in the *Chatham* just twenty days previous to Vancouver's discovery of the former. Raivavai, or High Island, is a mountainous mass about twenty miles in circumference, with a strip of lowland bordering the shore. The population was reduced by an epidemic in 1829 from 2000 to 800, who acknowledged their dependence upon Tahiti. The natives are described as more ready to receive the germs of civilisation than those of almost any other island in the South Seas. Neither human sacrifices nor infanticide were among their usages, and generally they seem to have been less cruelly disposed than their neighbours. Their temples were on a large scale, and contained sometimes as many as twenty stone idols of large size, carved with unusual skill. More thoughtful and less impulsive than the majority of the South Sea Islanders, they adopted Christianity in a calm and serious mood, and instead of committing their old temples to the flames, abandoned them in contempt to the destructive agencies of time and climate.

In 1819 they were visited by Pomare, and not only did homage to him as their sovereign, but repaired for instruction to a converted Tahitian whom he left among them as his representative. Two years later, a son of Mr Henry, one of the *Duff* missionaries, who was in command of a vessel belonging to Pomare II., touched at Raivavai on a Sunday, and was agreeably surprised to find that a place of worship of considerable dimensions had been erected, and that fully 700 persons attended divine service. "Each individual, on entering the church, kneeled down and

uttered a short prayer." "The very quiet, devout, and orderly manner in which they conducted themselves," adds Captain Henry, "not only in church, but during the Sabbath, excited my highest admiration." The work of regeneration had taken place about four months previously, when, with the exception of twenty-five individuals who adhered to idolatry, it was unanimously resolved at a public festival that Pomare should be requested to send them proper teachers, his representative being not only deficient in knowledge, but leading a life at variance with the pure morality inculcated in the religion he outwardly professed. By 1825 two large churches had been erected, one of which was capable of accommodating 1300 worshippers. A malignant fever, introduced four years later from a neighbouring island, made terrible havoc among the inhabitants. "During the first stages of the progress of the disease," writes Mr Ellis, "whole families, from attending the sick, were simultaneously attacked with the dreadful complaint, and often buried in one common grave." Twelve of the teachers perished, together with three-fourths of the entire population; but others soon replaced them, and the people steadily persevered in their search after truth.

This destructive epidemic was imported from Tubuai, a small island not above twelve miles in circumference, discovered by Captain Cook in 1777, and was the scene of the first settlement attempted by the mutineers of the *Bounty*. There is reason to believe that its earliest inhabitants came from Rimatara in the latter part of the last century, and were driven thither by adverse winds. When visited by Mr Ellis in 1817, the people were few in number, scantily clad, and ill supplied with live stock, being able

to spare only one solitary pig. They were not generally, however, of a hospitable disposition, and were divided into parties, constantly engaged in mutual warfare. Two or three natives of Palliser's Islands begged the captain of Mr Ellis's ship to give them a passage to Tahiti, whence they were sailing to their own homes when contrary winds drove them to Tubuai, where they had been forcibly deprived of their canoe and other property because they had declared that Jehovah was the only true God, and that idols were senseless stocks and stones. Being asked why they did not defend themselves, they replied that their natural disposition and early habits would have impelled them to do so, as they belonged to a nation of man-eating warriors, but that, while at Tahiti, they had been taught the new religion, which forbade murder and required its followers to love even their enemies.

At a later period the Tubuaians, having heard of the renunciation of idolatry by many of the adjacent islands, requested the Tahitians to send them books and teachers, and in June 1822, Mr Nott, accompanied by two native teachers, disembarked on their shores. The messengers of peace arrived on the eve of an impending battle. The entire population was in arms; these in defence of their hereditary king, those in support of his rival. Mr Nott, however, happily succeeded in reconciling the antagonists, and no sooner was peace concluded than both chiefs and warriors in each little army threw down their arms and embraced each other with every demonstration of gladness. Next day they all attended divine service, and listened with absorbed attention to Mr Nott's exposition of the elemental principles of Christianity. On his departure he left two native teachers, but owing to the innate indolence

of the islanders some time elapsed before they made a sensible impression.

The pestilence that proved so destructive to the inhabitants of the Austral Isles raged with great fury in Tubuai, but by 1826 idolatrous practices had entirely disappeared, though it cannot be said that much religious progress had been made, and three years later it was found necessary to exhibit some severity in quelling disorders. Considerable advancement in civilisation had, however, been accomplished, and the islanders were in the enjoyment of many comforts hitherto unknown to them.

To the westward of Tubuai, and in a northerly direction, the pretty island of Rimatara, measuring twenty miles in circumference, has also been brought within the humanising influences of Christianity. The population does not much exceed 300 souls, and was naturally of a mild, indolent character, though the female portion of the community was harshly and coarsely treated, being forced to cultivate the fields, while the men passed their time in ignoble pleasures and sloth. Their first acquaintance with the existence of the Christian religion was derived from Rurutu, and in 1822 two teachers were despatched from Borabora, one of the Society Islands, to give instruction in reading, writing, and, so to speak, the preliminary doctrines of Christianity.

When Mr Williams arrived, fifteen months afterwards, a chapel had been erected, with plastered walls and boarded floor, in which nearly the whole population assembled for the purpose of divine worship. Two years later Mr Bourne observed a marked improvement in the character and habits of the people, though they still continued to employ their women in a manner unsuitable to their sex. He

therefore convened a public meeting, at which he pleaded so warmly in favour of his clients, that it was unanimously resolved that "from that day forward the men should dig, plant, and prepare the food, and the women make cloth, bonnets, and attend to the household work." This innovation turned out greatly to the advantage of both sexes, and to the undoubted enhancement of domestic virtue and happiness. The useful arts were also cultivated with success, and from every point of view the natives of Rimatara have had good cause to congratulate themselves on the result of missionary labour among the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

One other island of this group remains to be mentioned, the conversion of whose inhabitants may be described as directly providential. It is named indifferently Rurutu and Ohetetoa, and was described by Captain Cook under the latter appellation. In circumference it does not exceed twelve miles, and is of volcanic origin, with a remarkably productive soil. Very little was known of its inhabitants until 1821, when a boat, containing a chief and a large party of his friends, was driven to Raiatea, after being for three weeks buffeted by storms.

In the previous year the island had been desolated by an epidemic ascribed to the anger of their gods. In the hope of escaping from the fury of the enraged deities, two chiefs embarked in two large canoes, and, committing themselves to the deep, finally reached Tubuai, one of the Austral cluster. After a reasonable time had been allowed for the pacification of the gods, the Rurutuans once more ventured out to sea with the intention of returning to their homes. One canoe was never again heard of. The other struck on the reefs which surround Maurua, the most

westerly of the Society Islands, where the weary voyagers were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants. When sufficiently recovered, the Rurutuans proceeded to Raiatea, and for the first time came in contact with European missionaries.

The social and domestic improvements introduced by these strangers naturally predisposed the storm-tossed islanders to become their pupils and submit to their guidance. After a little while the Rurutuans professed their desire not only to forsake their idols, but also that teachers should accompany them to their own island to undertake the instruction of their friends. At last an English captain, on his way to England round Cape Horn, generously offered to convey thither the Rurutuan chief Auura and his friends, together with two native Christians and their wives. On reaching their destination the teachers kneeled down, and rendered thanks to the Almighty for their safe arrival. It so happened that the spot on which they knelt was dedicated to Oro, and the awe-stricken islanders whispered to one another, "These men will die." The strangers then lighted a fire, cooked their food, and sat down with their wives to their simple meal, in a place that was tabaued, or set apart for sacred purposes. The natives now felt assured that in the darkness of the night the offended gods would wreak a terrible vengeance upon the sinners who had thus set them at defiance. On the morrow, when they found that no harm had befallen the sacrilegious strangers, they leaped to the conclusion that their gods were impotent, and that they themselves had been duped.

A meeting was accordingly convened, at which Auura recounted all the incidents of his voyage, and con-

cluded his speech with a vehement denunciation of Oro as the Evil Spirit, the author of all deceit, and demanded that his images should be destroyed and Jehovah proclaimed the Ruler of all things. To this the king and the other chiefs readily assented, and added, "Behold, you say, O Auura, that we have souls —till now we never knew that man possessed a soul." The two Christian teachers were then introduced, and proposed a crucial test of the truth of their doctrines. They suggested that, on the morrow, turtle, pork, and other kinds of food, which no woman could taste without incurring the immediate displeasure of the gods, should be cooked for themselves, their wives, and children, of which they would partake together in presence of as many as chose to attend. At the appointed time a great crowd was assembled; but when neither death, nor convulsion, nor any other form of disease overwhelmed their daring guests, they experienced an entire revulsion of feeling, and indignantly fired their temples, flung down the idols from their pedestals, and expressed their determination to embrace Christianity.

A month later all the idols that had not been destroyed were placed in a boat and sent to Raiatea, where they were publicly exhibited. "The chapel," says Mr Williams, "was lighted up with ten chandeliers, made of wood neatly turned; cocoa-nut shells were substituted for lamps. The middle chandelier held eighteen lights, twelve in the lower circle and six in the upper; the others held ten and twelve each. When lighted up, they presented to the natives a most brilliant appearance, and called forth expressions of astonishment and delight." The chief god of the Rurutuans, named Aa, was not only covered with little

gods outside his person, but twenty-four small images were taken out of a secret recess in his back, and held up to the derision of all beholders.

Within fifteen months after Auura's return from his singular voyage, a commodious church was erected, wattled, plastered, floored, and provided with seats. Many of the chiefs had assumed the European style of dress, and all were decently attired. The balustrade of the pulpit staircase was supported by spears, converted, like their late owners, from homicidal intents to peaceful purposes. "Not a vestige of idolatry was to be seen, not a god was to be found in the island," is the remark made in 1822 by Messrs Tyerman and Bennet, who had been deputed by the London Missionary Society to visit and report upon the various clusters of Christianised islands in the Southern Seas. The natives of Rurutu never relapsed after their first conviction of the folly of idol-worship, but went on surely and steadily, perfecting their knowledge of the Scriptures, and striving to mould their conduct according to the precepts of their native teachers and missionary visitors.

In the year 1774 Captain Cook discovered an island to the westward of the Hervey group, to which he gave the appropriate name of Savage Island. This formerly inhospitable spot presents to the sea a wall of perpendicular coral cliff 300 feet in height, rent here and there by chasms which constitute the only inlets into the interior. The natives, subsequently estimated at 4000 souls, were in appearance and character not less repulsive than the land they inhabited, and would probably have remained in the same degraded condition to the present day had not the missionaries rightly judged that the lower they had fallen,

the greater was the necessity for raising them. Accordingly in 1830 Mr Williams attempted to place here two native teachers from Aitutake, but these were so appalled by the ferocity and utter barbarism of the islanders that they shrank from the undertaking. As a last resource he induced two youths to accompany him to the Society Islands, in the hope that on their return they would prepare their countrymen to receive fuller instruction. The terror of these lads as soon as they lost sight of land was truly pitiable. They tore their hair, refused to eat, drink, or sleep, and howled in the most dismal manner. Nothing could persuade them that they were not destined to be slaughtered, and they turned with loathing from the salted meat that was offered to them, under the impression that it was human flesh. On the third day, however, their courage returned on seeing a pig killed, and gradually they became interested in the novelties that surrounded them. The experiment, however, did not prove so successful as might have been desired.

Shortly after their return to their native island, influenza broke out with much severity, and was laid to the door of the wanderers, one of whom was murdered together with his father, while the other escaped with a companion, named Peniamina, to a whaler that was cruising off the shore. The latter proceeded to Samoa, where he was converted to Christianity, and where he resided many years.

In 1845 Peniamina volunteered to return to Savage Island, though conscious of the great danger he incurred. As soon as he had landed, the natives insisted that his chest and Samoan boat should be taken back to the ship, lest they should introduce some new disease, until he

pointed out that they were made of the same wood as their own canoes. For himself, he said that he was their fellow-countryman, and had no power to give or avert disease. Then he spoke to them of the immortality of the soul, of God the Creator and Father, of Jesus Christ the Redeemer, of the Holy Spirit the Teacher and Comforter. "The hearts of many," says Mr Turner, "were touched, and they wished him to be spared." Others were for putting him to death before sickness overtook them; but, while they were still disputing, the night came on, and his life was spared till the morning. No one at first would afford him any shelter. He was told to lie under a tree, or betake himself to a ruined fortification. He tried the latter, but the rain fell heavily, and he wandered about to keep himself warm. Some one in pity gave him food, and at last he was admitted into a house, and suffered to repose in peace.

On the following morning he was constrained to open his chest and show its contents, most of which were taken from him. By degrees the islanders began to listen to him with curiosity, which soon ripened into interest. The priests at length took alarm, but it was then too late. The seventh day was set apart for religious service, family prayer became customary, and a blessing was asked before each meal. A desire, too, sprang up to visit other islands, especially those in which English missionaries resided. Actual idolatry seems to have ceased before this time, the great national image having been broken to pieces and cast into the sea, on suspicion of having produced an epidemic. The spirits of their ancestors were, however, reverentially adored; and it was believed that, while souls in general repaired after death to a region under the earth,

there was reserved for the more fortunate a home in the skies where night was unknown. Though many of the islanders wished to accompany Mr Turner to Samoa at the time of his second visit in 1848, he was able to accommodate only two of the eager volunteers.

From that time the name of the island lost its peculiar applicability, and eleven years later Mr Turner was able to record a remarkable change in the people and country. "Instead of nudity," he observes, "and the long dishevelled hair flying in the wind, or fast in a coil between the teeth, all have their hair cut short, and at least a wrapper, or kilt of some kind, from the waist down below the knee." The chapel, capable of containing 500 seats, had become too small, and a larger one was about to be built. The number of avowed non-Christians, indeed, was reduced to ten; but the majority of the converts were as yet very partially instructed in the essential articles of their new religion.

A good road, six feet wide, had been made round the island, and the primitive hovels of the natives were being replaced by comfortable houses. The dwellings of the teachers were all that could be desired. One of them is described as "quite a palace of a place, eighty feet by thirty, divided into seven apartments, well plastered, finished with doors and venetians, and furnished with tables, chairs, sofas, and bedsteads." Round each of the five schoolhouses and teachers' abodes a village was formed, governed by its own magistrates, and obedient to the laws. Pigs, fowls, yams, taro, sugar-cane, and arrow-root were freely bartered for calico, shirts, knives, hatchets, and other useful articles. The number of children, too, had greatly increased, while women were recognised as companions and equals. There was no longer any desire

to attack foreigners, or to murder such of their own people as had left the island and returned. Food also had become plentiful since the custom had ceased of destroying the plantations of the deceased, as a provision for the life beyond the grave.

CHAPTER X.

THE SAMOA, OR NAVIGATORS' ISLANDS.

Savaii — Upolu — Manono — Aborima — Tutuila — Massacre of the French—Visited by missionaries—Fauea—Death of Tamafainga —Fauea's speech—Friendly reception—Mr Williams's narrow escape—Incidents in landing—Malietoa and his bride—Second missionary visit—Progress—Renunciation of "Etus"—"Papo" sentenced to be drowned—Material advantages of Christianity —Unprincipled foreigners—Missionary labours—Samoan missionary seminary—Native inquiries—Civil war—Peace.

Of the numerous clusters of islands set like gems in the Southern Seas there are none more richly picturesque than the group known to its inhabitants as the Samoa, though by European writers commonly called the Navigators' Islands, that being the name conferred upon them by De Bougainville, by reason of the great numbers of canoes he observed flitting to and fro along the coast. It does not appear, however, that the Samoan islanders are of a more adventurous disposition than the natives of other Polynesian clusters, though they were then so far in advance of some of their neighbours that they had learned to construct boats with separate planks sewn together with cinet, a strong thread obtained from the cocoa-nut husk. For all that, they seldom lose sight of land, but confine their voyages to short trips from one island to another.

In this way they are constantly upon the water, for the group contains ten inhabited islands, extending 200 miles

from east to west. Savaii, which is the largest and most westerly, is described as "a lovely island 150 miles in circumference, and covered with vegetation as far as the eye can reach." The mountains in the interior rise to the height of 4000 feet, and may be seen from a distance of fifty miles. It is divided by a channel, varying from ten to fifteen miles in width, from Upolu, another beautiful island 130 miles in circumference, and also conspicuous from afar through its verdant highlands, from two to three thousand feet above the sea. Between these considerable islands, and attached to the latter by a shoal and reef, lies the islet of Manono, only five miles in circumference, but distinguished for the warlike character of its inhabitants. Instead of being subject to either of its powerful neighbours, it possesses settlements in both, and its people are honoured by the title of Malo, or the Victorious. It is true they have more than once been hard pressed, but in such cases they have retired for a time to the wellnigh inaccessible rock of Aborima, whence in due time they again descended to conquer. This rocky islet is about two miles in circumference and nearly 300 feet in height. It is, in fact, an extinct crater with a breach in one side; but so narrow is the passage that not even a canoe could enter without the consent of the occupants of the isle. The interior of the basin is lined, as it were, with the most luxuriant vegetation, affording a striking contrast to the sterility of the precipitous cliffs which form the exterior coating. In wartime the people of Manono conveyed their families and portable effects to this stronghold, and thus unencumbered, were able to fight to the bitter end.

Forty miles to the eastward of Upolu, the romantic island of Tutuila has long since redeemed the odious

character it acquired through the massacre of M. de Langle and eleven of his comrades, belonging to the unfortunate expedition commanded by La Perouse. It extends some eighty miles in circuit, and rises in the centre to a considerable altitude.

Fifty miles further in an easterly direction lie the two insignificant islets of Orosenga and Ofu, and beyond these again the circular island of Manua, of bold aspect and lofty elevation, but formerly inhabited by a conquered, oppressed, and timid people. In addition to these there are three small inhabited islets, and several uninhabited. The population of the group is estimated at about 35,000, of pure Malay origin without any admixture of negro blood.

The existence of the Samoan cluster was first made known to European geographers by the French navigator De Bougainville, who visited them in 1768. Twenty years elapsed before another European vessel sighted those picturesque shores, and this time also the honour fell to France, together with a signal disaster. While a part of the crew landed on the island of Tutuila, a large number of natives went off to La Perouse's ship and engaged in barter, with the usual amount of pilfering. One of them being caught in the act was ruthlessly shot, and died on reaching the shore. His infuriated fellow-countrymen at once fell upon the party in the boats, who only escaped after a savage conflict, with the loss of M. de Langle and eleven others. The dead, whether natives or Frenchmen, were wrapped in cloth and interred without mutilation or outrage. It does not appear from the French account of this melancholy transaction that the natives had received any provocation, and the cluster accordingly acquired an

evil reputation. The bight in which it took place has ever since borne the name of Massacre Bay, as though the slaughter had been all on one side, and until the missionary epoch few captains cared to risk their crew or craft among such a bloodthirsty people. Captain Edwards of H.M.'s ship *Pandora*, indeed, is said to have determined the position of several members of the group in 1791; and the Russian Kotzebue claims to have spent several days among them in 1824, but his narrative is so full of errors that it is utterly worthless.

During a short visit to the Friendly Islands in 1830, Messrs Williams and Barff became acquainted with a Samoan chief named Fauea, who was very anxious that his countrymen should be instructed in the "new religion." He is represented as an exceptionally sensible and intelligent barbarian, actuated chiefly by motives of personal ambition and interest, but who, during his eleven years of expatriation, had learned to respect the spiritual and humanising influences of Christianity. His wife appears to have been a truly estimable woman, and a sincere Christian, and subsequently co-operated with the missionaries in a highly efficient manner. Those gentlemen, it may well be imagined, were not a little pleased when Fauea asked permission to accompany them on their projected mission to his fellow-islanders, and they frankly admit that their early successes were largely due to his shrewdness and discretion.

For instance, he counselled them to restrain their native teachers from premature denunciations of the Samoan pastimes and social usages. The first thing was to make their hearers *wise;* that is, teach them to think, and when their hearts were afraid, they would of themselves put

away that which is evil. He further warned the missionaries that they must expect a fierce and dangerous opposition on the part of Tamafainga, a savage and tyrannical chieftain, who was supposed to be an incarnation of one of the principal war-gods. Though detested by the people for his cruelty and inordinate profligacy, he was too much dreaded for any one to venture to oppose his will, in either small things or great. At last, however, his lust and arrogance became so intolerable that a plot was formed for his destruction. Accordingly one night, while he was engaged in dalliance with some wanton damsels, at a distant part of the island of Savaii, the house was suddenly surrounded by a band of armed men. With a desperate effort Tamafainga broke through his assailants, and fled towards the shore, but was overtaken, attacked at disadvantage, and beaten to death by clubs. Unaware of this barbarous deed, which was perpetrated only a few days before the *Messenger of Peace* arrived in those waters, Fauea's first inquiry, asked in trembling accents, was, "Where is Tamafainga?" And when the people in the canoes answered, "Oh, he is dead, he is dead!" he danced and capered about the deck, crying aloud, "The devil is dead! the devil is dead! Our work is done. The devil is dead!" It was afterwards acknowledged on all hands that the introduction of Christianity would have been, humanly speaking, impossible had this wretch been alive when the missionaries first landed on his island.

Having suffered much from influenza, and from the effects of a furious storm, every one on board the little vessel was anxious to go on shore, and it was with infinite satisfaction that the teachers and their families, with such of the passengers and crew as were invalided, found

themselves once more on dry land. Their respite, however, only added to their disappointment, when, owing to the ship dragging her anchors and drifting out to sea, they were compelled to return hastily on board.

In the meantime Fauea had not been idle. Numbers of the islanders having climbed the ship's sides, he told them of the wonders that had been wrought in the Society and Friendly Isles, especially in putting an end to the murderous warfare that had incessantly raged for so many generations. He dwelt, indeed, chiefly upon the material advantages to be expected from receiving Christian instruction. He bade his gaping audience to compare their own condition with that of the foreigners. "Their heads are covered," he continued, "while ours are exposed to the heat of the sun and the wet of the rain; their bodies are clothed all over with beautiful cloth, while we have nothing but a bandage of leaves round our waist; they have clothes upon their very feet, while ours are like the dogs; and then look at their axes, their scissors, and their other property, how rich they are."

Such arguments as these were readily appreciated, and prepared the minds of the Samoans to accord at least a friendly hearing to their strange visitors, who asked for nothing but leave to do them good. Great, likewise, was their astonishment when one, more inquisitive than his fellows, pulled off the missionaries' shoes and discovered that their feet had no toes, until he was taught the mystery of stockings.

It was on Sunday that the *Messenger of Peace* was forced again to put out to sea, but on Tuesday morning she anchored in safety at Sapapalii, a large village of Savaii on the shore of the straits which divide that island from Upolu.

Malietoa, the chief, was absent at the time in the latter island, waging a destructive war to avenge the murder of the monster Tamafainga. His brother, however, exhibited the utmost friendliness, and despatched messengers to acquaint the chief with the arrival of these guests from beyond the seas. While these were occupied in sending ashore the property of the teachers, they observed that the mountains on the opposite side of the channel were enveloped in fire and smoke, and were informed that Malietoa had won a battle that morning, and, according to the customs of his ancestors, had consigned to the flames the houses, plantations, women, children, and invalids of the conquered faction. In the course of the afternoon the bloodstained victor arrived, and was invited into the cabin. As the rain was descending heavily, and his only article of attire was a girdle of leaves, the old warrior seemed well pleased when a large piece of Tahitian cloth was wrapped round his shivering body. He also expressed himself in favourable terms as to the object of the mission, and promised that, as soon as hostilities had ceased, he would place himself under the tuition of the Christian teachers. He very narrowly missed, however, the irreparable mischance of blowing Mr Williams to pieces. The captain of the vessel, taking alarm at the number of islanders who swarmed over the boarding-nettings and covered the deck, had loaded a blunderbuss with eight bullets, and then replaced it on the rest. Observing this formidable weapon, Malietoa took it down, and, accidentally turning the muzzle towards the missionary, was about to pull the trigger when some one exclaimed, "Stop! perhaps it is loaded." The ejaculation was only just in time to prevent a most melancholy mishap.

During the night the *Messenger of Peace* was carried by the current out of sight of the landing-place, but fancying the distance could not be above ten or a dozen miles, the two missionaries determined to pull their own boat to the shore. It soon became evident that they were much out in their reckonings, and they had to strain at the oar from ten in the morning till past eight in the evening, the boat, besides, being so leaky that it could scarcely be kept afloat. The lodgings provided for them being some little way from the water-side, Mr Williams began to show symptoms of fatigue while making his way through the eager and curious throng. A young chief thereupon made some remark to the people, and in an instant he was seized by a number of stout fellows, some holding his legs, others his arms, while the rest placed a hand or poked a finger under his back, and in this sprawling attitude he was rapidly borne along for half a mile, and finally set down in presence of Malietoa and his principal wife. After a mutual exchange of good wishes, the missionaries proceeded to the teachers' residence, and before retiring to their well-earned repose, had to bleed and administer medicines to those who were suffering from influenza. Not an article of any kind had been injured or purloined by the natives, though many canoes had been employed in bringing off the teachers' things from the vessel, and many strange hands had carried them from the shore to the house. The only objects about which anxiety was for a time entertained were the children, for whosoever undertook the charge of a child carried it off in the first instance to his own home, where he killed and baked a pig, and regaled his tiny guest with whatever he deemed most delicate and dainty.

Four of the teachers and their wives were afterwards placed under the protection of Malietoa, who pledged himself to "become a worshipper of Jehovah" so soon as the war was brought to a conclusion, while the others were consigned to his brother Tamalelangi, whose name signifies Son of the Skies. Each of these chieftains was presented with two shirts—one white, the other red—several yards of English print, three axes, three hatchets, a few strings of sky-blue beads, some knives and scissors, a few small looking-glasses, hammers, chisels, gimlets, fish-hooks, and nails. The presents to Malietoa enabled that chief to add another wife to his already too numerous collection. In return for some axes and a few other articles, he obtained from her parents a tall, beautiful young girl about eighteen years of age, and Mr Williams was informed that the principal chiefs usually purchased their wives after this fashion, the young women seldom refusing their assent to the bargain, no matter how old or ugly their future husband may be, provided he has paid handsomely for their possession.

The missionaries appear to have been present at the ceremony which passed for marriage, an act of deference to old usages that might well have been avoided. The deportment of the bride is described as "pleasingly modest," though her apparel left much to be desired. "Her dress," we are told, "was a fine mat, fastened round the waist, reaching nearly to her ankles; while a wreath of leaves and flowers, ingeniously and tastefully entwined, decorated her brow. The upper part of her person was anointed with sweet-scented cocoa-nut oil, and tinged partially with a rouge prepared from the turmeric root, and round her neck were two rows of large blue beads."

The old chief prudently carried his new bride with him to the scene of hostilities, lest she should return to her parents in his absence, and put him to the charge of repurchasing her.

About "twenty moons" after this satisfactory introduction of the "new religion" into the Samoan group, Mr Williams returned to those islands, partly to form a better judgment as to its chance of ultimate success, and partly to leave a native teacher at Manono, in fulfilment of a promise he had made to its gigantic chief, Matetau. An uninterrupted run of 800 miles in five days from Rarotonga brought him to Manua, the people of which crowded round the *Messenger of Peace* in their canoes, declaring themselves to be "Sons of the Word," waiting for "a religion ship" that should leave with them some persons called missionaries to teach them all about Jesus Christ. Touching at Orosenga and Ofu, Mr Williams was pained to learn that no tidings of the gospel had reached those islets, and that muskets and powder were still in request. Skirting the coast of Tutuila, however, he came upon a small settlement of about fifty nominal Christians, who had been converted in a piecemeal sort of way by a native of the island, who every now and then crossed over to the teachers left in 1830, and after acquiring as much instruction as he could digest at a time, returned to his home to impart what he had learned to his neighbours. The religious information thus obtained was necessarily meagre and defective; but it had sufficed to reclaim the natives from the savage usages of their ancestors, and to prepare them for a more perfect initiation into the divine mysteries.

In the two principal islands, however, of Savaii and Upolu, some real progress had been made: a church had

been erected at the head settlement capable of seating 700 worshippers, and upwards of thirty villages had placed themselves under the guidance of the Christian teachers. The women appeared to be the most intractable, being incorrigibly indolent and addicted to pleasure, and obstinately refusing to cover the upper part of their persons. The old chief, Malietoa, had fortunately been much more manageable, and instead of a mere girdle of leaves round his loins, he now wore a white shirt and waistcoat, and "a beautifully-wrought mat as a substitute for trousers." On more essential points he gave still greater satisfaction. At the termination of the war, and on the completion of the chapel, he had called his family together and announced his intention to become a Son of the Word; but his faith was so faltering, that he forbade his sons to follow his example for at least a month, by which time it would be known if his old gods had power to destroy him. As no evil, however, had befallen him in the space of three weeks, the youths persuaded their father to allow them also to profess Christianity, and almost the entire population at the same time renounced their ancient superstitions.

The Samoans not being actually idolaters, there were no images to break; but every chief believed in his own peculiar god, whose spirit resided in some particular bird, fish, insect, or reptile. It was lawful and harmless to eat of the incarnation of another man's god; but whoso partook of the object in which his own god had fixed his dwelling, would, it was believed, certainly perish in terrible agony, for the offended deity would remove into his vitals, and there produce the animal in which he had previously resided. A vessel from New South Wales, it is said, once touched at one of these islands, the captain of which had a cockatoo

that talked. A chief happening to be in the cabin while the skipper and his bird were, so to speak, talking together, rushed upon deck in terror, and sprang into the sea, calling upon all to follow him, for the captain had his *devolo* on board. As a test, then, of their sincerity, Malietoa's sons invited a large party of their kinsfolk and friends to come and see them dine off the fish that had been their *etu.* Though determined to go through with the experiment, the young men swallowed each morsel with fear and trembling, and immediately afterwards drank a large dose of cocoa-nut oil and salt water, to avert the expected consequences of such daring impiety. Their health remaining unaffected, they and their friends became convinced of the impotence of the gods they had hitherto venerated.

The most dreaded of the national gods was probably Papo, who presided over war, and was represented by a piece of old rotten matting, three yards long and four inches wide, which was attached to the canoe of their principal leader when going forth to war upon other islands. At a meeting convened for the purpose of deciding what was to be done with this obsolete deity, it was proposed to destroy the matting by fire; but the suggestion was received with horror, and it was finally resolved that it should be sunk in the depths of the ocean, drowning being judged a less painful death than burning. A weighty stone was accordingly tied up in the matting, which was placed on board a new canoe in the presence of several influential chiefs. The native teachers, however, very unwisely interposed, and begged that Papo might be given to them to preserve as a relic, and, their request being granted, it was afterwards sent to England to be

preserved in the very interesting museum of the London Missionary Society. Nevertheless, the report went abroad that the mighty war-god had been drowned, and that consequently there was nothing thenceforth to be feared from his fierce wrath.

The Samoan Islanders, it is evident, were careful not to commit themselves with undue precipitation to a change in their religious and social life. Though convinced without much difficulty of the folly of their ancient practices, they were slow to comprehend the spirit and tenor of Christianity. Their motives for deciding upon the adoption of the new religion were, for the most part, founded on the prospect of obtaining certain immediate and material advantages, and are frankly exposed in the following speech, delivered by a chief to a considerable concourse of his countrymen. "It is my wish," he said, "that the Christian religion should become universal amongst us. I look at the wisdom of these worshippers of Jehovah, and see how superior they are to us in every respect. Their ships are like floating houses, so that they can traverse the tempest-driven ocean for months with perfect safety; whereas, if a breeze blow upon our canoes, they are in an instant upset, and we sprawling in the sea. Their persons, also, are covered from head to foot in beautiful clothes, while we wear nothing but a girdle of leaves. Their axes are so hard and sharp, that with them we can easily fell our trees and do our work; but with our stone axes we must dub, dub, dub, day after day, before we can cut down a single tree. Their knives, too, what valuable things they are! how quickly they cut up our pigs, compared with our bamboo knives! Now, I conclude that the God who has given to his white worshippers these

valuable things must be wiser than our gods, for they have not given the like to us. We all want these articles, and my proposition is that the God who gave them should be our God."

It may easily be conceived that reasoning of this kind was not likely to be thrown away upon these semi-intelligent barbarians, whose understandings, however dark and dormant, were quite capable of appreciating the superiority of the white foreigners in all that regards the products of art and industry. Unfortunately, they were not able to distinguish between one class of foreigners and another. Had they simply listened to the missionaries and their appointed teachers, they would soon have been reclaimed from their most flagitious vices, and would gradually have become Christians in deed as well as in name. But in their impatience to become Sons of the Word they welcomed the presence of runaway sailors, and other ignorant and depraved vagabonds, who sanctioned indulgence in all their old customs, provided they met together at stated periods for a semblance of public worship. Naturally enough, such laxity was preferred by the majority of the native population to the purer and self-denying precepts inculcated by the missionaries.

Mr Turner makes mention of an Englishman who had the audacity even to administer the Holy Sacrament, Once in the year his disciples came from great distances. loaded with provisions of all kinds, and made much rejoicing. For the chiefs and their wives there was a special quasi-religious service, at which bits of taro and sips of cocoa-nut water imitated the consecrated elements. After this the assembly separated till the next annual gathering, and went each his own way, refusing themselves nothing,

and practising all the social abominations of their forefathers.

In 1836 six missionaries were sent out from England to prosecute the work commenced by Messrs Williams and Barff, and to a great degree succeeded in counteracting the selfish devices of these illiterate and unscrupulous adventurers. Four years later, Messrs Nisbet and Turner, fleeing for their lives from Tanna, were added to the mission, and contributed largely to the more perfect instruction of the Samoan Islanders.

Missionary life in the South Seas, even in 1840, meant hard labour, much personal privation, and frequent discouragement. Mr Turner's sphere of duties embraced "a district on the south side of Upolu, containing sixteen villages, scattered along the coast about twenty miles, and embracing a population of three thousand. All the ordinary organisations of missionary labour had been commenced, such as week-day and Sunday schools, Sabbath services, weekly meetings for prayer and exhortation. A church, too, had been formed, and every village was under the care of a teacher, who was authorised to preach." In addition to these legitimate duties, he was compelled to act also in a medical capacity, and was daily consulted by twenty to fifty patients. As it happened, he had picked up a little surgical knowledge while a student at the Glasgow University, but much regretted his ignorance of obstetric practice. As the result of his own experience, Mr Turner strongly advises "all young men preparing for missionary work among a heathen people to devote a year or two at least almost exclusively to such matters." Having obtained some vaccine lymph, he and his brother missionaries vaccinated the entire population, and not a

native in the Samoan cluster ever suffered from smallpox during his lengthened residence on those islands. Nor were the people ungrateful, and scarce a day passed without baskets of fish and taro being spontaneously brought to his house in token of goodwill.

In 1844 Messrs Turner and Hardie were appointed to found and establish an educational institution, with a view to prepare an efficient native agency. A plot of land, covering some twenty-five acres, was accordingly purchased from the natives, upon which suitable buildings were erected, and in the same autumn the Samoan Mission Seminary was opened for the reception of pupils. The general result has been highly satisfactory, and in the course of fifteen years 263 young men were sent out as teachers to various islands, of whom only five turned out badly, while, including students not specially intended for a missionary career, and teachers' wives—married couples being preferred to single men—upwards of a thousand individuals had received instruction, of at least a civilising character. That the native teachers were fully qualified for the work required of them, even after a four years' course of training, is not to be supposed, but the groundwork had been laid for a more perfect superstructure. Some of their inquiries, noted by Mr Turner, are sufficiently naive. For instance, one asks, "What is meant by tears put in God's bottle?" another, "If we feel sleepy at prayers, should we open our eyes?" and a third, "If we are repairing a chapel, is it right to take our dinner inside?" A fourth is puzzled by the word "cymbal," and wishes to know if it is "an animal or what?" A fifth would like to have a more definite idea as to "the two

daughters of the horse-leech," while a sixth is curious as to the exact stature of Zaccheus—"how many feet do you suppose?" A seventh is not quite sure whether Isaiah lived before or after Christ; an eighth inquires if Joseph of Arimathea is the Joseph who was sold by his brethren; while others are troubled about beating a child, or shaving on the Sabbath-day. These, however, are minor blemishes, and the confusion about chronology is partly attributed to the fact that the Samoans were familiar with the New Testament before they were introduced to the older Scriptures.

Of the humanising effect of even the quite preliminary knowledge of Christianity acquired by these islanders, many instances were given in the disastrous civil war that broke out in 1848. During the nine years' struggle, which terminated in the establishment of liberty and equality between the different provinces, as well as islands, of the Samoan group, much blood was idly shed, many acts of useless cruelty perpetrated, and a very common tendency exhibited to relapse into their ancient barbarism; but the missionaries were never molested or injured, and were allowed free access to both armies. "We gave," says Mr Turner, "medicine to their sick, dressed their wounds, and were admitted to any part of their forts every Sabbath-day to conduct religious services. Throughout all the nine years they never fought on a Sabbath. Even when the war was at its height, and one of the principal forts closely hemmed in, I have passed with perfect freedom on the Sabbath from the trenches of the besiegers to the fort of the besieged, and was received and listened to at both places with the greatest respect." The exhortations of the

missionaries at length prevailed. The peace-party became too strong for the chiefs whose selfish ambition had originated and maintained the internecine strife, and the war terminated in the freedom of the people, and in a firmer persuasion of the excellence of Christian principles.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARQUESAS. THE DANGEROUS ARCHIPELAGO.

The Spaniards at Tahuata—Captain Cook in Resolution Bay—The first missionaries—Defection of Mr Harris—Mr Crook's devotedness—General description of the group—Cannibalism—Personal appearance of the natives—Tatauing—Failure of the missionaries and teachers—The Low or Dangerous Archipelago.

It has already been stated that a chain of insular mountains of volcanic origin extends from the Bay of Bengal in a south-easterly direction. Of this chain the most easterly link consists of a group of islands discovered in 1595 by Alvaro Mendana de Neyra, a Spanish navigator, who called them the Marquesas, in honour of his patron, the Marquis Mendoza, Viceroy of Peru. The natives, however, had little reason to congratulate themselves on the results of their first intercourse with Europeans. Confiding in their apparent gentleness and simplicity, Mendana sent his lieutenant, Manriquez, on shore at Tahuata, or Santa Christina, to obtain a supply of water; but the islanders, probably imagining that the boats' crews wanted only enough for their own drinking, brought them a small quantity in cocoa-nut shells, together with a present of fruit. Manriquez thereupon gave them several large jars to fill, with which they speedily decamped, quite possibly under the impression that these coveted articles were intended as a return for their little civilities. Be that as

it may, the Spaniards fired upon them with fatal effect. Three days afterwards Mendana himself landed, celebrated mass on the shore, and, taking possession of the island in the name of his sovereign, sowed some patches of Indian corn. On his return to his ship he left Manriquez on shore to complete the work he had in hand, when that officer again became embroiled in a quarrel, which he settled by shooting a considerable number of the male savages, while their wives and children fled into the woods and to the mountains.

No further mention of these islands occurs until 1774, when Captain Cook anchored in Resolution Bay, and opened a friendly barter with the natives. These, however, could not keep their hands from picking and stealing, and one of their number being detected in the act was mortally wounded by a gun-shot. An explanation ensued, and things went on more pleasantly during the few days that the English expedition remained at that anchorage. The Marquesas were subsequently visited by the French navigator Le Marchand, and a little later by Lieutenant Hergest in the *Dædalus* store-ship. The last-named officer seems to have displayed both firmness and forbearance, and is said to have left a favourable impression.

In 1798 the *Duff* missionary-ship arrived in Resolution Bay, and on the following morning Messrs Harris and Crook were courteously received by a local chief, who placed at their disposal one of his best houses. It was but a rude contrivance, and the furniture consisted merely of a mat, several calabashes, some fishing-tackle, and a few spears. The prospect, in short, was so discouraging that Mr Harris lost heart, and took a week to make up his mind whether he would stay or decline the forbidding

enterprise. At the end of that period his effects were landed; but early one morning, a few days later, a native swam off to the ship and informed the captain that the terrified missionary had passed the night wandering about the beach, after losing nearly all his goods and chattels. A boat was thereupon sent for him, and he was safely taken on board, though in a lamentable state of mental prostration. His pusillanimity, however, served as a foil to his colleague's constancy and noble resolution to do his duty. It has seldom happened to any one to undertake such a mission under such peculiarly disheartening circumstances, but Mr Crook stood by the banner of his faith and acquitted himself as a true Christian warrior.

The Marquesas are formed by two clusters—the one consisting of five, the other of eight islands. The former, or south-eastern group, comprises Tahuata or Santa Christina, Hivaoa or La Dominica, Mohotane or San Pedro, Fatuhiva or La Madalena, and Fetuuku or Hood's Island. The latter, or north-westerly group, are sometimes called the Washington Islands, and include Nukuhiva or Sir H. Martin's Island, Uapou or Trevenian's Island, Huakuka or Riou's Island, Hergest's Island, and Robert's Island.

The Marquesas are simply mountain-tops rising out of the waves to the height of two to three thousand feet. Being unprotected by coral-reefs, the sea breaks at the foot of the highlands, without the intervention of the level productive belt that is found in the neighbouring groups. In the valleys, however, there is sufficient cultivable ground to meet the wants of the population, and nowhere does the bread-fruit attain to a higher degree of perfection. The mountains are clothed with a luxuriant vegetation to their summits, and fertilising streams descend in cascades from

the heights and sweep through the narrow vales. Famines are of frequent occurrence, owing to the indolence of the natives, who trust to their crops of bread-fruit; and, when these fail, slaughter their wives, children, and parents, whose flesh, when baked or stewed, they ravenously devour. Here, too, human sacrifices are eaten by the priests, instead of being buried or suspended from trees, as was customary in most of the Polynesian groups. Indeed it is stated that the priests occasionally pretend to fall into a sort of trance, during which a supernatural communication is made to them that near such a place a person of such a description will be seen, who must be delivered up to them. The credulous natives to whom this vision is related immediately lay in wait near the spot indicated, and should any individual happen to pass that way bearing the slightest resemblance to the description given by the priest, he is straightway seized and carried off to the *marae*, where he is speedily killed, cooked, and eaten. Not the priests alone are subject to this depraved appetite. All classes are afflicted with the same morbid desire to feed upon human flesh. It is in the hope of obtaining dead bodies for a feast that wars are so constantly waged between different chiefs. Skulls are worn as trophies, human bones are made into objects of domestic use, human hair ornaments their weapons. It is almost superfluous to add that the inhabitants of these islands are usually described as wild, ferocious savages, prone to thieving, and grossly licentious above their fellows.

Their personal appearance, however, is decidedly in their favour. The men are tall, muscular, and active, while the women are admired for the gracefulness of their movements and the vivacity of their disposition. Their dress is

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made from the inner bark of the paper-mulberry,—though cotton of superior quality thrives abundantly,—and consists of "a broad bandage worn round the waist, and a large square piece like a shawl cast loosely over the upper part of the body, tied in a knot on one shoulder, and reaching below the knees." The hair is dressed in two ways. Either the forepart of the head is shaved, or else the entire skull with the exception of two patches, one above each ear, the hair of which is tied up in a knot. But their chief distinction lies in their tatauing, in which they excel all other peoples. The colouring matter is jet black, which gives to the outer skin a bluish or dark slate-coloured hue. In the case of the men the entire body is often covered with stripes and figures. "The face," says Mr Ellis, "is sometimes divided into different compartments, each of which receives a varied shade of colour; sometimes it is covered with broad stripes, crossing each other at right angles; and sometimes it is crowded with sharks, lizards, and figures of other animals, delineated with considerable spirit, freedom, and accuracy, frequently with open mouths, or extended claws, so as to give the countenance a most repulsive and frightful aspect."

The operation itself is a tedious and painful process. The colouring matter, obtained by pulverising and mixing with oil the blackened ashes of the candle-nut, is driven through the skin by an oblong piece of human bone, two inches long and an inch and a half broad, cut like a small-toothed comb, one end of which is tied on to a cane or stick. Being dipped in the mixture, the teeth of this comb are forced through the skin by a sharp tap with a mallet, and this is repeated as long as the patient can endure the pain. In many instances, where parents are desirous of ornamenting

their offspring with elaborate designs, the torture commences at the age of nine or ten, and is repeated at intervals until the whole body is covered. Usually, however, youths of sixteen or seventeen make up little parties, and place themselves for several months in the hands of professional tatauers. When one is exhausted, a companion takes his place, and the intervals of rest are spent in immoral and degrading pastimes. The women naturally suffered more than the men, though in their case the operation was chiefly confined to the arms and legs; but all alike were subject to local swellings and acute inflammation.

According to Mr Ellis the tatauing that prevailed among the Tahitians was oftentimes ingenious and pleasing. "I have often," he says, "admired the taste displayed in the marking of a chief's legs, when I have seen a cocoa-nut tree correctly and distinctly drawn, its root spreading at the heel, its elastic stalk pencilled, as it were, along the tendon, and its waving plume gracefully spread out on the broad part of the calf. Sometimes a couple of stems would be twined up from the heel and divided on the calf, each bearing a plume of leaves. The ornaments round the ankle, and upon the instep, make them often appear as if they bore the elegant Eastern sandal. The sides of the legs are sometimes tataued from the ankle upward, which gives the appearance of wearing pantaloons with ornamental seams. From the lower part of the back a number of straight, waved, or zigzag lines rise in the direction of the spine, and branch off regularly towards the shoulders. But of the upper part of the body, the chest is the most tataued. Every variety of figure is to be seen here: cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, with convolvulus wreaths hanging round them, boys gathering the

fruit, men engaged in battle, in the manual exercise, triumphing over a fallen foe; or, as I have frequently seen it, they are represented as carrying a human sacrifice to the temple. Every kind of animal—goats, dogs, fowls, and fish—may at times be seen on this part of the body; muskets, swords, pistols, clubs, spears, and other weapons of war, are also stamped upon their arms or chest."

Since the introduction of Christianity and the general adoption of clothing, more or less after the European fashion, the practice of tatauing has very nearly died out in the more civilised groups of islands, and is now justly regarded as a symbol of barbarism.

For twelve weary months Mr Crook toiled incessantly to reclaim the Marquesas natives from their savage practices, but without the slightest apparent effect. He was accordingly removed for a time to a more grateful sphere of utility; but in 1825 he returned with teachers from Huahine and Tahiti, and was kindly received by his old acquaintances. It then became evident that his former teachings and sufferings had not been altogether wasted. In some districts the idols had been destroyed, and here and there individuals seemed disposed to turn from their old abominations and seek a purer life. These, however, were only exceptional cases, for a vast majority of the population adhered with tenacity to their vicious and disorderly usages. Mr Crook remained a month in Tahuata, and on his departure prevailed upon a chief to take the Christian teachers under his protection. More than once, however, they were threatened with death and the oven, and after a valiant struggle with the powers of darkness were compelled to retire from the field.

Another attempt having been made with like ill-success,

Messrs Pritchard and Simpson proceeded thither in 1829, in the hope that the superior knowledge and energy of Europeans would in the end conquer the resistance of even the worst barbarians. They were soon undeceived. The scenes they witnessed, and the words they heard, speedily convinced them that the path must be cleared by native pioneers before European missionaries could have any chance of success. Two native teachers were therefore left, but only to be removed two years later. And yet the chiefs have always of late seemed anxious to live on friendly terms with the white men, and, if closely watched, have conducted trade operations in a satisfactory manner, their object, no doubt, being simply to obtain firearms and ammunition, and objects of direct practical utility. For morality and religion they care nothing, and obstinately refuse to pay any heed to words of instruction and warning.

A more cheering prospect, indeed, was afforded in Fatuhiva, or La Madalena, where the people as well as the chiefs requested Mr Darling in 1831 to station some teachers on their island, promising to treat them well and to listen to their counsels. Two native missionaries thereupon volunteered to take up their abode on this spot, and were received with kindness and respect. No great progress, however, was made by them, nor do they appear to have succeeded in breaking down any of the old pernicious customs. An American mission has also failed as egregiously as their English brethren, and the Marquesans continue to enjoy a bad pre-eminence among the eastern Polynesians for violence, licentiousness, and perhaps cannibalism.

Missionary enterprise has proved somewhat more success-

ful in dealing with the inhabitants of the Low or Dangerous Archipelago, clusters of coral islands almost on a level with the sea, and known to their own inhabitants by the name of Paumotus. Comparatively few are inhabited, and until very recently cannibalism and many other atrocious usages largely prevailed. Every individual had his own particular deity, symbolised by a piece of wood or bone with a lock of human hair passed through it. These idols were suspended from trees round each house, and were invoked with simple rites until they incurred the displeasure of their worshippers, when they were ignominiously flung aside and others substituted in their place. Gradually these rude savages were brought to listen to native Christians from other islands, some of whom visited them intentionally, while others were driven to their low-lying shores by stress of weather. At present they profess the "new religion" after a fashion, and readily attend chapels and schoolrooms. Their morals, too, have notably improved, and their anthropophagous propensities appear to have been subdued. In other respects they can hardly be said as yet to have crossed the threshold of civilisation, and years will probably elapse before their intelligence becomes sufficiently developed to enable them to prefer right to wrong, purity to impurity, virtue to vice.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Sandwich Islands discovered by Captain Cook—His second visit and death—Hawaii, or Owhyhee—Maui—Tahurawe—Morokini — Ranai — Morokai — Oahu — Tauai — Nihau — Taura — Rise of Tamehameha—Infanticide—Human sacrifices—Sorcery—Arrival of American missionaries—Tabu—Idolatry and the tabu abolished by Rihoriho—Introduction of a spurious civilisation—Foreign vagabonds—Hopeful results.

On the 8th of December 1777, Captain Cook sailed from the Society Islands with the hope of returning to England after rounding the northern coast of America. The first land he beheld was a small island, which he named, after the day on which it was sighted, Christmas Island. Here he remained till the 2d of January 1778, engaged in watching a solar eclipse, while the junior officers and the men were more practically employed in catching turtle. Resuming his voyage, he fell in, sixteen days later, with five islands, which he called, collectively, after the Earl of Sandwich, then First Lord of the Admiralty. Their native appellations he gives as Atooi, Oneeheow, Woahoo, Oreehoua, and Tahoora, though more correctly rendered by the missionaries as Tauai, Nihau, Oahu, Tahurawe, and Taura. The gentleness and simplicity of the islanders made a favourable impression upon the great navigator, though he was pained by the discovery that they fed upon the bodies of slaughtered enemies.

Frustrated in his attempt to reach Europe by a north-east passage round America, Captain Cook returned, in an evil hour, to this group, and, ignorant of his fate, congratulated himself on a disappointment to which he was indebted for revisiting the Sandwich Islands, and for enriching his voyage with a discovery, in many respects, the most important that has been made by Europeans in the Pacific Ocean. He was, indeed, agreeably surprised to find that the group actually consisted of ten islands, instead of only five, as he originally imagined, while the conduct of the people was not only friendly, but reverential. In fact, they supposed he had come among them as an incarnation of their god Rono, or Orono, and accordingly worshipped him as a divine being, covering his shoulders with red cloth, prostrating themselves on the ground before him, and offering to him sacrifices of hogs and presents of fish, fruit, and vegetables. How a man of his intelligence and general rectitude could have failed to see, or, seeing, to reprove the erroneous conceptions of these ignorant barbarians, is one of those problems which are as painful as they are difficult to solve. He paid for his indiscretion with his life, but his death exposed the Sandwich Islanders, somewhat unfairly, to the charge of being more than ordinarily cruel, treacherous, and bloodthirsty. If no better, they are at least no worse than the inhabitants of the more southerly clusters, and whom, in their imitation of European civilisation, they have already far outstripped.

Ten islands, of which two are only occasionally frequented by fishermen and collectors of the eggs of sea-fowl, constitute the scattered cluster known as the Sandwich Islands. By the natives they are called Hawaii—more familiar to Europeans by its corrupted name Owhyhee—Oahu, Maui,

Tauai, Morokai, Ranai, Morokini, Nihau, Taura, and Tahurawe.

The first is considerably the largest, being 97 miles in length, 78 in breadth, and about 280 in circumference, with an area of 4000 square miles. The land gradually ascends from the beach till it attains the altitude of at least 10,000 feet in the peak of Mouna Huararai, of 13,000 in Mouna Kea, and of 15,000 in Mouna Roa. The summits of these latter mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and consist of disintegrated but unproductive lava. The cultivable land naturally skirts the base of this lofty range, and produces abundance of grapes, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, and figs, for which —as also for pigeons, hares, mules, horses, and cattle—the natives are indebted to their foreign visitors.

About twenty-four miles to the north-west of Hawaii, the island of Maui is supposed to have been formed by two extinct volcanoes, the interval between them being filled up by their ejected matter. Maui measures about forty-eight miles in length, and twenty-nine in width at the broadest part. The circumference is estimated at 140 miles, and the superficial area at 600 square miles.

A few miles to the southward is situated the low-lying islet of Tahurawe, destitute of trees, and scantily clothed with a coarse grass. Between the two rises the bold, barren rock of Morokini, useful only to fishermen as a drying-ground for their nets.

To the west of Maui, and north-west of Tahurawe, lies the sterile island of Ranai, seventeen miles long and nine broad, sparsely inhabited, though its shores abound with shell-fish and several varieties of the cuttle-fish, esteemed a delicacy by natives even of high rank.

Mr Stewart, an American missionary, describes a horrible scene he was once unfortunate enough to witness. A large *sepia* or cuttle-fish, fresh from the sea, was brought in a lordly dish and set before a lady with royal blood in her veins. The princess began eagerly to crunch two of the feelers, upon which the tortured creature immediately deluged her face and neck with the inky secretion that usually serves to baffle pursuers, and at the same time seized her tangled hair with its suckers. The lady, however, continued without discomposure her horrid repast, and Mr Stewart left her battling with her prey, but using her teeth with deadly effect.

The long, narrow island of Morokai is situated directly north of Ranai. It is nothing more than a chain of extinct volcanoes, forty miles from east to west, by barely seven from north to south. The interior is occupied by a rugged, mountainous country, affording scant opportunity for cultivation, and consequently the population is small in comparison to the area of land.

The most beautiful and productive island of the group is Oahu, extending forty-six miles in length, by twenty-three in width. It lies between twenty and thirty miles west-north-west of Morokai, and is also of volcanic origin, though it is apparent, from the depth of the mould, that many centuries must have elapsed since the last eruption. The scenery is described as in the highest degree romantic and picturesque, while the superior excellence of the harbour of Honoruru, or Honolulu, has transferred to Oahu much of the importance formerly claimed by Hawaii.

Seventy miles further to the north-west, the mountainous and extremely beautiful island of Tauai rises aloft

above the waves. It is forty-six miles in length and twenty-three in breadth, but is less fertile than either Maui or Oahu.

In a westerly direction, and only fifteen miles distant, is the small island of Nihau, running twenty miles from north to south, and seven from east to west. Nihau and Tauai are alike celebrated for their yams, and for their variegated mats wrought by the hand, in pieces measuring eighteen or twenty yards in length, by three or four in breadth. Close at hand is the barren rock of Taura, the resort of numberless sea-birds.

Since their discovery by Captain Cook, the Sandwich Islands have carried on a brisker and more continuous intercourse with civilised nations than any other of the Polynesian groups. Their situation, indeed, is highly advantageous for commercial purposes, forming, as they do, a sort of half-way resting-place for ships traversing the mighty Pacific. From California they are distant about 2800 miles, and 5000 from China, while a space of 2700 miles separates them from the Society Islands. The population certainly does not exceed 150,000, if that estimate be not rather beyond the mark, though the early navigators erroneously insisted that there were not fewer than 400,000 inhabitants.

Until very near the close of the last century, each island enjoyed a rude independence under its own chiefs. About four years, however, after Captain Cook's death, a petty chieftain in Hawaii, named Tamehameha by the English missionaries, and Kamehameha by the American, gradually made himself master of the whole island, and took to wife Keopuolani, the daughter of his most powerful rival, who fell in a decisive battle near Kearakekua Bay. The victor

had also the good fortune to gain to his side a valiant and remarkably able young man named Karaimoku, who rendered him distinguished services in after-times, and, when Prime Minister, obtained from the English sailors the nickname of Billy Pitt. At that time the natives dwelt in miserable hovels, which were nothing more than a thatched roof, without any supporting walls to raise it from the ground. The house assigned to Mr Stewart was only fourteen feet in length by twelve in breadth, its height being three feet at the eaves, and nine under the peak. Three windows, unprovided with sash or glass, were cut through the thatch, and the door was destitute of latch, bolt, or any other sort of fastening. Prior to that time, however, many stone houses had been erected, while not a few of the chiefs arrayed themselves, to a certain extent, in European garments, and had even picked up a little English from the numerous vagabonds who had deserted from their ships and settled in the islands. But the generality of the people continued to grovel in filthy huts, the floor strewed with dried grass swarming with vermin, while ducks, pigs, and dogs eat out of the same dish as the family.

When Vancouver arrived in 1792, Tamehameha had reduced Hawaii and Maui, and was engaged in the conquest of the other islands, which he was enabled to accomplish through the aid afforded by that distinguished seaman. With a view to guard against the encroachments alike of the Russians and of the Americans, Tamehameha ceded to Vancouver, as the representative of the British sovereign, the suzerainty of the Sandwich Islands, and in return was assisted in building a small vessel, which greatly facilitated the completion of the work he had in

hand. The Europeans in his pay likewise trained his people to the use of artillery, and taught them the principles of fortifications and strategy. By those means Tamehameha finally succeeded in subduing the entire group of islands, and started them on the path to material prosperity.

His wisdom in peace was equal to his valour in war. To set an example to his subjects, he himself engaged in commerce, and traded with China to notable advantage. His treatment of foreigners was, moreover, so courteous and hospitable, that George III. issued instructions that the flag of King Tamehameha should everywhere meet with proper respect from commanders of the British Navy, and presented him with a vessel built expressly for that purpose at Port Jackson.

At the commencement of his reign, Tamehameha had assumed sacerdotal functions, but became disgusted with the ignorance and superstition of the priests. There is good reason to believe that, had he not feared to jeopardise the tranquillity of his dominions and the stability of his throne, he would have abolished the false religion which had imposed such a burdensome and degrading yoke upon his people, and substituted the faith whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light. All that he could safely venture to do was to encourage the visits of those who enjoyed a higher order of civilisation, and to trust to time for the salutary working of the foreign leaven. There was, in truth, ample room for improvement. Infanticide prevailed to a dreadful extent. Few parents reared more than two or three children, while many destroyed all but one. It is computed, indeed, that two-thirds of all the infants born in these islands perished through foul means,

usually at or before their birth, but occasionally not for some months afterwards. The ordinary mode of causing death was by burying them alive, though sometimes they were strangled.

A peculiarly shocking instance of child-murder is related by Mr Ellis. A man and his wife having quarrelled about their only child, a fine little boy, the father caught him up by the head and feet, broke his back across his knee, and flung him on the ground before his mother. For this brutal act he was seized by an English resident, whose tenant he happened to be, and taken before the king; but when Tamehameha heard that the child was murdered by his own father, he declared that he could not interfere—the savage had acted within his rights.

In the Sandwich Islands children were not eaten by their parents in time of dearth, as was the case at the Marquesas. A few are said to have been sacrificed to the sharks infesting the adjacent seas, and which were sometimes deified; but the most common motive for infanticide was dislike to the trouble of rearing children. A sickly child soon wore out the patience of even its mother, who would thrust a piece of native cloth into the little sufferer's mouth, and digging a hole in the floor of the hut, would still its cries for ever. The floor was generally of earth or pebbles, and the hole seldom more than two or three feet in depth. The still living child was usually put into an old broken calabash, upon which the earth and stones were firmly trodden down by its inhuman parents. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the more enlightened chiefs, the people clung to this unnatural crime, and it was not until 1824 that infanticide was publicly proclaimed as criminal as any other form of murder, though there can

be no doubt that it was long afterwards secretly perpetrated.

Human sacrifices, too, were offered at critical conjunctures, such as the declaration of war, the loss of a battle, or the achievement of a conquest. Prisoners were preferred for this purpose, but if these were not procurable, obnoxious individuals were suddenly struck down by a club or a stone held in the hollow of the hand, and the corpse carried off to the *marae*. The numbers varied, according to circumstances, from two to twenty. Being first stripped of their clothes, the dead bodies were laid upon their faces in a row at the foot of the idol, and across them, at right angles, were placed as many carcasses of hogs as could be obtained, when they were left to putrefy together as a sweet savour to the demon of slaughter.

In common with the natives of other clusters of islands in the Pacific Ocean, the Sandwich Islanders were much addicted to divination and sorcery. Nothing was more dreaded than imprecations pronounced by the priests in the name of the evil spirits whom they were supposed to influence. A weird feeling of awe was inspired by the alleged necessity of providing the priest conducting the enchantments, with some object belonging to the actual body of the person upon whom vengeance was to be invoked, such as a lock of hair, parings of nails, saliva, or other secretion. A portion of the food about to be eaten by the victim would likewise answer the purpose, as the demon could thereby enter his body.

Of the precise character of the ceremonies which worked out the spell, no particular account has been given, but they probably resembled the fooleries practised under

similar circumstances by the wizards and sorceresses of European nations. It is not perhaps surprising that the most terrible consequences ensued from mixing with the ordinary food of the doomed individual the portion that had been placed in the hands of the priest. The action of some virulent poison is clearly discernible in the acute internal pains and rapid death of the devourer of the medicated fruit or fish, the ravings with which these agonies frequently terminated being ascribed to the direct agency of the malignant spirit by whom the sufferer was possessed. Sometimes whole families were thus destroyed, the terrors of imagination lending their aid to the subtlety of the venomous medication. No respect was paid to rank. The most powerful chiefs, and even the king himself, stood in fear of the fiendish rites imputed to priests distinguished for their skill in the Black Art. Where the incantation could be pronounced only over a bunch of hair or a nail-paring, it was not always so successful, in which case it was assumed that the private god of the individual was more potent than the demon of the sorcerer. Thus the inefficacy of the curses fulminated against the Christian missionaries filled the minds of the barbarians with respect for their tutelary God, against whom neither priests nor demons availed anything.

It may be easily imagined, however, that Tamehameha, though convinced of the falsehood of the religious system in which he had been brought up, was reluctant to array against himself a body of men wielding a weapon of such fearful power, and unrestrained by principle or dread of remorse. Whatever, therefore, may have been his own secret conviction, he abstained from meddling with the

priests or their adherents, and died without making any open profession of belief in Christ.

The earliest missionaries who ever visited the Sandwich Islands were sent thither in 1820 by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose headquarters were situated in the city of Boston. As their ship approached the shore of Hawaii, it was surrounded by canoes, the natives in which shouted aloud, "The gods of Hawaii are no more. Tamehameha is dead. Rihoriho is king. The *tabu* is abolished, and the idols are destroyed."

Very shortly after his accession to the throne, the young king resolved upon taking the step that had appalled his more prudent father. That he was fully aware of the knavery of the priests, and of the futility of their rites and ceremonies, may be fairly assumed from his conduct; but it does not at all appear that he had any faith in Christianity, or any desire to shape his own life by the Sermon on the Mount. But whatever may have been his motive, the fact remains that one of the first measures of his reign achieved the overthrow of idolatry and the *tabu*. According to general belief, the *tabu* was of divine origin, and could not be violated without incurring the immediate and active displeasure of the gods. The meaning of the word corresponds very nearly with that of the Latin *sacer*, and implies something set apart, and therefore sacred. Under certain circumstances, it was little more than a useful restriction imposed in the only manner that would command obedience from savages. Thus, after a hurricane or a disastrous war, the bananas and bread-fruit trees were laid under the *tabu* until the effects of the recent devastation had been to some degree remedied. In like manner, when Vancouver bestowed upon Tamehameha sundry head of

horses and cattle, the king immediately placed them under the *tabu* for ten years, to allow them time to increase and multiply. But this extraordinary power was not always exercised to equally good purpose. It was often employed capriciously and spitefully, and too often became, in the hands of the sovereign and the priests, the instrument of private ambition or revenge.

Certain articles of food, too, were considered permanently appropriated to the use of gods and men, and consequently could not be touched or tasted by women except under the penalty of death. No woman could partake of hog's flesh, turtle, poultry, certain kinds of fish, cocoa-nuts, and some other fruits. Neither were they permitted to live under the same roof, or eat out of the same dish, with men. They were, in short, "common and unclean," and their food, likewise, was so esteemed. The "tabu" lasted from a single day to many years; and it is related that under one of their former kings the trimming of beards was prohibited for thirty years. During Tamehameha's reign, however, the period had been greatly abridged, never exceeding ten days, and frequently covering only one. "But during the season of strict *tabu*," as we learn from Mr Ellis, "every fire and light on the island or district must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe; and, except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow—or the *tabu* would be broken, and fail to accomplish the object designed. On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes. All the common people prostrated themselves,

with their faces touching the ground, before the sacred chiefs, when they walked out, particularly during *tabu;* and neither the king nor the priests were allowed to touch anything—even their food was put into their mouths by another person."

While this institution pressed upon all, except priests and chiefs, with crushing severity, it bore yet more hardly upon the women, who were, so to speak, excommunicated from the hour of their birth to that of their death. Their exultation, then, may be conceived when by a single daring act, savouring a little of theatrical ostentation and defiance, Rihoriho—the Liholiho of the American missionaries—abolished the *tabu* for ever, and proclaimed all things clean, and to be enjoyed in common, without difference of sex.

Having arranged the affair beforehand with the high priest and certain chiefs, of whose support he felt assured, the young monarch had two long tables spread in the open air, one for men, the other for women, according to ancient usage. As soon as the company had taken their seats, the king and his confidants joined the women, whom they invited to partake of the same dishes with themselves. When the multitude of spectators beheld this subversion of old prejudices, they raised a great shout, exclaiming that there was no more *tabu*, and that all food was common. The high priest thereupon rushed off to a neighbouring temple, which he set on fire with his own hands, and the example proved so contagious that in a few days not a temple in the island had escaped destruction.

The abolition of idolatry and the *tabu* was not, however, immediately followed by the introduction of Christianity.

The king himself seems to have been of a somewhat weak and impulsive character, shamefully addicted to intemperance, and sensible only in his sober moments. He was desirous, however, that his people should receive instruction from foreigners, and accordingly welcomed the American missionaries, notwithstanding the malicious counsels of the numerous European and American vagabonds in his service. He had sense enough in his lucid intervals to see that those good men were wholly disinterested, free from all personal ambition and covetousness, and only solicitous to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of himself and his subjects.

Two years later the American mission was strengthened by the zealous co-operation of Mr Ellis, accompanied by two gentlemen deputed by the London Missionary Society to inspect the work done, and the field for further exertion that still presented itself, in the Southern Ocean. A hybrid luxury had by that time crept into the islands most frequented by Europeans, and grotesquely incongruous scenes were daily witnessed. Extravagances in costume were constantly provocative of laughter. The chiefs were particularly partial to uniforms, though very few possessed an entire suit. They would content themselves, therefore, with a coat and cocked-hat without trousers, or even with a hat and shirt. Now and then a man, superlatively well dressed in his own estimation and in the eyes of his neighbours, would appear in a robe or coat of silk velvet or Canton crape, with a coarse red flannel shirt underneath, a foreign seaman's parti-coloured woollen cap on his head, a shoe on one foot and a stocking on another. An exceedingly stout lady one day waddled into church attired in a loose slip of white muslin, with

an immense French hat on her head, thick woodman's shoes on her feet, without socks or stockings, and a heavy silver-headed cane in her hand. The royal ladies, however, were both richly and elegantly dressed, while their manners and deportment were not unworthy of the most fashionable circles in London or Paris.

The chief obstacle to moral progress was the evil example and pernicious influence of the idle, profligate adventurers, who administered to the natural sensuality of the islanders, and even increased their original depravity. Diseases previously unknown now prevailed to a fatal extent, especially among the more wealthy natives who aspired to be Europeanised, till at last the people murmured against the missionaries, and accused them of praying their chiefs to death. The popular indignation, fanned by the insidious whisperings of dissolute foreigners, rose, indeed, to such a height that Mr Stewart narrowly escaped being stoned to death. Nevertheless, within ten years after the arrival of the American missionaries, many thousands of the natives had learned to read and write, and no fewer than six hundred had qualified themselves to become teachers of their less enlightened brethren, while an annual supply of 20,000 volumes on various subjects, mostly of an elementary character, failed to meet the ever-growing demand.

Christianity has long since been professed throughout the entire cluster, and not only have the crimes peculiar to idolatry almost wholly disappeared, but the morality of the natives will bear a favourable comparison with that of the bulk of European and American settlers. It must be admitted, however, that the direct action of the missionaries has been less prominent in the Sandwich Islands than in

the other Polynesian groups. The good seed sown by them in other clusters, must be credited for producing the fruit which germinated almost spontaneously in Hawaii and Oahu. Their personal adventures may have been comparatively tame, and the risk they encountered little calculated to appal men whose hearts were steadfastly fixed upon their high calling, but not the less was their patience sorely tried, their feelings outraged, their motives calumniated, and their conduct ridiculed—though the worst offenders were not so much the barbarous islanders as their own countrymen and fellow-Christians.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

Pacific character when first discovered—Captain Cook's visit and narrow escape—Self-mutilation—European and American vagabonds—The *Duff* missionaries—Finau—Defection of George Veeson—Funeral obsequies—Civil war—Three missionaries murdered—Escape of the survivors—General notice of the islands—Mr Lawry's first visit—Arrival of Mr Thomas—His failure at Hihifo—Singular incident—Removal to the Hapai Islands—Abolition of idolatry—Baptismal names—Perils by land and sea—Religious wars—Romanist rivals—Mr Lawry's second visit—King George—Native preachers.

No better illustration of the old maxim, that evil communications corrupt good manners, need be sought than in the deteriorating influence exercised upon the natives of the Friendly Islands by their intercourse with the Fijians. At the time of their discovery by Jansen Tasman, in 1643, they are described as the most unwarlike of men, being absolutely destitute of weapons of offence, and, with the exception of a certain proneness to thieving, a singularly blameless race. No priests, idols, or temples were to be seen, and the only object of reverence appeared to be a harmless species of water-snake. They are further represented as being so scrupulous about taking life that they would not even kill a fly, though these insects swarmed in countless numbers, amounting almost to a plague. The

loyal Dutchman, remembering his native land in every clime, bestowed the name of Amsterdam upon Tonga, of Rotterdam upon Nomuka, and of Middelburg upon Eua.

Exactly one hundred and thirty years later, Captain Cook landed upon Tonga, and was immediately conducted to a temple, containing two wooden images rudely carved. Thence he proceeded some little distance into the interior along a level road, sixteen feet in breadth, passing through a luxuriant country cultivated with the nicety of a garden. On either side were planted productive fruit-trees, while the different plots of land were separated from one another by light fences made of reeds. The dwellings of the natives were remarkably neat, and they themselves appeared more desirous to obtain materials for clothing than iron or other commodities. This was in 1773, but by 1777 a still greater change had been effected.

In addition to the introduction of priestcraft and idolatry, warlike implements had become common, and the natives were evidently not less ferocious than the inhabitants of other Polynesian clusters. One of the common people who had offended a chief in a very trifling matter, was struck down by a club with such violence that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils. On recovering some degree of consciousness, he fell into convulsions, and was carried out of the way, the chief merely laughing when some apprehension was expressed that he might have killed the poor fellow.

A more notable example of their ferocity, however, was mercifully prevented by Providence. A plot had been formed to massacre Captain Cook and his officers at a dance by torchlight, but this plan was given up, lest those on

board the ships might take alarm and get away under cover of the darkness. It was then agreed to fall upon the strangers at a grand banquet, but, a dispute having arisen as to the proper moment for commencing the work of slaughter, a further adjournment took place, and before a third opportunity presented itself, the expedition had left the treacherous shores, ignorant of the conspiracy that had so nearly brought it to a premature termination. The name of Friendly Islands, which Captain Cook had conferred upon the group in acknowledgment of his hospitable reception in 1773, continued, therefore, to be applied, however inappropriately, and indeed has remained unchanged to the present day.

The ill-fated French navigator La Perouse touched at these islands in 1789, as also did Captain Edwards in the *Pandora* in 1791, when in search of the *Bounty* mutineers. Two years afterwards, D'Entrecasteaux became involved in several disputes with the natives during his three weeks' stay, many of the latter being killed and not a few of the Frenchmen wounded. At that time it was a rare thing to meet with an adult whose fingers had not been mutilated. The operation was effected in a very barbarous manner. The finger to be amputated being laid upon a block of wood, the edge of an axe or sharp stone was applied exactly to the joint and with a smart blow from a mallet was driven through from skin to skin. Not unfrequently men would hack off a joint with their own hand, working a sharp shell to and fro, and making a horribly jagged wound. The object was usually to check disease, evince sorrow, or propitiate a deity.

From this period the Friendly Islanders acted after a fashion quite unworthy of their name, and which fully

justified the evil repute into which they speedily fell. They would do their best to break up into small parties any foreigners who might venture ashore, and then suddenly overpower and bind them to trees, sending off one of their comrades to the ship to negotiate a ransom in muskets and bags of gunpowder. They went even beyond this, and more than once seized upon trading ships after treacherously massacring the crew, one or two of whom they would save alive for the sake of their services in wartime. These European and American seamen were the source of unmitigated mischief. They introduced diseases previously unknown, taught the natives to use coarse and blasphemous language, stirred up enmity between rival chiefs, and added cock-fighting to the national pastimes. To the selfish opposition of these men, corrupted by intercourse with deserters and escaped convicts, the missionaries justly attributed a large share of the misfortunes that befell them. When the *Duff* arrived in 1797, there were two convicts, Ambler and Connelly, who had escaped thither from New South Wales, and who lost no opportunity of calumniating the missionaries and thwarting their benevolent labours.

Another obstacle was the difference of language from that which was spoken in the Society Islands, so that little if any assistance could be derived from the Tahitians who were on board. But, after all, the chief cause of failure lay in the mission itself.

Ten young men, very imperfectly educated, were suddenly turned adrift in an unknown country, among a cruel and treacherous people with whom they could hold no intercourse save through the medium of two ignorant ruffians, and cut off entirely from the civilised world. That success

should have been expected under such circumstances implies either a belief in modern miracles, or a sanguineness of disposition incompatible with the slightest practical knowledge of human nature. The mission consisted of a cabinetmaker, a weaver, a carpenter, a shopkeeper, a cotton-manufacturer, a tailor, a shoemaker, a hatter, a bricklayer, and one other whose antecedents are not stated. The idea seems to have been that these untrained, unmarried artisans and tradesmen should form a model village or society, whose superior neatness, comfort, and industry would convince the savages that men so moral, intelligent, and skilful must necessarily possess a better religion than themselves. The experiment naturally failed, though commenced under the most promising aspect.

Finau Ukalala, brother of the Finau so favourably mentioned by Captain Cook, readily promised his protection to the strangers, and even gave them a plot of ground measuring about five acres in extent, of which one-third was already stocked with yams and bananas. The missionaries at once set to work to reclaim the uncultivated portion of their garden-land—grubbing up old roots of trees, burning the grass, and sowing fruit and vegetable seeds. They also made an enclosure for their pigs, set up a forge, and prepared moulds for bricks. The natives looked on and wondered, occasionally stealing their tools and any trifles that might be lying about. That they did not plunder on a larger scale was owing to their fear of a cuckoo-clock, which they called Speaking Wood, and regarded as the abode of a spirit who would report their evil-doings to "the men from the sky." Under the impression that the earth and sky came into contact at the horizon, they believed that the missionaries had come that way from

overhead, and among themselves generally spoke of them by that designation.

For a brief space of time, however, amicable, if not cordial, relations existed between the men of the earth and the men of the sky, which might gradually have become closer but for the cupidity and false dealing of the escaped convicts. Ambler and Connelly had been joined by a greater villain than themselves, named Morgan, and the three were insatiable in their demands upon the missionaries for tools and other valuable objects. To such a pitch did they carry their insolence, that the latter were obliged in self-defence to eject them from their premises. The scoundrels thereupon assured Finau that the recent unexpected deaths of several chieftains were owing to the prayers and incantations of the missionaries, who were in the habit of closing their doors when they met together for divine worship. Their object in doing so was simply to secure themselves against untimely and vexatious interruptions, but the suspicious barbarians, who had no idea of domestic privacy, readily associated secrecy with evil deeds and intentions.

Notwithstanding his promise of protection, Finau had almost from the first shown himself antagonistic to the religious teachings of the missionaries, so far as he could understand their purport through the questionable interpretations of Ambler. He was then about forty years of age, and is described as of a sullen, morose countenance, a fair index to his disposition. Usually silent and reticent, he was capable of a fierce eloquence when roused to passion, when his voice grew terrible as the roaring of a lion, and could be heard at an incredible distance. Like most savages, he took little care to control his temper. A native

having displeased him about some small matter, had his hand chopped off on the spot. Another was tied to the bough of a tree with his arms extended, when two women with lighted sticks burnt him under the armpits.

Finding that they made little progress in acquiring a familiar knowledge of the language while living together, the missionaries decided upon breaking up their model colony. Three of them accordingly removed to Mua, and three more placed themselves under the protection of different chiefs, the others remaining at Hihifo. Though desirable for several reasons, this separation led to one very lamentable result. George Veeson, the bricklayer, so far adopted the ways of the natives that he assumed their attire, took to himself more than one wife after the customs of the islanders, and became a sort of chieftain, having some forty tenants or labourers, and associating on equal terms with the native chiefs.

The extraordinary fruitfulness of the soil and climate may be judged from the fact that fifteen acres of land sufficed not only for the ample maintenance of all these dependants and their families, but also for a liberal hospitality.

When war broke out, Veeson joined the rebels, and in his eagerness to witness a battle insisted upon placing himself in the foremost ranks. He soon discovered, however, that hand-to-hand combats with spear and club were not at all in his line, and he confesses that he speedily made his way to the rear, and with such haste that he fell into a ditch and seriously sprained his ankle. He was, nevertheless, present at some subsequent engagements, but without distinguishing himself by his valour, and finally was appointed to the government of a small island.

On the way to take possession of this post he became aware that he would have to encounter a formidable opposition, and by this time he had also grown weary of savage life, besides being harassed by an uneasy conscience. It was therefore with infinite delight that he beheld a ship anchored a little way from the land, though it was with considerable difficulty that he effected his escape; for the crew took him for a native, seeing that his body was tataued, while in his eagerness to satisfy them that he was a European he spoke unconsciously in the native tongue, nor could he at first express himself in English when aware of his mistake. However, in the end he was rescued from the islanders, and at a later period published "An Authentic Narrative" of his four years' residence in the Friendly Islands.

Previous to the disruption of their little party, the missionaries had obtained a disagreeable insight into one of the native customs. The King of Tonga being sick unto death, one of his sons was strangled in his presence, in the hope that the young life might be accepted by the gods as an atonement for the old one. The sacrifice having failed to impart additional vigour to the worn-out frame, the natives assembled in great numbers to celebrate the funeral obsequies. Immense quantities of fruit and vegetables were collected, and a large number of hogs brought together. The rites began with the blowing of conch-shells, the clashing of arms, and fierce shouts, howling, and yells. As the people wound themselves up to a higher pitch of excitement, they would knock their teeth out with stones, or gash their neck and cheeks with knives and sharp shells, or thrust spears through their thighs and arms, or beat their heads with a club till the

blood flowed in streams. One man distanced his fellows in self-torture, for having steeped his hair in oil, he set it on fire and ran about with his head enveloped in flames. Two of the dead man's wives were finally strangled, to bear him company in the next world. For weeks the din and uproar continued without abatement. The *fiatooka*, or burial-place, was converted into an arena in which wrestling and boxing matches were conducted, as also "free fights" with spear and club, in which many lives were lost. The ghastliness of the spectacle was enhanced by the intoxication of the chief actors, and the dreadful rites only terminated when utter exhaustion had supervened upon the unnatural excitement.

About sixteen months after their arrival at Tonga—frequently called Tonga-tabau, or the Sacred—the missionaries were cheered by the return of the *Duff* from Tahiti and the Marquesas, with a goodly store of iron tools and other useful articles. Mr Nobbs, the hatter, having fallen alarmingly ill, availed himself of this opportunity to seek his native climate; but the others resolved to remain at their post, and struggle against the discouragements they had hitherto experienced. A month later several Americans arrived, who joined the English vagabonds, with the exception of a smith named Beak, who added himself to the little band located at Hihifo. The missionaries now applied themselves with redoubled energy to master the difficulties of the language, and also constructed a house thirty-two feet in length by fifteen in width, and ten feet in height, which was divided into several rooms and a passage, all on the ground-floor. The walls were plastered with coral lime, the roof thatched with leaves of the sugar-cane, and the flooring made of rods closely bound together.

They likewise contrived to build a canoe twenty-one feet in length, in the event of a hasty flight being essential to personal safety; but they very unwisely completed her so far from the shore, that when the hour of need actually arrived, they were unable to carry her down to the water's edge to launch her. All this time they were assiduous in their study of the native tongue, though they made but slow progress compared with the recreant Veeson. Their inability to express themselves fluently in any language but their own naturally prevented them from making any converts, or exercising any beneficial influence over the natives, who were constantly instigated by Ambler and Morgan to put them to death and seize their property. The death of an old lady, who happened to be the aunt of a great chief, was in particular ascribed to their secret prayer-meetings, and it was with great difficulty they tided over that crisis.

In 1799, the king of the Tonga group having been murdered by the brother of Finau, a civil war broke out, and raged with great fury. The missionaries were compelled, much against their own will, to accompany the loyal army to the field, while Veeson threw in his lot with the rebels. The former proved victorious in the first action; but when the Englishmen returned to the mission-house, they found that a party of the enemy had landed and plundered it during their absence. They had been not a little shocked immediately after the battle by coming upon an old man engaged in roasting human flesh for his supper; nor was this feeling of horror diminished by the sight of a number of women dipping their hands in the blood of a chief whose head had been severed from the trunk, and licking their gory

fingers with hideous relish. The victors meanwhile pursued the vanquished to Mua—or Ardeo, as it is also called—when the three missionaries, Messrs Bowell, Harper, and Gaulton, with an Englishman named Burham, who was staying with them, came out of the house to see what was going on. They were at once knocked down and slain; but Gaulton might possibly have escaped had he not looked back in his hurried flight, and, on witnessing the fate of his comrades, returned to share it.

On the following day the rebels were victorious, but, instead of following up their advantage, they stopped to feast upon the bodies of the slain; and such was their voracity, that they would not take the trouble to defend themselves when their enemies, having rallied, returned to renew the contest. A canoe filled with women and children having grounded, was for a time defended by a chief, until one of the opposite party stole behind him and struck him down with a club, whereupon an indiscriminate massacre ensued.

Meanwhile the surviving missionaries, insulted by the loyal faction for refusing to take part in the fighting, fled into the interior and hid themselves in a cave, living upon fruit supplied by a friend. They had previously been stripped of their clothes, but had contrived to cover themselves with native cloth, chiefly regretting the loss of their Bibles and all their other books. Warned that their retreat had been discovered, they fled to a neutral district, passing through a once fertile region reduced to desolation, the trees cut down, the crops destroyed, the dwellings of the natives consumed to ashes or levelled with the ground, and the road strewed with dead bodies.

A few days later the fortune of war deserted the loyal

party, who were completely routed, eleven of their leaders being banished to a desert islet, but probably thrown overboard on the way thither. Some of the missionaries were then sent to Ardeo, under the impression that their slaughtered brethren might have concealed some property. Everything, however, had already been carried off, and nothing remained but to bury the dead bodies, all frightfully disfigured. The three missionaries were laid in one grave; but as Burham had fallen into a deep ditch, whence he could not easily be removed, a quantity of earth was heaped in upon him, and so he was left in peace. A few trifling articles, together with two Bibles, were afterwards restored to the survivors, who were distributed among different chiefs, and compelled to work for their livelihood.

The forge was reconstructed, but only to be seized by Ambler, and a kindred spirit named Knight. Stones were constantly thrown at the house in which they occasionally met for prayer and exposition of the Bible, and for nine weary months they went in daily fear of their lives, besides being frequently in want of the commonest food. One night Mr Wilkinson overheard a native propose to another that they should drive a ragged cocoa-nut shell into his skull with their clubs, and he lay awake for hours expecting the dread moment. That peril passed over; but on another day he and Mr Beak were soundly cudgelled by the chief with whom they lodged, and turned out of his house, for the sake of the fowls and yams they had accumulated by their industry—the one as a carpenter, the other as a smith. Thus they dragged on a miserable existence until the evening of the 21st January, 1800, when the report of two heavy guns fired off the coast inspired them with thankfulness and hope. On the

morrow they went off in a canoe to an English vessel, which conveyed them in safety to Port Jackson. Veeson, of course, was left behind; but in the following year, as already mentioned, he too escaped from Tonga; and twenty-two years elapsed before the attempt was renewed to establish a missionary station in the Friendly Islands.

These islands consist of three groups, forming one large cluster of nearly 200 islands, of which not forty are inhabited, the rest being mostly barren rocks or volcanic islets, still in activity. The most southerly group is that of which Tonga or Tongatabu is the largest member, being twenty miles in length by eleven in breadth, and almost a dead level, with the exception of a mound, perhaps of artificial origin. To this group also belong Eua, Vueika, Atata, Tafa, &c. The central or Hapai group comprises Lifuka, Foa, Haano, Uiha, Lofuga, Oua, Nomuka, &c.; while the northern or Haafuluhao group embraces Vavau, Otea, Huga, Ovaka, Fuamotu, Koloa, Oloua, Ofu, Lati, Toku, &c.

Since the first discovery of these islands by Tasman, idolatry had waxed mightily. The missionaries came to the conclusion that there were at least seventy gods, most of whom were regarded as malignant demons. The two principal gods were believed to dwell in heaven, and to be uncreated. No sacrifices or other public worship were offered to these spiritual beings, nor were their names ever mentioned—being known, indeed, to only a few of the greatest chiefs. After nightfall the natives never willingly ventured abroad, from fear of encountering the gods, to whom the land was sacred during the hours of darkness. In the case of the chiefs the soul was deemed immortal, but the common people perished like the beasts

of the field. Infanticide, at least, was not one of the crimes attributable to the Friendly Islanders. On the contrary, they are represented as of an affectionate disposition, and fond of their children, who were well fed and tenderly nurtured. Cannibalism, however, prevailed in war-time, and victors usually feasted upon the bodies of the vanquished.

The martial spirit was an exotic, introduced from the Fiji Islands. It was the practice of the Fijians to kill and cook all strangers driven upon their shores by adverse winds; but they appear to have made an exception in favour of their Tongan neighbours, the distance between the two clusters not exceeding 250 miles. Several Tongan colonies were accordingly formed on Lakemba, and by degrees the more adventurous spirits acquired the habit of crossing from the Friendly to the Fiji Islands, in order to take an active part in the scenes of strife and bloodshed that were there of constant recurrence. After a time the use of arms became familiar to the Tongans likewise, who soon proved worthy of their truculent teachers. Wars were incessantly waged between the chiefs of the different groups, in which English sailors—some of them deserters, others saved from the massacre of crews surprised and slaughtered by the treacherous savages—played a distinguished if unenviable part.

For two and twenty years after the flight of the surviving members of the first mission, the natives of the Friendly Islands were abandoned to their own evil devices. About the middle of 1822, however, the Rev. Walter Lawry, a Wesleyan minister, sailed from Sydney for Tonga, accompanied by his wife and child, an old English Methodist who had lived with him for some years, a car-

penter, a blacksmith, and a boy from the Marquesas, taken as an interpreter, but found useful only as a cook, owing to the difference between the Eastern and Western Polynesian dialects. The reception at first accorded to the newcomers was all that could be desired; but a change soon came over the bearing of the natives towards them. The report went abroad that they were spies, and the old objections were raised to their prayers and meditations. In spite, however, of visible antipathy, and even of threats, a comfortable house was built, a blacksmith's forge erected, fruit-trees from New South Wales planted, and enclosures made for cattle and poultry.

These material advantages were duly appreciated; and great was the excitement when a young Tongan chief, who had gone to Sydney in the ship that brought Mr Lawry, returned to his home and described the wonders he had seen. At the conclusion of his speech, he assured his hearers that they would never do well until they also became Christians, and to this proposition they readily assented, but without taking any steps to evince their sincerity. On the expiration of fourteen months, Mr Lawry was constrained to quit Tonga in consequence of his wife's illness, and the people testified much sorrow at his departure; for he had won their respect by his blameless life and constant readiness to assist his neighbours. And yet his ship was scarcely out of sight before they began to ill-treat the carpenter and blacksmith whom he had left under their assured protection.

Another interval now intervened, during which missionary labour was suspended among the Friendly Islands. At last the set time came, the appointed hour struck, for the downfall of heathenism and the uprearing of the Chris-

tian standard. In 1826 the Rev. John Thomas landed at Hihifo, as the representative of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. On his arrival there was not a single convert to greet him—at his departure in 1850 there was scarce one professed heathen in the entire cluster, with the exception of a handful of idolaters in Tonga. This happy consummation, however, was attained only after much patient endurance of insults and outrages, mingled with murderous threats.

Ata, the chief of the Hihifo district, while pretending friendship for the missionaries, forbade his people to attend public worship, or even to receive religious instruction. A famine being apprehended, it was asserted that the gods of Tonga were offended at the intrusion of the foreign gods, and, being the more powerful, were about to punish their worshippers for listening to Mr Thomas and his colleagues. It was throughout up-hill work at Hihifo; and in 1829 that worthy man gave up the thankless task, and accepted the invitation of the king of the Hapai group to preach the Word to his subjects. On his way he touched at Nukualofa, where the door of inquiry had been opened by two native teachers from Tahiti.

A little later Messrs Turner and Cross settled at this station, and were rewarded with a rapid success. The seventh day was set apart, so far at least that all labour was suspended; heathen practices were gradually given up, and the attendance at the schools increased month by month. During his sojourn at Nukualofa Mr Thomas was informed that, owing to want of funds, his projected mission to the Hapai Islands must be abandoned for the present. While yet regretting this disappointment, and casting about in his mind which course to pursue, a small box was

brought to him which had been picked up on the beach. Among its contents was a letter addressed to himself, stating that all pecuniary difficulties had been removed, and authorising him to carry out his original views. This important letter had been sent by a schooner from Sidney, which foundered off New Zealand, nothing being saved but the little box so opportunely washed ashore.

Mr Thomas reached Lifuga, the largest island of the Hapai group, on the 30th January 1830, but too late to witness the destruction of the idols. The king had early contracted a disgust for the religious practices of his ancestors, and become impressed with the superior excellence of Christianity. On his return, therefore, to his own dominions from Tonga, where he had greatly profited by Mr Thomas's teaching, his first step was to destroy all the idols and temples in the island where he habitually resided. His example was generally followed; but in one island the chiefs resolved to get up a counter-demonstration. They accordingly proclaimed a great feast in honour of the gods, and set about catching turtle, and other fish set apart for chiefs and priests. Their intentions, however, were baffled by the boldness of the king, who drove a herd of pigs into the inclosure, assigned the temple as a sleeping apartment for his female attendants, and hung up the idols by the neck to the rafters.

This king, whose name was Taufaahau, is called by the Wesleyans King George, and his spouse Queen Charlotte. It is certainly to be regretted that they should have thought it necessary to baptize their converts by Biblical names, which for the most part are not even the names of Christians. There was a teacher, for instance, baptized Lot, another Jehoshaphat, a third Shadrach.

Then we come upon King Josiah Tupou and his brother Abraham, upon King Zephaniah, upon Naphthali, a chief, grandson of the truculent Finau, and, worse than all, upon Jochebed Fehia, "the poetic hairdresser." These eccentricities, however, must be condoned in the face of the permanent good effected by the Wesleyans both in the Friendly and the Fiji Islands.

Within six years after his disembarkation at Hihifo Mr Thomas was able to reckon up six thousand converts in the former of these large clusters. In the Hapai group he found the people, though utterly ignorant, expectant, respectful, and docile. Indeed, the will of a chief was usually a law unto his subjects, and wherever *lotu*, or the new religion, was adopted by a man of influence, his dependants seldom failed to follow his example without hesitation. For a long time the great obstacle to missionary progress was Finau ; but even he was finally prevailed upon by King George to allow a missionary to settle in Vavau. Placing seven of his principal idols in a row, Finau addressed them separately, telling them that he meant to burn them, so that if they were gods, they had better be off at once and save themselves. As not one of the images was gifted with the power of locomotion, he set fire to their temple, and within a few hours seventeen other temples were in a blaze. At his death in 1833, Finau declared King George his successor, and from that time Christianity became the unopposed religion of the Haafuluha as well as of the Hapai group.

Perils by land and by sea, however, were to be encountered in addition to the threats and violence of the heathen. In 1833, for instance, Mr Turner's house was blown down by one of the terrible storms with which Vavau

is so frequently visited; and his wife was barely dragged out before the entire structure fell to the ground. Mr Cross was less fortunate. Sailing from Nukualofa to Vavau in a large open canoe, he was wrecked upon a reef; and though he succeeded for some time in keeping his wife afloat upon a plank, she was speedily drowned by the surf breaking over her head. Fourteen men and five children perished at the same time.

Some years later Messrs Webb and West were upset in the darkness of night while proceeding to the shore from a ship that had brought them letters and presents from friends far away. These treasures were lost, and they themselves were only saved through the fidelity of the natives, who held them up till they had succeeded in righting the canoe. So late as 1847 the two missionaries settled at Nukualofa had the sole charge of twenty-eight stations, one of which was Eua, an island fifteen miles distant, to which they were in the habit of sailing in all weathers in an open canoe.

In 1835 Mr Tucker prevailed upon King George to liberate his slaves; but a check to missionary progress was experienced two years afterwards when a civil war broke out between the Christians and the heathen. The former, indeed, prevailed, but large tracts of land were laid desolate, and the people themselves terribly demoralised. Again, in 1840, the Christians were frequently fired upon, until at last they were compelled in self-defence to turn upon their assailants. It was in this year that Captain Croker of H.M.S. *Favourite* lost his life in a rash assault upon a native fortress at Bea, and his sad fate is the more to be lamented that his repulse was mainly due to two English vagabonds.

In 1842 a heathen chieftain named Fatu despairing of recovery, a boy of eleven years of age, anointed and decorated, was strangled in his presence by two men, one of whom was the victim's own father. This extreme measure failing to impart vigour to the dying man, recourse was had to Mr Thomas, to whom he protested the keenest sorrow for his sins, and declared that he died trusting in the merits of his Redeemer.

Among other stumblingblocks was the unchristian-like rivalry of popish missionaries, supported, to a certain extent, by French men-of-war, who endeavoured to discredit their Protestant brethren, representing their religion as a modern innovation, and a mistake. They are also charged with conniving at polygamy and other dissolute usages, so that the natives themselves were scandalised at their laxity.

When Mr Lawry in 1847 returned to the scene of his apparently fruitless labours in 1822, he was astonished to observe the marvellous change that had been wrought in that quarter of a century. On paying his respects to the king and queen, the former remarked, "We are glad to see you, and praise the Lord for sending you." The following day being Sunday, the king, at the conclusion of the sermon, offered up a prayer with such touching earnestness, that the congregation was moved to tears and sobs.

On the next Sunday King George preached an excellent sermon on the text, "I am come that ye might have life." He was dressed in black, and held in his hand a small, bound MS. book, in which he had written out his discourse, though he seldom referred to it. His delivery was fluent, his action graceful, and his deportment dignified.

In his heathen days he had cut off a little finger, whose absence reminded him of what he was only eighteen years past and gone.

The natives generally, however, were excessively indolent, and could not be induced to work for the missionaries except by the promise of absurdly high pay. But by 1850 this innate laziness had given place to cheerful co-operation in all useful undertakings. Many of the chiefs had become local preachers, and would walk to the meeting-house with a clean shirt under their arm, which they sometimes forgot to put on till they were actually in the pulpit. A local preacher having one day appeared in a garment of scanty dimensions, explained that his wife, who was a class-leader, being in want of a garment, he had cut off the lower part of his shirt to make her a pinafore.

It may be doubtful if any lasting good is likely to arise from the revivals, awakenings, and emotional outbursts to which these islanders appear liable; and it would certainly be preferable if they could be taught to walk soberly, calmly, and steadily in the path of regeneration. Still it would be unjust not to recognise the marvellous success of the Wesleyan missionaries in reclaiming these fierce and stubborn savages.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Early European visitors—General description—Tanoa's cruelty—Privileges of the chiefs—Crimes and their punishments—The Vasu—Mortality in war—Treatment of captives—The warriors' return—Decrease of the population—Revenge—Suicide—Murder begets murder—Inconsistencies of Character—Fruits of polygamy—Infanticide—Inhuman practices—Cannibalism.

To the north-west of Tonga, and only 250 miles distant, lie the Fiji Islands, 225 in number, though only 80 are inhabited, and some of these by a mere handful of savages. Distributed in the form of a horse-shoe, they vary in size from a coral reef, or volcanic rock, to islands of really considerable magnitude and romantic beauty.

The first European who visited them was the Dutch seaman Jansen Tasman, after whose time they appear to have remained unnoticed until Cook lay-to off the little island of Vatoa, in the Windward group, to which he gave the name of Turtle Island. In 1789, and again in 1792, Captain Bligh sighted several members of the cluster, and four years later the *Duff* was nearly lost off Taviuni. Quite at the commencement of the present century, twenty-seven convicts of the most desperate character escaped from New South Wales and took service under different chiefs, who gratified their brutal passions to the utmost in return for the immense advantage they realised from their fire-

arms in time of war. In a few years, however, nearly the whole gang were destroyed, and many of them eaten, though two survived till 1824, and one till 1840. The last, named Paddy Connor, had attached himself to the King of Rewa, who humoured every whim of the monster. If any one chanced to offend this wretch, the king would bid him prepare an oven and, when it was red-hot, another man would be directed to murder him and throw him in. After the death of his patron, Connor left Rewa and led rather a dismal life, the other whites, though not themselves over-scrupulous, refusing to associate with him. His last days, it is said, were occupied in rearing pigs and poultry, and in looking after his forty-eight children.

For many years past these islands have been constantly frequented by European and American ships, both men-of-war and trading-vessels, and a mixed population has sprung up, combining, as usual, the worst characteristics of both lines of parentage. The natives of the Leeward Islands call the entire group the Viti Islands, pronounced Fiji by those of the Windward group. The latter are of small size, the largest, Lakemba, being less than six miles in diameter—for it is nearly circular—and containing a population of about 2000 souls. Towards the north-east of the archipelago is the island of Taviuni, better known as Somosomo, twenty-five miles in length, and sixty-eight in circumference, and which is simply an extinct volcano, rising 2000 feet above the sea, the site of its ancient crater being now occupied by a lake. Few more charming spots are to be found even in the Pacific Ocean. At no great distance to the westward is situated Vanua Levu, or Great Land, twenty-five miles in breadth, and more than a hundred in length. The population exceeds 30,000. Bearing to the

south-west lies another large island, called Na Viti Levu, or the Great Fiji, which measures ninety miles from east to west, and fifty from north to south. The mountains in the interior possess an altitude of over 4000 feet, and the scenery is everywhere grandly picturesque, softened by a tropical vegetation. The population is not less than 50,000. Further away to the south the lofty island of Kandavu contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, and is twenty-five miles long, by about seven in breadth.

For convenience sake the Rev. Thomas Williams proposes to divide the archipelago into eight compartments. Beginning from the south-east, he takes first the Ono group, to which he assigns Ono, Ndoi, Maua, Undui, Yanuya, Tuvana-i-tholo, and Tavana-i-ra. Nothing is certainly known as to the time when these islands were first peopled, though there is good reason for believing that the original inhabitants were derived from the dark-skinned primitive races of India. In the Windward or westerly groups there are traces of the admixture of Tongan blood; but the practice of slaying and cooking all foreigners has preserved the Leeward groups from Malay colonists. In some respects the Fijians resemble the Papuan negroes, though superior to these in form and feature. They are, in fact, the connecting-link between the eastern and western Polynesians, though possessing many peculiarities in language, character, and usages, owing to their voluntary isolation from their neighbours on either side.

According to the Rev. J. D. Geden, there are at least fifteen dialects spoken in these islands, differing as much from one another as Spanish from Portuguese. The purest dialect is that spoken at Mbau, an islet connected by a coral reef with the south-eastern extremity of Viti Levu.

Pronunciation is marked by several singularities. The English aspirate is unknown, as also *ch*, as in "church," *th* as in "thistle," while *p, f, j*, and the soft *g* are heard only in the Windward Islands frequented by the Tongans. *Th* is always sounded as in "that," *g* and *q* as *ng* in "linger," and *k* not unfrequently as *g* in "guest." "The sounds of *d* and *b*," continues Mr Geden, "even though standing, where they continually stand, at the beginning of a word, are never enunciated without a nasal before them, *n* being heard before *d*, *m* before *b*. Thus, Doi, one of the islands, is pronounced Ndoi, and Bau, Mbau." For reasons best known to themselves, the early missionaries adopted *c* to represent the Fijian *th*, and thus Thama is spelt *C*ama, and King Thakombau's name is metamorphosed into *C*acobau.

Prior to the commencement of the present century, the political history of the Fijian Archipelago is enveloped in darkness; but there can be little doubt that each separate group was practically independent of its neighbours, and governed by its own local chiefs. About the year 1800, however, an ambitious and energetic chief, named Na Ulivou, was the foremost man in Mbau, and through his numerous successes obtained the title of Vuni-valu, or The Root of War, which has descended to his successors. This island-conqueror died in 1829, and was succeeded by his brother Tanoa, a confirmed cannibal, whose troubled reign terminated in 1852. The cruelty of this savage was simply fiendish. A cousin having offended him was condemned to death. "After having kissed his relative," says Mr Williams, "Tanoa cut off his arm at his elbow, and drank the blood as it flowed warm from the severed veins. The arm, still quivering with life, he

threw upon a fire, and, when sufficiently cooked, ate it in presence of its proper owner, who was then dismembered, limb by limb, while the savage murderer looked with pitiless brutality on the dying agonies of his victim." At another time he commanded his youngest son to be put to death, and selected another of his sons to be the executioner. The blow struck by the latter not proving fatal, the unnatural parent bellowed out, "Kill him! kill him!" and the fratricidal act was consummated. When his own end was at hand, he eagerly inquired how many of his wives would be strangled to bear him company, and appeared content when assured that not fewer than five should be despatched.

Though Mbau pretends to the sovereignty of the archipelago, the other islands stand rather in the relation of vassals than of subjects, and render or withhold their homage according to circumstances. Even the subordinate chiefs are absolute within their own jurisdiction, and are supposed to derive their power from the gods. A chief, being refused a man's hoe, carried off his wife; another, being desirous to collect his people more closely round him, threatened to bake the recalcitrants; and a third ordered a village to be burnt, a child perishing in the flames, because the villagers had brought him a smaller quantity of reeds than he required. Criminality is measured by the rank of the offender. A chief, if he be sufficiently powerful, cannot be brought before any tribunal. The most heinous offences are theft, adultery, abduction, witchcraft, violation of the *tabu*, incendiarism, and disrespectful conduct towards a chief.

"Theft," writes Mr Williams, "is punished by fine, repayment in kind, loss of a finger, or clubbing. Either

fine, or loss of the finger, ear, or nose, is inflicted on the disrespectful. The other crimes are punished with death, the instrument being the club, the noose, or the musket. Adultery taxes vindictive ingenuity the most. For this offence the criminals may be shot, clubbed, or strangled; the man may lose his wife, who is seized, on behalf of the aggrieved party, by his friends; he may be deprived of his land, have his house burnt, his canoe taken away, or his plantations destroyed." Injured persons are allowed to be the redressers of their own wrongs. A man may be bound to a log and exposed for hours to the fierce rays of the sun beating full upon his face, or the roof may be stripped off his house, or he may be pelted with huge stones, or his fingers may be cut off, in expiation of private and trifling offences. Not unfrequently vicarious punishment is inflicted, and a native has been known to offer his father to be hanged in order to save his own neck.

One of the most singular institutions of the Fijians is the Vasu, a word literally signifying a nephew or niece. No matter how potent a man may be, he is subject to the caprices and cupidity of his nephew. A chief, being at war with his uncle, claimed, and was allowed, the right of supplying himself with ammunition from his enemy's stores. An uncle may lay out a plantation, erect a dwelling house, or build a canoe, and straightway a nephew may blow a conch-shell, and thereby announce his entering into possession.

In war-time the mortality, though considerable, was not so great as might be imagined; and it is stated that since the introduction of firearms the chiefs have been less prone than formerly to betake themselves to the last resort, bullets being no respectors of persons. The annual loss of

life by war has been estimated at between 1500 and 2000, exclusive of the widows strangled to accompany their lords. In a pitched battle it rarely happened that more than two or three hundred were slain. The Rev. Thomas Williams, who spent thirteen years among these islanders, states the largest number that ever fell within his own knowledge at about four hundred, including women and children,—from twenty to a hundred constituting the ordinary "butcher's bill." Towns were more often taken through treachery than by force of arms, and terrible scenes were usually enacted when a place fell into the power of the besiegers. The treatment of captives was atrocious. After being stunned, they would be thrown into hot ovens, and their efforts to escape, as consciousness gradually returned, excited the loudest merriment. Children, again, would be hung by the feet from the mast-head of a canoe, until death ensued from their head being battered against the mast as the vessel rolled and pitched in the heavings of the sea. When canoes returned from the wars, the women crowded down to the beach, singing ribald songs and dancing, the warriors in the boats also shouting and leaping and brandishing their clubs. Near the prow were laid the dead bodies of the enemy, male and female, and when unfastened were dragged along the ground by the hands, with the face downwards, to the temple, preparatory to being baked and eaten.

William Mariner, one of the survivors of the crew of the *Port-au-Prince* massacred by the Friendly Islanders in 1806, describes a horrible feast on a large scale that took place in one of the smaller Fiji Islands, in commemoration of a victory over a neighbouring islet. The king being seated in the open air, with his warriors forming a ring, a

procession advanced from the cooking-places, two and two, on whose shoulders rested a long basket containing a human body barbecued like a pig. Roasted hogs were then brought in after the like fashion, followed by baskets of yams, each surmounted by a baked fowl. When this horrid fare had been duly arranged, the guests were informed that 200 human bodies, 200 hogs, 200 fowls, and 200 baskets of yams had been provided for them. These ample supplies were then divided into small lots and distributed among the inhabitants, so that every man and woman in the island had a portion of each article, though only the chiefs and great warriors are specially mentioned as devourers of the human flesh.

The population of the Fiji Islands has been variously estimated at from 135,000 to 300,000; but Mr Williams is convinced that about one-half of the latter number is nearest the truth. Since the commencement of the present century there has been a marked diminution of the number of inhabitants. Large tracts of land formerly cultivated, and even many small islands, have been reduced to desolation and waste. Nor are the causes far to seek. In addition to the loss of life in war-time, when the victims were mostly strong, able-bodied adults, the unnatural practices of widow-strangling, and of prematurely burying the sick and infirm, together with the frequency of murder, largely tended to raise the rate of deaths above that of births, while immigration, except from the Friendly Islands, was effectually prevented, and the recuperative power of the people further counteracted by the wanton destruction of female infants.

The spirit of revenge has likewise led to dreadful tragedies, for the Fijians have sufficient control over

themselves to conceal their real feelings, and thus throw their intended victim off his guard. "Intense and vengeful malignity," Mr Williams observes, "strongly marks the Fijian character. When a person is offended, he seldom says anything, but places a stick or stone in such a position as to remind him continually of his grudge until he has had revenge. Sometimes a man has hanging over his bed the dress of a murdered friend, or another will deprive himself of some favourite or even necessary food, while another will forego the pleasures of the dance—all being common ways of indicating sworn revenge. Sometimes a man is seen with the exact half of his head closely cropped, to which disfigurement another will add a long twist of hair hanging down the back; and thus they will appear until they have wreaked vengeance on those who slew their wives while fishing on the reef. From the ridge-pole of some chief's house, or a temple, a roll of tobacco is suspended, and there it must hang until taken down to be smoked over the dead body of some one of a hated tribe. A powerful savage, of sober aspect, is seen keeping profound silence in the village council. To ordinary inquiries he replies with a whistle. His son, the hero of the village, fell by a treacherous hand, and the father has vowed to abstain from the pleasures of conversation until he opens his lips to revile the corpse of his son's murderer, or to bless the man who deprived it of life."

A Fijian will store up the memory of a wrong for years, until the opportunity of revenge presents itself, and the debt of hatred is cancelled by the death of the wrong-doer. In former times the heart, liver, and tongue of the victim were devoured, if possible, upon the spot;

and oftentimes his limbs also were cooked and eaten, the head and trunk being generally buried or flung into the sea. And yet the people are described as a genial, cheerful race, keen in argument, possessed of lively conversational powers, endowed with considerable mechanical skill, and, though insensible to beauty, whether of art or nature, fond of legend and story, and passionate admirers of poetry.

A most sensitive vanity, however, very commonly leads not only to childish demonstrations of anger, but even to suicide. A chieftain, being addressed by a younger brother with less respect than he considered his due, shot himself through the heart, though the ordinary mode of self-destruction is by springing from the edge of a precipice, especially in the case of women. Covetousness culminating in theft, duplicity, falsehood, and ingratitude are distinguishing features of the Fijian character. Sensuality of the grossest description is affected by all classes, decency, considerateness, and self-denial, being qualities unknown or ignored. Murder, until quite recently, was the fruitful parent of murders. If the victim chanced to be a married man, at least one of his wives was strangled, and in most cases his mother also asked for death. A Fijian would often commit a murder in the hope of being talked about; and a chief confessed to Consul Pritchard, that for no other reason he once cut slices of flesh out of a living man, and eat them before his face. Another, who subsequently became a consistent Christian, in his desire to attain notoriety, sent his wife out to collect firewood, and bring him a bamboo, which he sharpened into a knife. He then killed and baked her, and feasted upon the choicest parts.

Intermingled with all this ferocity ran a strong

current of natural affection, but which seems to have dried up when most needed. "I have been astonished," says Mr Williams, "to see the broad breast of a most ferocious savage heave and swell with strong emotion on bidding his aged father a temporary farewell. I have listened with interest to a man of milder mould, as he told me about his eldest son, his head, his face, his mien—the admiration of all who saw him. Yet this father assisted to strangle his son; and the son first-named buried his old father alive." A chief one day was dining with his son-in-law, a cooked iguana being provided for each. As the young man passed on the one intended for his senior, he accidentally broke off its tail. Nothing was said about the accident at the moment, and the relatives parted seemingly good friends; but at the first opportunity the chief slew his daughter's husband, to expiate the imaginary affront.

Where there is a multitude of wives, there is naturally much envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. A missionary's wife once asked a woman how it was that so many of her sex were noseless, and was told that the mutilation was the result of jealousy. If a wife became jealous of a co-mate, one or the other was certain to have her nose bitten or cut off. They would bite, kick, and cuff each other unmercifully, and even strive to slit the mouth open.

A worse evil arising out of polygamy was the frequency of infanticide, especially of female babes. Not only were drugs taken to produce sterility, but mechanical means were employed to destroy the child unborn. After birth, a male child was rarely done away with; but in the absence of a professional child-slayer, the mother herself would take the life of her female babe. The operation was horribly

simple. With two fingers she compressed the nostrils, while her thumb kept the little one's mouth shut. A convulsion ensued, and the vital spark was extinguished. Strange anomaly! parents would destroy their own children to make room for orphans, whom they brought up with infinite tenderness.

The sick and infirm were either strangled or buried alive, and a like fate awaited aged parents. Seldom less than two, and often four or five, wives were strangled to bear their deceased lord company in the world of spirits; and cases have occurred of as many as seventeen, and even eighty, wives being thus despatched. Natural death, it will be seen, was an exceptional occurrence, and the gradual decrease of the population is thus readily explained.

Cannibalism prevailed more generally among the Fijians than among any other of the Polynesian islanders, and is even now practised, when it can be done with the secrecy likely to ensure impunity. So recently as 1858, the intelligent missionary to whom such frequent allusion has been made, was constrained to admit that even then human bodies were "sometimes eaten in connection with the building of a temple or canoe; or in launching a large canoe; or on taking down the mast of one which has brought some chief on a visit; or for the feasting of such as take tribute to a principal place. A chief has been known to kill several men for rollers, to facilitate the launching of his canoes, the "rollers" being afterwards cooked and eaten. Formerly a chief would kill a man or men on laying down a keel for a new canoe, and try to add one for each fresh plank. These were always eaten as "food for the carpenters." I believe that this is never done now; neither

is it now common to murder men in order to wash the deck of a new canoe with blood."

These are only a few of the cases which were held to require the death of a human being, and the serving up of his corpse as a dainty dish. The bodies of chiefs were seldom eaten, or of those who died of natural causes. Captives or enemies slain in war-time were preferred; but when these failed, obnoxious or friendless persons were substituted without hesitation. When the supply was greater than could be disposed of while sweet and fresh, the head, hands, intestines, and even the whole trunk, were thrown away; at other times every part was consumed. When a body was baked whole, it was placed in the oven in a sitting posture, and when taken out was covered with black powder, and a wig clapped on its head. For boiling, the flesh was cut off from the bones; while for roasting, the limbs were separately disjointed, and the neck being cut through to the bone, the head was dexterously twisted off by a quick movement of the carver's hands. Women seldom partook of human flesh, though their own was preferred to that of men. The priests were prohibited from touching this unnatural food, so that it was said of the head, which no one cared to eat, that it was the priest's portion. A confirmed cannibal thought little of any other kind of flesh in comparison with that of his fellow-men. It is on record that one particular Fijian must have eaten 900 bodies, without assistance from his neighbours. After his family had begun to grow up, he marked the number of corpses he demolished by placing in a line a stone for every fresh one. The Rev. R. B. Lyth found this line to measure 232 paces, while his companion counted 872 stones. Another

man-eater had consumed 48, when his conversion to Christianity put an end to the horrid "tale."

This slight sketch of the truly savage character of these islanders may suffice to induce the reader to accept, as a lifelike delineation, Mr Williams's description of a Fijian when lashed into rage, and surprised off his habitual self-control. "The forehead is suddenly filled with wrinkles; the large nostrils distend and smoke; the staring eyeballs grow red, and gleam with terrible flashings; the mouth is stretched into a murderous and disdainful grin; the whole body quivers with excitement; every muscle is strained, and the clenched fist seems eager to bathe itself in the blood of him who has roused this demon of fury."

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

First mission to Lakemba—Discomforts—Experiences at Mbau, Rewa, and Viwa—Mission established at Somosomo—Scenes of horror—Removal of the missionaries—Light dawning upon Ono—Failure of the Lakemban expedition against Ono—Mr Watsford's labours and vexations—Mrs Hazlewood's perilous position—Romish priests.

It was not until the year 1835 that any attempt was made to form a missionary settlement in the Fiji Archipelago. The Windward Islanders had by that time been in some measure prepared for the reception of divine truths by their constant intercourse with the Friendly Islands. Not a few of the Tongans who were in the habit of repairing to Lakemba were Christian converts, and sufficiently in earnest to desire that others also should receive the good tidings which had reached themselves. A certain degree of curiosity, and even of interest, touching the characteristics of the "new religion," had thus been excited among the inhabitants of the eastern islands, and the way prepared for the friendly reception of the pale-faced foreigners, who arrived off Lakemba on the 12th October 1835.

The first missionaries who ventured upon this perilous undertaking were two Wesleyan ministers, the Rev. William Cross and the Rev. David Cargill, A.M., who sailed from Vavau with a warm letter of recommendation

from King George of Tonga. The Lakemba chief at once promised protection from insult and outrage, granted them a piece of land for the erection of suitable premises, and placed at their disposal, in the meantime, one of his own largest dwelling-houses. The last offer they declined, because of the apparent unhealthiness of the town, but accepted the temporary use of a canoe-shed by the sea-side.

In three days the mission-house was erected by the zealous co-operation of the natives; and on the fourth day the missionaries took possession, and set about arranging their furniture, and fixing the doors and windows. It is almost superfluous to remark that the original buildings were exceeding slight, and only intended as a makeshift, until the king fulfilled his promise to provide them with a permanent and substantial residence.

An opportune hurricane, that laid their temporary home level with the ground, brought about the tardy execution of this engagement; and a meeting-house was at the same time constructed, chiefly with the materials of the prostrate posts and pillars. The work of the carpenter, joiner, and smith devolved upon the missionaries themselves, who had to labour with their own hands, as well as superintend the rude collaboration of their Tongan wellwishers, for the Fijians themselves afforded but little aid or encouragement. Indeed, considerable vigilance was necessary to check the predatory propensities of the latter, who never scrupled to appropriate whatever they could purloin without detection. The acquisition of the dialect chiefly spoken in the Leeward group also demanded unflagging application, and, altogether, the newly-arrived missionaries found their time very sufficiently occupied.

Nor were their zeal and industry doomed to bear no fruit. Within six months after their disembarkation they had a regular congregation of two hundred persons, and well-attended classes for pupils of all ages. The majority of the converts were Tongans, but with a fair sprinkling of Fijians. A still greater number grew dissatisfied with idolatry and its attendant burdens, and refused to work on the seventh day, or to offer the first-fruits of their gardens to the principal god of the island. The priests now began to perceive that their own craft would be endangered, if the strangers were permitted to prosecute their proselytising labours without interruption. All sorts of terrible threats were accordingly spread abroad, and the fierce anger of the gods was denounced against all who should adopt the new mode of worship. In two small towns, moreover, the houses of the converts were plundered, their crops destroyed, and their wives carried off and brought to the king. The meekness displayed by the sufferers is said to have produced an extraordinary effect upon their tormentors, while the beneficence and intelligence of the new-comers contrasted favourably with the ignorance, selfishness, and false promises of their own priests.

But while their spiritual labours were thus prosperous, the missionaries themselves were soon reduced to very straitened circumstances. The supply of articles for barter which had been landed for their use was soon exhausted, the Fijians exacting full remuneration for the smallest services. The awkwardness of native servants, too, proved in the long-run scarcely less destructive than the terrible hurricanes which so frequently rage amid those islands. Then the flour turned musty and unwholesome, and only at long intervals could trading captains be

induced to incur the danger of shipwreck among man-eating savages. Fortunately the Fijians did not affect the flesh of white men, pronouncing it too salt, though in the absence of black meat they would occasionally devour a European. Stores, indeed, were sent to Tonga, but there they remained to spoil, while the distress of the mission families was aggravated by a protracted period of scarcity with which Lakemba was just then visited. "Pigs," says Mr Calvert, "were *tabu* for two successive years; and, as yet, the missionaries had not begun to feed their own pork. Even fish and crabs became rare. The articles of barter were all gone. Prints and calicoes, sorely wanted for family use, were parted with to obtain food, or for the payment of wages. Trunks, wearing apparel, and everything else available, were thus disposed of. Mere conveniences, such as cooking utensils or crockery-ware had disappeared, so that Mr Cargill had only one tea-cup left, and that had lost its handle."

At last, in August 1838, H.M.S. *Conway*, commanded by Captain Bethune, brought sundry stores that had been lying at Vavau for many months, and the half-starved and half-clad missionaries once more took heart, and, in spite of sickness and sorrow, resolved to remain loyally at the post of duty. Not the least of their tribulations was the long delay in hearing from home, letters being often eighteen months old before they came to hand.

Nothing disheartened, Mr Cross, though in ill-health, decided upon extending the sphere of the Wesleyan mission to the Leeward groups likewise, and accordingly removed with his family and household goods to Mbau, adjacent to, and almost connected with, Na Viti Levu, or Great Fiji. At the moment of his landing, two human

bodies were being baked to celebrate the restoration of the old king, Tanoa, who, having been driven into exile by his long-oppressed subjects, had just been brought back through the craft and subtlety of his youthful son Seru, surnamed Thakombau. Tanoa was civil, and even friendly, to the missionary; but the place was so crowded and unsettled, that the latter judged it more expedient to accept the invitation of the King of Rewa, a town on the larger island, who not only offered a house and land for his use, but declared that his subjects were free to become Christians whenever they pleased.

For a while Mr Cross had reason to rejoice over the step he had taken, until he was seized with an intermittent fever, succeeded by cholera, followed by typhus fever. For six weeks he lay ill in the one low, damp room that constituted the entire dwelling-place of his family. Happily, his sufferings came to the knowledge of Mr David Whippy, an American settler, who did all that lay in his power to alleviate this sore affliction. On his recovery, the king built him a substantial house, and the people soon began to flock around the stranger and listen to his teaching. An attempt, indeed, was made to set fire to his house, and big stones were occasionally thrown at him; but the king did his utmost to protect his guest, and exhibited strong displeasure whenever he was molested.

Towards the close of 1838, Mr Cross was requested by the chief of Viwa, a neighbouring islet, to send him a teacher, as he was desirous of embracing the *lotu*. This chief, Namosimalua, had been distinguished, even among the Fijians, for his fierce, sanguinary disposition; but the destruction of his town by the French, as a reprisal for his massacre of the captain and nearly all the crew of the

brig *L'Aimable Josephine*, had softened his heart, and determined him to profess the white man's faith. A teacher was accordingly sent, a large chapel opened for public worship, and the work of conversion fairly commenced.

In the course of this same year, the Rev. John Hunt, the Rev. T. J. Jaggar, and the Rev. James Calvert, with their respective wives, arrived in Lakemba from England. Mr Hunt at once proceeded, with ample supplies, to reinforce Mr Cross, by whose unaided exertions one hundred and forty inhabitants of Rewa and Viwa had already been persuaded to avow themselves Christians, while very many more had turned from their idols, but lacked the moral courage to break entirely with the past. As Lakemba was evidently too remote from the larger islands of the archipelago to serve as a central point, it was resolved to remove the headquarters, together with the printing-press, to Rewa, where food was always abundant, and labour readily obtainable. It was further arranged that Messrs Hunt and Lyth should accede to the urgent request of the chief of Somosomo, and establish a new station in the northern island of Taviuni.

The motives that actuated the King of Somosomo were rather of a material than spiritual nature. Accompanied by his two sons and a large party of chiefs, he had visited Lakemba shortly after the arrival of the first batch of missionaries, and had been much struck by the quantity of valuable property possessed by the foreigners. His eldest son had shown himself particularly anxious to obtain some knowledge of the end and objects of Christianity. But when Mr Cargill asked him if he believed that what he had heard was true, he exclaimed, "True! everything

that comes from the white man's country is true; muskets and gunpowder are true, and your religion must be true." The reasoning may not be very logical, but it was such as might be expected from an uncultured savage, and at least evinced a disposition to treat such highly-favoured individuals with a certain degree of respect. This expectation was by no means fulfilled.

Notwithstanding his urgent solicitations to have a missionary attached to his island, the king took no trouble to render the position of Messrs Hunt and Lyth even tolerable. He allowed them, indeed, to live in one of his spare houses, but he was early indignant with them for presuming to intercede on behalf of the women appointed to be murdered because one of his sons had been wrecked on the island of Ngau, and eaten by the inhabitants. In spite of their remonstrances, sixteen women were strangled, most of whom were buried within a few yards of the door of their house. A few months later eleven dead bodies were landed under their very eyes, and laid out to be divided. When taken away to be cooked, the corpses were roughly dragged along the ground by the hands, or by a rope round the neck.

The ovens for cooking human flesh were close to the missionaries' dwelling, and the natives took offence at their closing their blinds to shut out the horrid spectacle of their cannibal feasts. Not only did they find difficulty in procuring sufficient supplies of proper food, but were subjected to insults and threats, and even confronted with the shadow of death. One day the king's son actually rushed into their house with a club, with the intention of braining Mr Lyth, because he had declined to purchase part of a melon from the king's favourite wife. The

intended victim contrived to escape from the room, and after a while Mr Hunt succeeded in calming the savage. For many hours of a subsequent night the missionaries and their wives were kept in terrible suspense, expecting every moment to be their last. Hanging up their mosquito-curtains against the reed walls of their apartment, to prevent prying eyes from watching their doings, the devoted little band prayed fervently for deliverance from the hands of their enemies, while humbly submitting themselves to the will of their heavenly Father. Suddenly, about midnight, loud ringing cries broke the silence without. The capricious savages had passed from one whim to another, and, postponing the massacre of the Christians, were calling upon the dancing-women to come out and make sport for them by torchlight.

Death and the oven were denounced against apostates from idolatry, which deterred the common people, many of whom were previously well disposed towards Christianity, from frequenting the society of the missionaries. So painful, indeed, had become the position of these unfortunate men, that Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, while testifying to their admirable endurance and self-sacrifice, offered to remove them and their property to any other of the Fijian Islands they might select as a new scene of suffering and well-doing. Despite all past discouragement, however, they resolved to persevere where they were, and gradually their moral influence availed to save many human lives.

In the course of 1841 the young king, a man of gigantic frame, fell alarmingly ill, and all native remedies proving ineffectual, had recourse to Mr Lyth, who happened to possess considerable acquaintance with

medical science. Under his treatment the patient recovered, and ever afterwards evinced a friendly disposition towards his benefactor. The old king also displayed a greater kindliness of manner towards the missionaries, and would send them presents of food, looking, however, for a return in the shape of cutlery, and other articles of value. At the same time, he could no more be depended upon than a madman; for when Mr Lyth one day declared the gods of Somosomo to be nothing better than stocks and stones, the old wretch clutched him by the coat-tail, and shouted for a club to slay the blasphemer. The garment, luckily, gave way, and Mr Lyth sped from the house, glad to escape with a torn coat and a whole skin.

In the autumn of the following year, Mr Cross, worn out by labour and anxiety, passed to eternal rest, and over his grave a small house was erected after the native fashion, covering also beneath its roof the tiny graves of the little ones whose untimely deaths had so keenly augmented the sorrows and tribulations of these faithful disciples of Christ.

As years passed on, and no very apparent progress had been made, except that cannibalism was evidently on the decline, it was resolved to remove the mission to a more promising field, and in the latter part of 1847 the operation was effected without any important misadventure. Six years later the young king succeeded his father, but only to be murdered in the following year by his own son, who in his turn was slain by his brother, and he, again, was assassinated. A most destructive civil war then ensued, but the exhaustion in which it terminated rendered the savages more amenable to instruction, and turned their hearts to a religion that teaches peace and brotherly love.

The most southerly group of the Fijian Archipelago is clustered around the little island of Ono, situated about 150 miles to the south-west of Lakemba, to which it is tributary. As it happened, a chief from Ono arrived at the latter island in 1835 as the bearer of tribute, and there made acquaintance with a Fijian chief who had visited Sydney, as well as the Friendly and Society Islands, and who publicly professed Christianity. When the Ono chief returned home, he felt persuaded that it was idle to look to idols for any mitigation of the epidemic which then raged in the island, and accordingly resolved, together with the companions of his voyage, to turn from graven images and supplicate Jehovah. Many others, whether disgusted with the emptiness of idolatry or fond of innovation, agreed to join the new sect, and began by setting apart the seventh day for the public worship of the Deity. But when they had come together, there was no one to conduct the new mode of prayer. A priest was accordingly engaged for the purpose, who acquitted himself after quite an original fashion. "Lord! Jehovah!" he cried, "here are Thy people. They worship Thee! I turn my back on Thee for the present, and am on another tack, worshipping another god. But do Thou bless these Thy people; keep them from harm, and do them good."

Months elapsed before a teacher could be obtained, and it was not until 1839 that Mr Calvert was able to make a short trip to this eagerly-expectant island. It was with great difficulty, indeed, that he left his post even for a few weeks, for he was then working at Lakemba single-handed; nor was he satisfied as to the propriety of leaving his wife alone among such unscrupulous barbarians. The question was settled by that brave, true-hearted woman

herself. When he objected that he could not leave her alone, she replied, "It would be much better to leave me alone than to neglect so many people. If you can arrange for the work to be carried on here, you ought to go."

On his way to Ono Mr Calvert touched at Vatoa, where the good seed had been sown by a native who had been converted while on a visit to Lakemba. The entire population of sixty souls had turned from their evil ways, and were diligently inquiring after truth. At Ono Mr Calvert baptized two hundred and thirty-three persons, and united sixty-six couples in marriage. Among the former was the daughter of the most influential chief in the island, upon whom was bestowed the ill-chosen name of Jemima.

This young lady had been betrothed in her infancy to the old heathen King of Lakemba, who already possessed some thirty wives. Polygamy being clearly opposed both to the spirit and letter of Christianity, Mr Calvert refused to perform the baptismal rite unless she and her father distinctly pledged themselves to break off this unhallowed engagement. This they readily promised, but the heathens at Ono became alarmed at the blow thus struck at an institution so dear to sensualists as a plurality of wives. They accordingly pressed the old king to insist on the fulfilment of the betrothal, and he, being nothing loath, fitted out a fleet to fetch the damsel. In vain Mr Calvert expostulated with the old wretch, and warned him not to tempt the anger of the Most High. The king was obstinate, and set out on a Sunday with eleven canoes, several of which were manned with fighting men and piratical sailors. Though touching at each island on the

way, it was only at Vatoa that the people were plundered and wantonly ill-treated, for no other reason than that they were Christians. From this island four canoes, containing a hundred armed men, were sent on to prepare for the king's arrival, but were never more heard of. At last the king himself sailed with a fair wind, but was never permitted to reach Ono. Not only did the wind become adverse, but quickly freshened to a gale, and after a night of great danger, he was glad to accept kindness and hospitality from the Christians of the little island of Totoya. In the end the poor girl was left in peace, though unable to marry any one else, as the king refused to cancel the engagement.

By 1842 the entire population of Ono had embraced Christianity, and with a seriousness that gave just promise of steadfastness. In 1846 the Rev. John Watsford took up his abode in this island for twelve months, and placed matters on a firm and permanent footing. In addition to his spiritual labours, Mr Watsford applied himself to the material improvement of the natives. He set up a machine to assist them in making rope and cinet. He tried to introduce pumps into their canoes, and blocks into their rigging. He also tended them in sickness, and generally exerted himself to promote their temporal as well as their eternal welfare.

But while helping his neighbours, he stood himself in sore need of kindly aid. His wife was confined without the most ordinary comforts being attainable. "It was an anxious time," he wrote. "If it please God, I never wish to be alone again on such an occasion; and I wish that no other brother, with experience anything like mine, will ever be alone at such a time. It is going through the fire; and a mission-

ary should, if called to it, pass through the burning flame; but it is questionable whether it is well to take him, or let him go through it." A smaller, but yet a very real and vexatious annoyance were the mosquitoes. "There cannot possibly be any place in the world, I should think," he adds, "as bad as Ono for mosquitoes. I thought Rewa was bad enough, but it is nothing to Ono. No rest day or night; I cannot tell you how we have been tormented. When your letters came, we did not know what to do to get them read. We could not sit down to it. We had to walk, one with the candle and one reading, and both thrashing at them with all our might. We could not sit to get our food. And although we did everything we could to keep them out of the curtains, yet they get in in numbers, and we can get no sleep. Mrs W. was wearied out, and James was bitten most fearfully. . . . I am scratching and kicking with all my might while I write this."

He complains, too, of the badness of the flour: "We have had to throw a good deal away; and what we eat is very bad; it sticks to one's teeth, and not to one's ribs." To save them from the voracity of the Ono mosquitoes, Mr Watsford's successor, the Rev. David Hazlewood, placed his wife and two children on an islet two or three miles from the shore. The remedy, however, nearly proved worse than the disease. A fearful hurricane blew down their house, from which they escaped with difficulty to a smaller house, belonging to one of the teachers, and which was propped up so as to hold together through the night. Early in the morning, however, the waves breaking higher and higher, compelled them to flee to a shed a little further inland, and it was not until the third day that Mr Hazlewood was able to join his wife and little ones. But however dis-

agreeable their personal experiences, the missionaries who have laboured at Ono, one and all, bear joyful testimony to the thoroughness of the change that has been wrought in the character of the islanders, whom they unanimously pronounce to be the most consistent and earnest Christians to be found in the Fijian Archipelago.

In some of the islands the Romish priests were the greatest obstacle to the success of the Protestant missionaries. In order to counteract the mild teachings of the latter, the Papists would talk blusteringly of the men-of-war that were coming to destroy the houses of those who interfered with their work. They had even recourse to unseemly outrages, but which only recoiled upon themselves; for the people, contrasting the meekness, benevolence, and pure morality of the Wesleyan missionaries with the irritability and arrogance of the Romanists, together with their laxity as to polygamy and the decorous observance of the Sabbath, had sense enough to see that the religion inculcated and illustrated by the former was very superior to the superstition paraded by the latter. As a natural result, Popery found little favour in the eyes of the Fijians, and not only were few converts made, but even these, for the most part, went over to the Protestant missionaries.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Alarms—Hindrances and calamities—Horrors of heathenism—War between Rewa and Mbau—Mr Moore's house burnt—Mrs Moore's narrow escape—Noble conduct of Mrs Calvert and Mrs Lyth—Thakombau's inconsistency—Death of the old king—A horrible scene—A cannibal orgie prevented—Dr Seemann's views—Thakombau's conversion—Improvements—The Mbua Mission—Its comparative failure.

Although the King of Rewa had invited the missionaries to establish a station in his town, it soon appeared that his desire to befriend them was greater than his power. Even in landing, several of their cases were stolen or broken open, and it was with some trouble that the printing apparatus was saved from injury, if not destruction. The opposition was exceedingly violent, being headed by the king's brother, a man of a passionate and imperious disposition. The breaking out of a severe form of influenza was also ascribed to the god of the foreigners, but these laboured so incessantly to succour the afflicted that in the long-run this visitation procured them more friends than enemies.

One evening, however, while they and their disciples were engaged in prayer, three musket-balls whizzed past their ears; and on the following day a fire broke out, dangerously close to their premises, but one of the king's brothers who was well-disposed towards the mission pre-

vented the people from availing themselves of the confusion to carry off their property. While performing the open-air service, they were also pelted with stones, some weighing as much as two pounds, though no one seems to have been hurt. One night, too, they were alarmed by wild outcries on the other side of the river, and on rushing out were horrified by the sight of seventeen dead bodies being landed from a canoe, and dragged about in the most indecent and shocking manner. These bodies formed the Rewa share of 260 human beings slain in Verata by the people of Mbau and their allies. One was that of a man who had apparently reached the term of threescore years and ten, and another was that of quite a young woman, the rest being those of male adults. The king, it is said, held aloof from these inhuman barbarities, and even prevailed upon his warriors to refrain from hostilities on Sundays, for fear of incurring the displeasure of the Christians' God.

A great storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain which flooded the country, in the early part of 1840, carried off a large portion of the roof of the mission-house, leaving only the centre apartment habitable, in which were crowded the two missionaries, their wives, and five children, together with the teachers and their wives and children, besides the servants, the goats, the pigs, and the poultry. Much of their property was destroyed or seriously injured; but the king and some of the chiefs sent them presents of food. Shortly afterwards, Mr Cargill suffered from an alarming attack of inflammation, delirium supervening. He indeed recovered, but on the 2d of June his wife died, completely worn out by anxiety, apprehension, and hard work, and was buried on the following day with her

NATIVE BURIAL PLACE.

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babe, five days old. This irreparable calamity did not, however, detract from the reputation for medical skill which the Rewa Mission had acquired, and which was so firmly established that even the pagan priests, no longer confiding in the protection of their own gods, repaired thither to be healed of their sicknesses. Among the Fijians themselves little if any care was bestowed upon the sick, and when an illness was serious, the sufferer was usually strangled and buried. By slow degrees the many acts of kindness performed by the missionaries, combined with their meekness under affronts and their admirable self-abnegation, began to make a favourable impression not only upon the common people, but upon many of the chiefs who had been eager to maltreat them on their first arrival at Rewa. Converts, indeed, were added only now and then to the little congregation, but a spirit of inquiry was abroad, and the idols sank into merited neglect.

The worst heathenish practices, however, continued to prevail. Polygamy was still the rule, and cannibalism, if abated in time of peace, revived with its old intensity as soon as war broke out—an event of almost unceasing recurrence. Wives and mothers, too, were still strangled on the death of a husband or a son. "Poor creatures," says Mr Calvert, "were buried alive; and bodies were frequently brought to Rewa for cannibal purposes, where, just opposite the mission premises, they were dragged, washed, and abused with every obscene indignity, and then cut up or torn to pieces and cooked, while a crowd of men, women, and children gathered round, yelling and rejoicing like fiends. Other bodies were floated away down the river."

Domestic afflictions seem never to have been wanting

to fill to the brim the bitter cup held to the lips of the Fijian missionaries. Not only Mr Jaggar himself fell greviously ill, but two of his children were hurried away to their long home.

As if all these troubles were not sufficient to discourage and break down the stoutest heart, a sanguinary war blazed forth between Rewa and Mbau, and for seven months Mr Jaggar worked assiduously at the printing-press, disseminating far and wide the precepts of Christianity, while the fire of musketry was daily resounding in his ears, and the death-drum was summoning the warriors to hideous orgies on human flesh. In August 1844, however, it was resolved to remove the press to a safer locality, and the faithful missionary with his wife and surviving children were rescued from their perilous and disheartening position, between two parties of savages literally thirsting for one another's blood, and heedless of the misery inflicted upon the innocent.

Twice was Rewa burnt to the ground, and twice rebuilt. The old king was treacherously slain, and great numbers of his people shot or clubbed, and many of them cooked and eaten. After a time, however, the power of Mbau was exhausted, when its chief became as desirous of peace as he had previously been urgent for war. Mr Moore was accordingly deputed to Rewa to re-establish the mission, and was presented by the new king, formerly a deadly enemy of the Christians, with a house lately occupied by the American Consul, on the same side of the river as the town. The only obstruction offered was by a Romish priest; but the king let him know, in an unmistakable manner, that he would not suffer him or his adherents to molest his Protestant friend.

The Mbau chief, Thakombau, had by this time forbidden his subjects to eat the bodies of their enemies, and had become imbued, so to speak, with a flavour of Christianity. When this extraordinary change was announced to the Rewa king, he remarked, "If Thakombau be truly Christian, we shall not get him; if he be a hypocrite, his Christianity will be only fuel to fire." For all that, says Mr Calvert, he "boldly defied the God of the Christians to save Mbau from fire, or its master from being clubbed and eaten by the warriors of Rewa. Impatient of delay, he upbraided his priests with the falseness of their predictions of speedy victory. They alleged as a reason the ruinous state of several temples. The temples were accordingly rebuilt, and plentiful sacrifices offered. The beating of the *lotu*-drum was forbidden, and the Christian worship might no longer be celebrated in the usual place, lest the gods of Rewa should be made angry. The priests professed themselves satisfied, and promised full success. Every effort in the way of religious observance and warlike preparation was being made for the overthrow of Mbau, when the principal mover in it fell sick. But in his sickness Ratu Nggara continued to harden his heart, and on the 26th of January 1855 died of dysentery, and was buried in one of the new temples, at the building of which the priests had promised him dead bodies in abundance. The missionary was encouraged by finding that the influence of Christianity was already so great that, in answer to his appeal, only one woman was strangled at the funeral of the chief."

The death of this fierce barbarian smoothed the way for at least a temporary reconciliation between Rewa and Mbau, and peace was formally concluded. Mr Moore's

exertions, however, in bringing about this desirable consummation, had drawn down upon himself the animosity of the war party, and at midnight he was roused from sleep by the crackling of flames. The adjoining house had been set on fire. Barely in time, he hurried his wife and children out in their night-clothes, when a miscreant raised his club and would have brained Mrs Moore had not a bystander of less ferocious disposition caught his arm and arrested the blow. With great presence of mind Mr Moore called out to the people to help themselves to whatever they could get, and thus diverted their minds from feller purposes. In the midst of the consequent confusion he was enabled to carry his wife and little ones off to Mbau, and then returned to the scene of devastation, but only to find that what the flames had spared, the despoilers had appropriated—a few empty boxes alone being restored to him.

At this juncture a bold ambitious chief named Mara, the reputed brother of Thakombau, placed himself at the head of the war party and made a close alliance with certain towns that had thrown off their allegiance to Mbau. Fortunately for Thakombau, King George arrived just then with thirty-nine canoes manned by well-armed natives of the Friendly Islands, and expressed his willingness to mediate between the belligerents. His neutrality, however, was violated by Mara, who caused one of his boats to be fired upon, by which a chief of high rank was mortally wounded. Upon this King George, assisted by a thousand warriors from Mbau, carried by assault the large town of Kamba, the enemy's headquarters, but exhibited the utmost leniency to the vanquished.

Mr Moore having by this time built a small house at

Rewa, returned to his post with his family, though utterly destitute. The brethren at the other stations, indeed, generously contributed according to their means to supply him with actual necessaries, but his heavy losses were never made good to him. Not the less zealously did he throw himself into the work that lay before him. Though obliged to send his wife to Australia on account of her health, which had completely broken down, and though himself worn out by incessant labour and anxiety, he wrought so successfully that by the month of November 1855, he was able to write to the General Secretaries: "Things have taken quite a change in this circuit. Our prospects are now glorious, and thousands are anxious to be taught the way of salvation."

Sixteen months later, he wrote to the Secretary of Missions at Sydney: "This has been a most trying year. I can scarcely get two days at home together. I am constantly going; the demands of the circuit are now getting so great. The fruit begins to appear; and what with marrying, baptizing, and meeting the classes, and trying to get things into working order, I am often worn right out, and ready to sit down and weep over the awful state of Fiji, and the little concern manifested by our Churches at home. What can be the reason we cannot get more men for Fiji? The wants of Fiji must be known. There has been too much crying, 'Victory! Victory!' in Fiji; the people think Fiji is saved. Look at Fiji again! More than half this circuit are still heathen, killing and devouring each other daily. Not more than twenty miles from this mission-house, twenty men were killed this month and eaten. Look at the Mbau Circuit, say half heathen. Look at the Viwa Circuit, say three parts

heathen, at war, with all its horrors. Look at Nandi, torn to pieces again by war. A teacher has just been killed, and now war, we hear, is declared by the Christians. Look at Mbua, three parts heathen, and the heathen chief, the greatest chief in the circuit, has declared war on the Christians. Look at Lakemba: the Togo people there have next to no religion, and prevent multitudes of Fijians from getting any. These are facts."

One of the bravest exploits connected with missionary work in the Southern Seas was performed by two generous, noble-hearted women, Mrs Calvert and Mrs Lyth. In the absence of their husbands, of whom he felt somewhat in awe, the chief of the Mbauan Fishermen had seized fourteen women, in order to provide a suitable entertainment for certain Fijian privateers who had presented the old King of Mbau with a handsome share of their spoils. The report of the intended massacre was carried to Viwa, an islet about two miles distant, where the missionaries usually resided, though at that moment they were attending a district meeting at Mbua. To venture into the midst of the maddened crowd was almost certain death, but the two ladies resolved to brave the peril, in the hope of saving their fellow-creatures from such a terrible end. Tearing themselves from their children, they hired a canoe to take them across to Mbau. As they approached that island, muskets were being fired into the air, and the death-drum was sounding the funeral knell. Springing ashore, they were joined by a converted chief, who courageously accompanied them through the surging mob of frenzied savages, even to the king's presence, though entrance to his house was forbidden to women on pain of death. With a whale's tooth in each hand, after the fashion of the

islanders, they stood before Tanoa, without a thought for themselves, but earnestly pleading for their doomed sisters. So astonished was the grim old chief by their fearless and devoted bearing, that he granted their prayer so far as it could yet be fulfilled. "Those who are dead, are dead," he sententiously replied; "but those who are still alive shall live only." Nine had perished, but five were saved; and an excellent impression was made upon the minds of the heathen by this act of Christian heroism.

This same chief of the Fishermen was shortly afterwards killed in an attack upon a neighbouring town, whereupon Mr Calvert immediately hastened to the young king, to intercede for the women who, after the Fijian custom, would be strangled to accompany their lord to the spirit-land. He was, unhappily, too late. Three had already been murdered—a wife, his mother, and a servant. The young King Thakombau had proposed that his own sister, the deceased chieftain's principal wife, should share his fate; but the Fishermen begged that her life might be spared, in order that her unborn babe might hereafter be their chief. His mother thereupon offered herself as a sacrifice, and was accepted.

Mr Calvert found the king fast asleep; but, as soon as he opened his eyes, he boldly pointed out the hideousness of the crime he had sanctioned. Thakombau felt the reproof, but pleaded ancient custom. He asked, however, what had become of the dead chief's soul, and was sternly answered, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." When Mr Calvert had retired, the king remarked, "Ay, how the missionaries labour to save life! They take any trouble, and go anywhere for our salvation! And we are always trying to kill one another. What a pity that he was too

late! Had he been in time, I would have spared Ngavindi's mother."

Notwithstanding these fair words, Thakombau at that time "hated Christianity," to use his own words when pressed to protect the Christians, while a fierce war was raging on Vanua Levu. He admitted, however, that it was not in his power to stop the progress of the new religion, adding, "I know that it is true, and the work of God, and that we shall all become Christian. But in the meantime, I rejoice that you Christians should be engaged in war as well as we." And with strange inconsistency, he permitted his favourite son, a child, to profess Christianity, and attend divine worship with his attendants.

When, at the close of 1852, it became evident that Tanoa was sinking fast, Messrs Calvert and Watsford earnestly pleaded with his son Thakombau to spare the lives of his father's wives. They promised ten whale's teeth, weighing 20 lbs., as the redemption of the poor women, and Mr Calvert even so far deferred to Fijian custom as to offer to have a finger cut off. The young king, however, would give no positive answer, though fully recognising the iniquity of the old usage. Just before the fatal event, Mr Calvert was obliged to proceed to the settlement of the white and half-caste population at Ovalau; but his colleague persisted bravely in his vain exertions to save the victims. By way of backing up his last appeal at midnight, before returning to Viwa, he offered the new mission whaleboat, twenty muskets, and everything he personally possessed in the world.

It was all to no purpose. On the following morning Tanoa was dead, and at the door of his house six biers were standing. By the time Mr Watsford passed the

threshold one woman was already strangled, and a second was on her knees, her head covered, and several men on either side, pulling at the rope that was twisted round her neck. Thakombau's eyes suddenly falling upon the missionary, he became greatly agitated, but refused to interfere. The third victim had offered herself in the place of her sister, who had a son living. "She had sat impatiently," writes Mr Calvert, "and on hearing her name, started up instantly. She was a fine woman, of high rank, and wore a new *liku*. Looking proudly round on the people seated in the apartment, she pranced up to the place of death, offering her hand to Mr Watsford, who shrank back in disgust. When about to kneel, she saw that they were going to use a shabby cord, and haughtily refused to be strangled except with a new cord. All this time the assembly gazed at her with delight, gently clapping their hands, and expressing, in subdued exclamations, their admiration of her beauty and pride. She then bid her relatives farewell, and knelt down, with her arms round one of her friends. The cord was adjusted, and the large covering thrown over her; and while the men strained the cord, a lady of rank pressed down the head of the poor wretch, who died without a sound or struggle. Two more followed. Throughout the terrible scene there was no noise or excitement; but a cheerful composure seemed to possess every one there except Thakombau, who was much excited, and evidently making a great effort to act his murderous part before the face of God's messenger. He ordered that one of the victims should live; but she refused, and her own son helped the king and the rest to strangle her." To the last Mr Watsford protested with vehemence against these barbarous atrocities; but his

remonstrances were unheeded at the time, though his generous interference won the respect of many.

Not less horrible was the spectacle witnessed by Mr Calvert in 1853, when twelve dead bodies and five badly-wounded captives were conveyed to Mbau to make a feast for the King of Somosomo, who had arrived with a large retinue, and bringing valuable presents. The missionary at once repaired to the king, and used every kind of argument and intercession to rescue the miserable survivors. Thakombau, however, was obdurate, and haughtily answered, "I alone can save the living, and have the dead buried; what I choose I do, and none can interfere." Mr Calvert applied to the Somosomo chief, who replied that he did not himself care about eating the dead bodies, but that he could not refuse to do so if they were presented by the king for that purpose.

A shout of exultation told that the preliminary ceremonies were about to commence. The dead and the dying were dragged by the hands, naked and bleeding, over the rough ground. On reaching the temple, the head of each was dashed against a large stone, which was soon dyed with blood. Unable to save human life, Mr Calvert still strove to prevent the abominable orgie. A chief sneeringly asked if he would like to have one of the bodies for his own eating, but the people generally seemed abashed by the missionary's denunciations. The Somosomo king had been brought to Mbau in a vessel belonging to Mr Owen, who declared that if he or his people partook of human flesh, they must find their own way back again, for he would not take them. This threat had more weight than any amount of moral or spiritual remonstrances. The king promised to comply with his wishes. The ovens were

opened, a large hole was dug, and upon a mat laid at the bottom were placed eighty-four portions of human flesh, cooked, and ready to be eaten. The earth was hastily filled in, and the savages were deprived of their monstrous banquet. The heads and trunks, however, had been flung into the sea, when the bodies were washed and cut up for the ovens.

Dr Seemann is of opinion that had Mr Cross settled at Mbau in 1839, and boldly thrown himself upon the promised protection of Thakombau, the work of conversion would have been greatly accelerated, and that cannibalism would have ceased out of the land many years before its final prohibition in that island. He is convinced that the young king was always at heart favourably disposed towards the new religion; but his pride took umbrage at the preference shown to the less powerful chieftain of Rewa, and at the distrust evinced in his own assurances of support and patronage. It is also his belief that had the Wesleyan Society taken a broader view of the domestic relations of the Fijians, and acted with less prejudice towards those who were encumbered with a plurality of wives, the natives would much more quickly have turned from the error of their ways. Instead of requiring candidates for baptism to put away all their wives but one, it would have been wiser to have prohibited them from adding to those they already possessed, and to have established the rule that no Christian bachelor should ever take to himself more than one wife at a time. The polygamists would thus have died out with the existing generation, and much cruelty and injustice to the poor women would have been avoided. Although now and then a very zealous and emotional convert might select for his future companion

the eldest of his wives, or the one who had borne him most children, the more usual practice was naturally to choose the youngest and best favoured. Nor is it any justification for such harshness to allege that women could always obtain husbands without much difficulty; for, even were it true, the severance of old ties would not be less distressing. But it is not easy to understand how any such facility of procuring a second husband could have existed among a people where polygamy was practised, and where the females must have been in excess of the males, even allowing for the strangulation of one or two widows on the death of their lord.

Be this as it may, Thakombau's heart was at length softened, and his spirit broken, by a series of misfortunes, and on the 30th of April 1854 he publicly renounced heathenism, and made open profession of Christianity. His family and relatives followed his example, and the waverers now took heart to act up to their convictions.

He was still much harassed by his enemies, and reduced to sore straits; but the missionaries stood by him loyally, and encouraged him to hold fast to his new faith. Mr Calvert, indeed, exposed himself to imminent personal risk in his endeavours to reconcile the contending chiefs, and more than once was snatched from a violent death almost by miracle. Muskets were pointed at him, clubs were brandished over his head; but an unseen Power protected him, and some were always at hand to interpose in his defence.

In the end Thakombau triumphed, through the aid of King George of Tonga, and made such a merciful use of his victory, that the rebels returned heartily to their old allegiance, and very many converts were added to

the Christian fold. Chapels and schools were built in all directions, and as many as a thousand worshippers would meet at a time in the Strangers' House at Mbau, where by the end of 1855 the new religion counted not fewer than nine thousand professors.

In the following year the penalty of death was denounced against all wilful murderers, and a chief, who had brutally killed his wife, and cut her body to pieces, was hanged from the gallows.

Early in 1857 Thakombau put away all his wives save one, to whom he was united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and shortly afterwards was admitted with his queen to the sacred rite of baptism; and when the ceremony was concluded, "Ebenezer" Thakombau addressed the assembly, humbly confessing his sins and iniquities, and professing his earnest desire to walk uprightly henceforth, as in the presence of God. "And what a congregation he had!" exclaims Mr Waterhouse; "husbands, whose wives he had dishonoured; widows, whose husbands he had slain; sisters, whose relatives had been strangled by his orders; relatives, whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of those he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers!"

From that memorable date the persecution of Christians ceased in Mbau, the capital city of the Fiji clusters. There was still much to be regretted in the conduct and character of the king, whose faith was very meagrely illustrated by good works; but at least he showed much favour to the missionaries, and frequently listened to their advice. Their position was naturally much ameliorated by the royal conversion; nor were they ever again subjected to the annoyances and ill-treatment with which their predecessors were

afflicted. There was no longer any danger of a child being snatched up and flung at a furious dog, as happened to Mr Williams's little boy. A brutal savage one day entered the missionary's house at the dinner-hour, with the intention of helping himself to anything on the table that pleased his fancy, but feared to pass a dog that was chained up so as to command the door of the dining-room. In his rage he caught up Mr Williams's little boy, only two years of age, and threw him at the animal. Though hurt by the violence of his fall, the poor little fellow was happily not seriously injured. At Ono, again, the king sent one of his daughters to Mr Watsford to act as a nursemaid, whose delight it was, when unobserved, to hug the babe so tightly as to compress its frame, and displace the yet soft bones, causing the little sufferer to pine and languish.

In those days it was no uncommon thing, says Mr Lawry, to encounter, in the course of a ramble through the town, "a man without a finger, offered in sacrifice; another, without any fingers; a woman without her ears; another without her nose; a man with one arm, the other offered to the god or to the chief; two other men, one without a toe, and the other without an arm; a female without legs, being cut off by order of a chief; another without unburnt skin; a man tied down at midday, with his eyes spread open, under the direct rays of the sun, until they were burnt out of his head."

Instead of such horrors as these, Dr Seemann, in 1860, had the satisfaction of stating that on his landing at Mbau, about eight in the evening, sounds of prayer and praise were issuing from every house. The groves had been cut down, the temples destroyed, and a large church erected in the square where formerly were held the feasts of the

cannibals. Though impugning, on some points, the judgment and taste displayed by the Wesleyan missionaries, Dr Seemann frankly admits their earnestness of purpose, and recognises the great services they had rendered to the Fijian Islanders. Neither does he fail to extol the beneficent liberality of the Society in expending upon this particular mission the goodly sum of £75,000, supplemented by at least £5000 from private individuals.

Mr Lawry, in 1847, was disposed to complain of the monotony of the fare at missionary tables. It was always the same thing—pork and yams, yams and pork, washed down with indifferent water, or with tea without milk. Now and then fish and poultry were procurable, and also bread-fruit, when in season; but for the greater part of the year there was no change. Their costume, too, was exceedingly simple. It consisted of a thin pair of calico trousers, a shirt, a calico coat, a broad-brimmed straw hat, and shoes and stockings, or socks.

Dr Seemann more reasonably found fault with the selection of unhealthy situations for mission premises. At Lakemba, for instance, Mr Fletcher's otherwise pleasant dwelling was close to an abominable swamp, which could not fail to be deleterious to health. The house itself is described as "a commodious building thatched with leaves, surrounded by a fence and a broad boarded verandah, the front of the house looking into a nice little flower-garden, the back into the courtyard. . . . Though the thermometer," continues Dr Seemann, "ranged more than 80° Fahrenheit, the thick thatch kept off the scorching rays, and there was a fresh current of trade-wind blowing through the rooms. It was a pleasing sight to see everything so scrupulously neat and clean, the beds and curtains as white

as snow, and everywhere the greatest order prevailing. There were all the elements of future civilisation, models ready for imitation. The yard was well stocked with ducks and fowls, pigs and goats; the garden replete with flowers, roses in full bloom, but alas! with little scent, cotton-shrubs twelve feet high, and bearing leaves, flowers, and fruit in all stages of development. These missionary stations are fulfilling all the objects of convents in their best days."

In 1847 the Rev. Thomas Williams removed from Somosomo to Tiliva, a village near Mbua, at the north-western extremity of Vanua Levu, or the Large Land. The site here also was ill chosen, being low, shut out from the sea-breeze, and swarming with mosquitoes. The people, too, proved to be worse savages than even the Somosomoans. Cannibalism and infanticide prevailed to a fearful extent. The chief openly declared his intention to kill Mr Williams, take his wife to himself, destroy the mission-house, and divide the plunder among his people. As it happened, however, he fell himself into the hands of a chief whom he had insulted, and by whom he was slain and eaten. Through the intercession of Mr Williams, backed by the influence of a native Christian, two of his wives were saved from death, and his chief wife also was promised her life, in consideration of a large ransom, though she was afterwards strangled at her own solicitation. Reprisals ensued, a village was surprised, and nine women and a man were massacred.

"Last Sunday week," wrote Mr Williams on the 30th November 1848, "part of a body, ready cooked, was brought here as a foretaste for the young man who succeeds Mbati Namu. Next day the bodies of two females,

whole and uncooked, were brought by a crowd of blackened and noisy savages, who, after presenting their victims to the chiefs, prepared them for the oven. These, with the floating of a head and human entrails past my house, the wanton shooting of one man just now, and the clubbing by mistake of some women in the dark a few nights ago, are heart-sickening—too horrid for detail."

A certain degree of tranquillity, however, was ultimately brought about, of which Mr Williams availed himself to build a comfortable house and a commodious chapel, which extorted admiration from even his worst enemies. The Christian settlement also flourished under his fostering care, and a better spirit seemed to be diffusing itself among the people generally, when unhappily his health gave way and he was reluctantly compelled to proceed to the colonies. His successors, indeed, exerted themselves strenuously to enlarge the opening made by his unflagging zeal, but it cannot be said that their success has been equal to their deserts. Mr Hazlewood lost his wife and a child; Mr Samuel Waterhouse was also bereaved of his young wife; Mr Lyth was shipwrecked, and barely escaped with his life; the health of Mr and Mrs Ford utterly broke down; while Mr John Crawford was carried off by dysentery. Many converts, no doubt, were made; but to this hour the vast majority of the inhabitants of Vanua Levu are unreclaimed savages, steeped in depravity, and addicted to the most odious practices of their heathen forefathers.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Early discoverers—Futuna—Teachers massacred—Failure of the mission—Aneiteum—Missionary troubles—Tanna and the Tannese—Teachers landed by Mr Williams—Arrival of European missionaries—Their ill-treatment and flight.

WESTWARD of the Fijian Archipelago lies the large cluster of singularly picturesque and productive islands designated by Cook the New Hebrides. The principal and most northerly island, Espiritu Santo, was discovered by the Spanish navigator Quiros in 1606, who seems to have been at a loss for words to convey an adequate idea of its exceeding loveliness. He was under the impression, however, that it formed part of the great southern continent, the existence of which was at that time an essential article of geographical faith, and this notion was commonly accepted until De Bougainville visited the group in 1768, and learned its true character. The southern islands somehow escaped his notice, and were first seen by Cook in 1774. They are all of volcanic origin, and about thirty of the entire number are partially inhabited, the population being estimated at 150,000. The principal islands, beginning from the N.N.W., and extending over 400 miles to the S.S.E., are Espiritu Santo, Malicolo, Bartholomew's Island, Lepers' Island, Aurora, Pentecost or Whitsuntide, Ambrym or Chinambrym, Apee, the two Paum Islands, Pyramid,

Monument, Two Hills, the five Shepherd's Isles, Three Hills, Montague, Hinchinbrook, Vaté or Sandwich Island, Erromanga, Niua, Tanna, Futuna, and Aneiteum.

A report having gone abroad that the natives of the New Hebrides surpassed all their neighbours in ferocity and deceit, trading-vessels gave them a wide berth; and whatever intercourse took place between them and Europeans was extremely limited, and marked on both sides with a distrust fatal to commercial relations. Nor was it until 1839 that any attempt was made to introduce among them the civilising influences of Christianity. In that year the Rev. John Williams, one of the most devoted and zealous missionaries who have ever laboured among the heathen, landed three Samoan teachers on the island of Tanna, to prepare the way for European missionaries. It was the last public act of that faithful soldier of the Cross; for on the next day but one, the 20th November, he received the crown of martyrdom on the shore of Erromanga. It may be more convenient, however, to follow Mr A. W. Murray's example, and commence with Futuna, the most easterly member of the group.

This little island is described as a square table-shaped mountain, rising abruptly out of the sea to the height of 3000 feet. It measures about fifteen miles in circumference, and contains not quite one thousand inhabitants, who dwell in the narrow ravines. The natives, though speaking a dialect closely allied to that of the Eastern Polynesians, are identified by features and manners with the Western. They are a manly and vigorous race, but cruel, fierce, and intractable. Mr Williams, indeed, succeeded in mollifying them with a few trifling presents while on his way to Tanna, and so far facilitated the work

of his successors. Mr Murray had thus little difficulty, in 1841, in landing two Samoan teachers, Apela and Samuela, or in obtaining from the chiefs assurances of protection. For a time, indeed, things went on smoothly and pleasantly, until a fatal epidemic broke out, which was ascribed to their machinations.

One day, while Samuela was at work in his plantation, he suddenly found himself surrounded by infuriated savages, who hurled their spears at him, and transfixed his thighs and chest. They then surprised Apela and Samuela's little girl while returning home from the plantation, and killed them on the spot. On arriving at the teachers' house, the leader of the band offered Samuela's widow her life if she would live with him; but, on her steadfast refusal, he beat her brains out with his club. She and her dead husband were afterwards cooked and eaten, but the bodies of Apela and the little girl were cast into the sea. The final act of the murderers was to divide among themselves the tools, implements, and clothing of the ill-fated teachers, crowning the dismal tragedy by setting fire to their house. This happened in 1843, but it was only in 1845 that the sad fate of their fellow-workers became known to the missionaries. In that year Messrs Turner and Murray visited Futuna to inquire into the progress that had been made, and were at first told that their friends had removed to another settlement. The hostile attitude of the natives on the beach, and behind great blocks of coral, quickly opened their eyes to the truth, and warned them not to venture within range of slings and arrows. The islanders were thereupon abandoned to their own evil devices till 1853, when two native teachers were sent thither from Aneiteum. The soil, however, still proved barren, and after four years

of incessant labour, barely half-a-dozen converts could be found amid the entire population.

In 1858 the house of one of the teachers was burned to the ground by the friends of an individual who had recently died. At the time a sick man was lying in the house, too ill to escape, and was got out with much trouble, as the avengers accused him of having caused their bereavement. A little later, the brother of a chief having died, his death was attributed to witchcraft, and three men and three women were put to death on the charge of sorcery. In the following year Messrs Turner and Inglis were gratified to learn that no further molestation had been offered to the teachers, and were themselves encouraged to land and ascend the hill, being throughout their visit civilly treated. Christianity, however, is still in abeyance.

The most southerly island of the group is named Aneiteum, with a circumference of forty miles, and a population of 3600. The mountains in the interior are not less than 3000 feet in height, but the valleys are rich and beautiful, nor is there any lack of wood and water. The people are a mixed race, and much inferior to their neighbours. The men are nearly naked, and paint their bodies. Their hair, too, is long, while the women keep theirs cut short, and are decently clothed. All the worst practices of heathenism flourished in Aneiteum, but are now, if not wholly eradicated, greatly mitigated. Wars were of constant recurrence; the bodies of the slain were greedily devoured; murder was rampant, widows were strangled, orphans destroyed, and a plurality of wives, with its attendant evils, the rule with all who could attain to that luxury. A gross superstition prevailed, inspiring

the islanders with an abject terror of *natmases,* or demons, who presided over the various phenomena of creation. They were likewise fond of feasting and display, and generally addicted to sensual gratification.

Two teachers from the Samoan Mission Seminary were placed here in 1841, but were slighted and neglected by the people. One of them shortly afterwards died, and the survivor encountered both annoyance and peril. He was after a time joined by the fugitives from Tanna, nineteen in number, including the children, but this large reinforcement proved an encumbrance, owing to the scarcity of food, and the mission was subsequently broken up, and the whole party removed, with the exception of two Samoans.

In describing a visit paid to this island in 1845 by Mr Murray and himself, Mr Turner mentions that the teachers were gradually introducing the custom of burying the dead, instead of casting them into the sea. With such an abundant supply of wood close at hand, it might have been better to have recommended cremation; but native teachers usually display more zeal than either knowledge or discretion.

The two Samoans were at one time in imminent danger of their lives, it having been proposed to kill them for the "weeping feast," in commemoration of the death of the local chief. The poor fellows had the presence of mind to desire their would-be murderers to go to their plantations and take whatever they pleased. Their good-nature seems to have shamed their enemies, who thereupon took their departure in peace. Christianity, however, made little impression upon the islanders, who had too much reason to distrust a religion exemplified in the abominable conduct of the sandalwood-cutters who

frequented their shores, and subjected their wives and daughters to insult and outrage, besides beating and even shooting themselves on the most trivial excuses.

In 1848 Mr Turner again visited Aneiteum, and was constrained to report that "the mass of the people still adhere to their heathenism, and are obstinate in strangling the widows." The number of white men, too, was unhappily increasing, and a Roman Catholic mission, consisting of eight priests and eight lay brethren, had been established on the opposite side of the island. Otherwise the prospect was tolerably hopeful, and in one district the chief and his people alike manifested a strong desire to have teachers located in their midst, to teach them the way of salvation.

In that same year Messrs Geddie, Powell, and Archibald were landed with their families, and lodged in a small plastered cottage previously occupied by the native teachers until they had set up the framework of a house brought with them from Samoa. Their reception was not particularly cordial, the local chief contenting himself with forbidding his people to kill them, or do them any serious bodily injury, but conniving at theft and fraud. Speedily acquiring a colloquial familiarity with the language of the islanders, the missionaries made excursions into the interior, and gradually awakened a spirit of inquiry. Their position, however, was critical, and required them to be constantly on the watch to avoid giving offence. The people, for instance, declared their intention to burn their house and drive them away, because they had gathered cocoa-nuts while that fruit was under a *tabu*, had burnt coral for lime, the smoke from which annoyed the *natmases*, or spirits of the sea, and were building a chapel on

a hill, the fence round which would block up the path pursued by the spirits in going to or returning from the shore. A soft answer, however, turned away wrath, and the storm-cloud passed over for that time.

In the following year a violent hurricane spread devastation far and wide, and was attributed to a chief who was supposed to exercise some control over the elements. Some of his neighbours consequently took up arms to avenge themselves, but a collision was prevented by the strenuous exertion of the missionaries, who fearlessly exposed their own lives to avert useless bloodshed. Fever and ague were also among the evils with which they had to contend.

In 1849 Mr Powell returned to Samoa, leaving Mr Geddie to prosecute his arduous task single-handed, Mr Archibald being merely a teacher. It was a rare thing for a woman in Aneiteum to attain to a great age, as widows were almost invariably strangled at the death of their husbands, the executioner being the nearest relative, sometimes a daughter. On one occasion Mrs Geddie succeeded in rescuing a widow, who was very indignant at her officiousness, though she lived to thank her not only for life, but likewise for her conversion to Christianity. Contrary to Sir John Lubbock's theory that suicide is unknown among savage tribes, a woman one day destroyed herself after being brutally treated by her husband, an act which led to the sacrifice of a boy and a girl. Against these and similar superstitions and practices Mr Geddie energetically protested, and not altogether ineffectually, though his converts were few, and not too promising.

As an illustration of his success, it may be mentioned that he dissuaded a powerful chief from strangling the

mother of a child he had lost through sickness; and, further, that he converted another chief, who confessed that for several consecutive months he had lain in wait for the missionary, but that each time something unforeseen had occurred to cause him to lose his opportunity.

A visit from Bishop Selwyn in 1851 was the source of much consolation and encouragement; but a few months later Mrs Geddie was awakened a little after midnight by the smell of fire, and starting up, saw that the roof was in a blaze. Hurrying out his wife and two children, Mr Geddie was enabled, by the assistance of his servants and neighbours, to extinguish the flames; and the natives themselves held a public meeting, at which they expressed their strong condemnation of such a barbarous and cruel deed—for it proved to be the act of an incendiary. It is painful to relate that the missionary's most open and malignant opponents at this time were the white men engaged in the sandalwood trade.

After the breaking up of that establishment in 1853, and the consequent withdrawal of foreigners from the island, his progress was both more rapid and durable, and greater attention was paid to his teachings and remonstrances. Previous to that happy consummation, however, he suffered much from a low intermittent fever, the affliction being heightened by the want of the commonest necessaries. "The most of my nourishment during my sickness," he wrote, "was a bit of toasted, musty bread, and a few pieces of hard biscuit, which a poor shipwrecked sailor was kind enough to send me out of his weekly allowance. May God repay him! His kindness was invaluable to me."

A church was first formed on the 18th May 1852,

this hopeful commencement being modestly ascribed by Mr Geddie to the exhortations of his native assistants. In the ensuing July Mr and Mrs Inglis, together with the frame of a house, arrived with Bishop Selwyn on board the *Border Maid,* and from that time the good work went on prosperously. Infanticide now ceased almost entirely, and babes were no longer exposed in the bush, on the chance of being found and adopted by some childless native. The last case of woman-strangling occurred in 1857, when two brothers killed their own mother, because one of them had lost a child. Their neighbours, now nominally Christians, seized and bound the criminals, cut off their long hair, imposed a heavy fine, and burnt their houses to the ground.

Mr Turner visited Aneiteum in 1859, and had the gratification of kneeling in prayer in company with a thousand natives, at Mr Geddie's station alone. Mr and Mrs Inglis then returned to England, after an absence of fifteen years; but Mr and Mrs Geddie, Mr and Mrs Matheson, and Mr Copeland, remained in charge of the mission.

Two years later the fine stone-built chapel, with glazed windows, was fired by an incendiary, in revenge for the desolation caused by an epidemic of measles introduced from a sandalwood schooner, under peculiarly discreditable circumstances. In the space of three months 1100 islanders, or nearly one-third of the entire population, were cut off, and missionary work brought to a complete standstill. Treading on the steps of this calamity came three successive hurricanes, followed by a period of great scarcity.

To the N.N.W. of Aneiteum, and nearly abreast of Futuna, the lovely and fruitful island of Tanna stretches

from east to west about forty miles, and from north to south about thirty-five. It is very nearly circular, and contains some 10,000 inhabitants. In the centre a mountain, clothed with verdure to the summit, rises to a considerable altitude, the rest of the island being a succession of hills and dales. In one part there is a picturesque lake, and in another a volcano in a state of constant activity.

Tanna was discovered by Captain Cook in 1774, who was struck with its amazing fertility, and especially with the size of the yams, one of which he found to weigh 55 lbs. The people are described by Mr Turner as under the middle stature, and when divested of the red paint with which their faces are daubed, rather good-looking. "Their colour is exactly that of an old copper coin," and they favour less of the Papuan cast of countenance than is usual in Western Polynesia. The women wear their hair in short erect curls, close and compact, while the men allow theirs to grow to the length of twelve or eighteen inches, divided into six or seven hundred tresses. Each tress, beginning at the root, is wound round by the thin rind of a creeping plant to within three inches of the end, which is simply oiled and curled. These tresses are brushed off the forehead, and hang down behind in a semicircle from ear to ear, resembling the head-dress of the ancient Assyrians, as depicted in Layard's "Nineveh."

Tatauing is not practised, but the representation of a leaf or fish is sometimes burnt or cut on the chest or upper part of the arm. In the matter of clothing the women are far more decent than the men. The former have girdles with long fringes made from the fibre of the banana-stalk, exceedingly soft, which descend below the knees, and are

sometimes worn also over the upper part of the body—while the latter are as nearly nude as it is possible to be, without being absolutely naked. No more fierce and savage race is to be found in the Pacific Ocean.

The Tannese, says Mr Turner, were fighting among themselves during five out of the seven months he lived among them, which he regards as a fair example of the way in which they have lived from time immemorial. "We were never able," he continues, "to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling. At such distances you come to boundaries which are never passed, and beyond which the people speak a different dialect. At one of these boundaries actual war will be going on; at another, kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another all may be peace, but, by mutual consent, they have no dealings with each other. Their fighting is principally bush-skirmishing; they rarely come to close hand-to-hand club-fighting. . . . When the body of an enemy is taken, it is dressed for the oven, and served up with yams at the next meal. . . . They delight in human flesh, and distribute it in little bits far and near among their friends, as a delicious morsel."

One day Mr Turner was expressing his disgust at the idea of men eating the flesh of their fellow-creatures, when a native burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "Pig's flesh is very good for you, but this is the thing for us," and, seizing his arm with his teeth, he shook it as a terrier shakes a rat. Polygamy was practised on a more limited scale among the Tannese than in most of the Pacific islands, very few chiefs indulging in more than three wives at a time. Not only household work, but that of the plantations, devolved upon the women, their lords being

so constantly engaged in warfare. Infanticide was unknown, and children were usually treated with much kindness. Idols there were none, but reverence was paid to the spirits of departed chiefs and ancestors. The only temple was the banian-tree, and the only offering was that of the first-fruits.

More feared than any god were the disease-makers, who were held powerful to produce sickness or death by burning *nahak*, or refuse of food. As a rule, everything of the kind, down to the skin of a banana, was carefully burnt, lest it should fall into the hands of an enemy, and by him be placed at the disposition of those formidable beings. Not unfrequently the latter would prowl about in search of any garbage that might have been carelessly flung aside, and go about with the stuff hanging from their necks. If any one then happened to fall sick, he believed that his *nahak* was being burned, and straightway got some friend to blow a conch-shell, the sound of which would be carried two or three miles. The greater the pain, the louder grow the blasts; and likewise, as the anguish subsides, the trumpet ceases to implore mercy. In the latter case presents of hatchets, knives, pigs, whale's teeth, mats, &c., would be prepared, and no long time elapsed before they were called for. Should a relapse afterwards ensue, it was assumed that the expiation had not been sufficient, and the conch was again blown, and additional gifts got ready. Strange to say, the disease-makers were themselves just as superstitious as the vulgar herd, and never fell ill without suspecting one of their own fraternity as the primary cause of their discomfort. The sick and infirm were never prematurely buried in Tanna; but as a last resource, when a case appeared desperate, the soles of the feet would

be burnt till the flesh was soddened. The dead were invariably buried in a recess dug out of the side of the grave. Within the last quarter of a century the custom of widow-strangling crept in from Aneiteum, where it has since fallen into desuetude.

The last official act performed by the Rev. John Williams was to place three Samoan teachers in Tanna, and the last entry in his journal alludes to this event in terms that are incomprehensible by ordinary minds. "This is a memorable day," he wrote, "a day which will be transmitted to posterity, and the record of the events which have this day transpired will exist after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion, and the results of this day will be"—— The mere fact of landing three teachers on a comparatively unknown island certainly did not justify such exuberant exultation, especially before any idea could be formed of their future success or failure. It is said, indeed, that Mr Williams looked upon the New Hebrides as the key to the whole of Melanesia, and was buoyed up by the hope that the wedge, whose thin end had now been applied, would avail to rend asunder the entire fabric of superstition in all the neighbouring groups. Others, however, will have it that he unconsciously wrote in a prophetic strain, alluding to his own martyrdom, which took place within forty-eight hours afterwards; but it must be admitted that this seems a somewhat overstrained interpretation of a simple burst of enthusiastic exaggeration, not unusual among the South Sea missionaries.

Of the three teachers left by Mr Williams, one died two or three years later, and the survivors, though reinforced by two more Samoans, appear to have made little progress

even in humanising the savages. Two more of them, besides, died, and all suffered in health, their illness being attributed by the islanders to the anger of their local gods.

Accordingly, Mr Murray found them in 1841 neglected and despised, and with scarce any disciples in their train. In the following year Messrs Turner and Nisbet arrived from London, *viâ* Samoa, and were received in a friendly manner that at once dissipated their previous apprehensions. The chiefs readily promised protection, and expressed themselves pleased to have European missionaries to instruct their people. Their first experiences, however, were not altogether agreeable. The house in which they lodged was formed of rough, upright sticks, with interstices wide enough to allow a couple of fingers to pass through. Before these gaps were filled up "a towel was missed here, a comb there, and a pair of scissors in another place. Nay, the very bed-quilt was caught one afternoon moving off towards a hole by means of a long stick with a hook at the end of it." The missionaries had taken with them the frame and material of a sixty-feet weather-boarded cottage, which occupied them for several weeks in putting together, as the natives neither could nor would render any assistance. So far from helping on the work, they were always on the alert to appropriate the tools, or anything else they could lay hands upon.

One morning the missionaries found themselves in the very centre of the preparations for a deadly collision between their neighbours and some strangers from a distance. Clubs were being struck against one another, bowstrings were being tightened, spear-throwers were being fastened on, and fiercely raged the strife of tongues,

when the missionaries rushed in between the two angry bands, and after much exertion succeeded in preventing bloodshed.

The next misadventure had like to have proved the last. Two boats'-crews from an American whaler, landing in search of wood and water, contrived to get embroiled with the natives, who pursued them into the surf, striking at them with their clubs. Instead of inquiring into the rights of the dispute, and regardless of the probable consequences to the helpless missionaries, the skipper instantly weighed anchor, and fired old bolts and bars from his big guns at some villages a long way from the scene of the quarrel. As it happened, no lives were lost; for in that case, the *lex talionis* would assuredly have been carried out at the cost of the innocent.

The cottage being at last completed, and the printing-press set up, the two missionaries soon acquired a sufficient familiarity with the language to justify them in opening a school: but the difficulty was to obtain scholars. Neither could the Tannese be persuaded to become regular servants. They were willing enough to do small jobs, but quickly grew weary, and impatiently demanded their wages, generally a fish-hook or a strip of coloured print, with which they went off home, and were seen no more until the whim seized them to apply for further employment. The two ladies, however, were tolerably successful in teaching needlework, though on the first day only one little girl ventured to put on a thimble, and receive the preliminary instruction for sewing patchwork. "Some women gathered round, curious to see this new wonder. Little Maui was gravely trying to do her best, when the spectators suddenly burst out into a laugh, upon which,"

says Mrs Turner, "our little pupil started up, dashed down her work and thimble, burst through the surrounding circle, and fled with the speed of a frightened hare, leaving us looking blank at the issue of our first attempt at school-keeping."

When the novelty of the new worship wore off, it was impossible to get a congregation together. The appropriation of one day in seven to religious purposes seemed to the indolent, pleasure-seeking islanders a great deal too much of a good thing. Then, a husband would hold himself excused from attendance at divine service if his wife, or child, or any other member of his family were there. In the week-days the missionaries would visit the neighbouring villages within a radius of four or five miles, beyond which they were not suffered to go, on the plea that, if they did, they would be killed by the "bad people;" nor would it have been of any use to have persisted in going, as quite a different dialect was spoken by tribes at that short distance. Their hearts, we read, yearned to make the acquaintance of their neighbours beyond the pale, by a few of whom they were occasionally visited. "One would say, 'I am a sacred man; I made that rain to fall a little ago.' Another would ask whether we had lived up in the skies with God? who was God's father? and how many children He had? Or a third, pointing to the portrait hanging on the wall, would gravely ask, 'Is that Jehovah?'" Beyond these very superficial inquiries no interest was evinced, few caring to trouble themselves about a religion that was opposed to their ancient customs and prejudices. And matters were not suffered to continue long at the negative point of indifference.

A neighbouring chief having been treacherously mur-

dered by a party from a tribe located at a short distance, his friends and dependants immediately prepared for hostilities. The missionaries forthwith hastened to the front, in the hope of preventing a collision, but were soon persuaded of the impracticability of such a task. By the time they reached the dead man's village, all who were capable of bearing arms had already gone off into the bush, while their wives and children were uttering loud cries of lamentation over the corpse. So, after kneeling down among the trees, and praying to God to inspire the savages with feelings of brotherly love towards one another, they returned home anxious and depressed.

For four months this wretched bush-fighting was carried on, though probably without much bloodshed, and it was accompanied, or followed, by a worse calamity in the form of dysentery, which carried off many of the natives. The missionaries naturally exerted themselves to check the ravages of the epidemic by distributing medicine to the sick, and oftentimes with success. This gratuitous ministration, however, brought down upon them the resentment of the professional disease-makers, who found their gains thereby much diminished, and were consequently determined to get rid of such troublesome rivals. On visiting a certain village, Mr Turner twice narrowly escaped death at the hands of a young ruffian, being saved on one occasion by the presence of mind of Mr Nisbet, and on the other by the interference of some women. A Sunday or two after this occurrence Mr Nisbet himself was in danger of being clubbed, one of his two companions, an assistant printer and a Christian, being actually struck on the temple, and dangerously wounded.

The ill-feeling of the priesthood was further inflamed by

the fact that, while dysentery raged with great virulence among the enemies of the Christians, the latter were exempt from the malady. To make matters worse, the people dwelling on the mountain opposite the mission, who had hitherto remained neutral, though also suffering from dysentery, at last joined the hostile party, and avowed their resolution to destroy the foreigners and their adherents. The position of the missionaries had become extremely critical. The country to the right and left, and the mountain on the opposite side of the bay, were occupied by savages thirsting for their blood. Their only friends dwelt in a few villages behind the mission-house, but were quite unable to cope with their adversaries. One day a band of two thousand armed men poured into the district bent upon their massacre, but were dispersed by a furious tropical squall of wind, thunder, lightning, and rain, before they could decide upon their plan of action. As the evil project was only adjourned, and not abandoned, Messrs Turner and Nisbet set about packing up their things, and getting their whale-boat ready for launching.

On the following Sunday their enemies beat one of their boys to death with their clubs, as a declaration of war against the district which still afforded them a shelter. The fighting began on the Tuesday, when several of the missionaries' friends were wounded; and on the following day a village was burnt to the ground. A fowling-piece, left by Mr Heath at the mission-house, was thereupon clamorously demanded by their protectors, but resolutely refused. It now seemed that nothing remained but to seek safety in flight in two open boats, through a dark, squally night. A little before midnight the moon shone out, and the wind moderated. Commending themselves to God, the little

band moved down to the beach, nineteen in all, including four children. Ten were placed in the whaling-boat, and nine in the canoe, Mr Turner and Mr Nisbet each taking an oar. As they neared the mouth of the Horseshoe Bay, a heavy swell came rolling in, the wind freshened into a squall, blowing right in their teeth, and the rain came down in torrents. In vain the one crew tugged at their oars, while the others strenuously plied their paddles: the storm was too much for them, and wellnigh drove them upon the breakers. Presently they lost sight of one another, and in despair each made for the shore, which they happily reached about 3 A.M., "all faint and sick, and reeling after such a struggle against the wind and rain and sea."

A few hours later their neighbours crowded into the house demanding the gun. This the missionaries firmly declined to give up, and shortly afterwards were again forced to hurry down to their boats, their enemies rapidly gaining ground, and driving their half-hearted friends before them in confusion. A valuable present of hatchets, knives, and calico, had been sent to the victors to stay their hand, but the answer was read in the flames of another village. That night, however, passed over without hurt, and on the morrow a whaler from Hobart Town came to anchor close to the beach, and the missionaries and teachers two days afterwards were on board with all their movable goods, and on their way to Samoa, leaving the wretched Tannese to butcher one another on any fresh pretext for bloodshed that might occur to their ferocious minds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Tanna in 1845—"Satan" in the flesh—Infamous conduct of the sandalwood-traders—Ravages of the smallpox—First missionary settlement—Never too old to learn—Niua—A vendetta—Erromanga—Murder of Mr John Williams and Mr James Harris—Mr Heath's courage—Murder of Mr and Mrs Gordon—Realities of missionary life.

It was in January 1843 that Messrs Turner and Nisbet were constrained to flee for their lives from Tanna; but by the 22d April 1845 a marked change had been wrought in the disposition of the Tannese. On that day the former gentleman, accompanied by the Rev. A. W. Murray, found himself once more in Port Resolution, on board the new missionary barque, the *John Williams*. The fighting, he was informed, lasted for upwards of a month after his hurried departure, dysentery, meanwhile, making fearful ravages among the enemy. Since then both parties had lived on mutual good terms, and all were anxious to receive instruction. Two Samoan teachers were actually occupying the old mission-house, having fled thither from Niua, where they had been accused of creating disease, and threatened with death. These faithful converts had laboured assiduously, and not unsuccessfully, among the Tannese, and had kindled a desire to know something more about this new religion, which was making such a stir in the neighbouring islands, as well as in their own.

Mr Turner was also surprised to find in the mission-house a broken-down English gentleman, whose name the natives pronounced as Satan. He was lying "on a sort of bedstead made of some sticks lashed together, and raised a little off the ground. A mat and a blanket formed his scanty bedding. A loaded gun lay at his right side, another stood up in the corner, at his left. He had an old number of the *Times* newspaper in his hand, and a little fire smouldered in a hole in the earth at the foot of the bed. There he lay, with a long black beard, pale, pensive, and emaciated." The poor waif stated that his name was S—t—n, his initials being R. M. S., and that he came originally from Essex, whence he had emigrated to New Zealand.

Disappointed in his expectations, he had taken to the sandalwood trade, and would have been killed at Mare, one of the Loyalty Islands, but for the interposition of the native teachers. He was afterwards at Aneiteum, and crossed over to Tanna for the sake of the hot springs ; for he had been covered with sores, and was still far from well. It was his wish, he said, to visit all the neighbouring islands, and then return home ; but the latter intention was never fulfilled, for he lost his life in New Caledonia, about two years after his meeting with Mr Turner.

Quite undue importance seems to have been attached to the circumstance that a half-converted chief of secondary rank had kept a correct reckoning of the Sabbaths—as Sunday is invariably called by the missionaries. Whenever any savages could be persuaded to abstain from work on the seventh day, it was thought that the first step had been taken towards their conversion, as though utter idleness were more desirable than such simple occupations as fishing, or the easy culture of their fields. These "Sabba-

tarians," it must be remembered, knew nothing of Christian doctrines or morality, had scarce an idea of prayer beyond incoherent ejaculations to "Jehovah," and had certainly no resources within themselves of either a spiritual or intellectual nature. Their "Sabbaths" were nothing more than so many hours passed in absolute idleness, lolling about under the trees or on the beach, devising schemes of war and spoliation for the morrow. Verily, the good missionaries would have done well to remember that "the Son of man is lord also of the Sabbath."

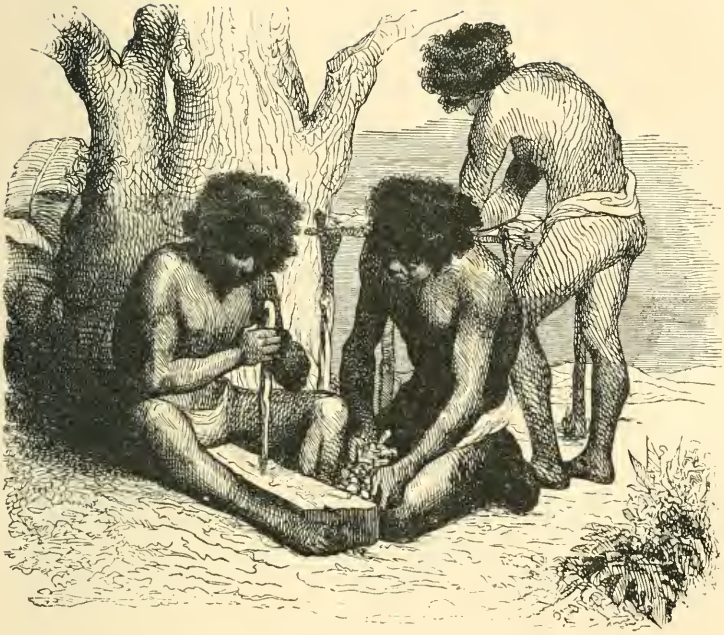
The Tannese, however, were evidently in earnest, for the time being, in desiring to have more teachers, and the most anxious were the very men who, only two years before, had driven the mission from the island. Three Rarotongans and four Samoans were accordingly landed, under the assured protection of twelve powerful chiefs, and the people generally welcomed them with noisy demonstrations of delight.

One day the European gentlemen made an excursion to the volcano, and on their return rested near the village of Maro, and bartered beads with the children for cocoa-nuts and bananas. "Only a month ago," Mr Turner remarks, "the Maro people killed on that very spot a poor fellow, who had ventured from an inland tribe to come and have a peep at a vessel at anchor. They cooked his body, and sent a leg to Fatarapa in the bay, but neither Viavia nor Kuanuan would taste. Their people, however, thought it was too good to throw away. The inland tribe were soon in arms in search for their man, or some one in his place, and killed a woman near Maro."

The fair prospect that seemed about to unfold itself in

1845 soon became enveloped in gloom. When Messrs Nisbet and Gill anchored in Port Resolution in September 1846, they were informed that one of the teachers had been struck down by a club, and his lower jawbone broken, on suspicion of having caused a fatal epidemic to sweep through the island. The unfortunate man recovered; but not so one of his colleagues, who was waylaid one evening and murdered outright, on the breaking out of another disease, their dwelling-house having two days previously been burnt to the ground. It is not very surprising that the survivors should have hurried on board a vessel that was then lying in the bay, and so escaped from an untenable position.

Two teachers, nevertheless, had the courage to land in 1846, but without accomplishing much apparent good. Nor could this be expected in the face of the lawless and outrageous conduct of the white men engaged in the sandalwood trade. Thus, Mr Turner states, writing under date of the 17th July 1848, that a sandalwood schooner had just arrived from Erromanga, which had been robbed of a boat by the natives of that island. "They were out in deep water, but the natives upset the boat. One of the crew clung to the keel, and was killed directly: his name was William Thorington, of Chatham. The rest swam out to sea, towards the vessel. They had a current in their favour, and as the natives were busy picking up the contents of the boat, they escaped. One of them was four hours in the water, and has been insensible ever since. Another, who had a blow on the head from a tomahawk, is also out of his mind. The mate of this schooner tells sad tales of his brethren in the sandalwood trade. He names a vessel now in the group, and says they fire upon every



NATIVE WOOD-CUTTERS.

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tribe that will not let them have the wood. He says they take natives from one place to another, and sell them for wood. Over and over again he assured us that he and his party never do such tricks; but at the same moment his own boat's-crew were telling our men on deck tales which, if true, made them out to be as bad as any in the trade. They say they get a chief on board, and keep him until they get boat-loads of wood for his rescue. After getting the wood they take away the poor man still, and sell him for more wood at another place, there to be a slave, or, more likely, a roast for the next meal. At this place they will pick up some other person, and off with him again. If they take some Tanna men in this way to Erromanga, they will return to Tanna and say, "Oh, they were killed at Erromanga." And at Erromanga they will say the same of any Erromangans who have been left here. Dogs and cats, also, it appears, are in great demand at Erromanga. A dishonest trader will show a cat; a boat-load of sandal-wood is brought for it. He tells them to bring more; they bring more, and after all he keeps the cat, and sails off, laughing, with the wood. In retaliation for injuries, if accounts are true, some of these white men are as barbarous as the natives. It is reported that this very party now at anchor took a chief of Cook's Bay lately, first mangled his body on board, then threw him into the sea, and shot at him as at a target."

In the brief space of nine years 322 white men engaged in that trade had perished, within Mr Turner's own knowledge. The accursed thirst of hasty and illicit gain, which prompted the Spaniards to commit such cruelties in South America, produced precisely the same results in the

sandalwood trade, and at a still more recent period in the kidnapping of the South Sea Islanders.

The sandalwood was in great request in China, where it was burnt as incense to the idols, and fetched from £15 to £18 per ton, thus yielding an immense profit to the unscrupulous ruffians engaged in the trade if trade it might be called that was no better than spoliation of the savages. That the latter should come to regard Christianity with aversion, or at least with distrust, can be no matter of surprise, when it is remembered that their teachers were for the most part imperfectly-educated natives of the Friendly or Society Islands, while, with the exception of brief missionary visits at long intervals, their only intercourse with Christian white men was of the character above described. The contrast between precept and example was too strong not to be remarked by these suspicious, if ignorant, barbarians.

The two teachers landed in 1846 were reinforced by one from Rarotonga in 1848, and again for a time the outlook was encouraging. A vessel, however, arrived with smallpox on board, without any precautions being taken to prevent infection. One of the teachers was consequently attacked and carried off within a week, then another, shortly afterwards a third, and lastly, the wife of the last mentioned. A Samoan, with his wife and child—for there were then four teachers on the island—alone survived, being located at some little distance from the others. Fifteen of the natives were next cut off, who had stolen sundry articles from the mission premises, which were then committed to the flames. Other diseases followed in the steps of that distemper, and were also accredited to Christianity. So great a ferment thereupon arose, that the Samoan and his

family fled to Aneiteum, but four women were killed who were known to have adopted the new religion.

After the lapse of a few years the Tannese were much exercised in their minds by strange rumours that came from Aneiteum, so that in 1854 they were induced to despatch two canoes to that island to ascertain the exact state of things. Great was the astonishment of the messengers on learning that peace prevailed from shore to shore, and that fighting and bloodshed were absolutely prohibited. This novelty went home to the hearts of those war-worn savages, and they at once begged that teachers might be sent to Tanna, in the hope of bringing about a like happy result. Two were accordingly deputed for that purpose, and being themselves chieftains, received a hearty welcome. Once more a new era seemed about to dawn upon Tanna, when progress was again arrested by widespread sickness, and the lives of the teachers were for awhile in considerable danger. In 1857 widow-strangling, another recent importation from Aneiteum, was found to be on the increase, while the bodies of enemies slain in battle were still eagerly devoured. The chiefs further declined to allow any European missionaries to settle on the island, through their fear of the disease-makers dwelling in the interior.

Towards the close of the following year, however, Messrs Paton and Copeland arrived from Scotland and settled on the shore of Port Resolution, while Mr Matheson from Nova Scotia made choice of another district. In the course of the ensuing twelve months Mr Paton lost his wife and infant child, and was himself fourteen times prostrated with fever and ague. His life, too, had been repeatedly threatened, nor was he able to venture more

than a couple of miles from his own door on the south or west sides of the bay, and only once had made his way to the station temporarily occupied by Mr Matheson, who had been compelled by ill-health to return to Aneiteum. In 1859 Mr Paton was working single-handed, Mr Copeland having already been removed. There were, indeed, eleven Aneiteum teachers, but these were little capable of imparting religious instruction.

The outbreak of measles which proved so fatal to the people of Aneiteum in 1861, was severely felt also in Tanna, and was commonly attributed to Mr Paton. When that island was visited by Mr Murray in 1861, no more than twenty individuals could be induced to attend divine worship. In the course of subsequent conferences many sought to excuse themselves from learning to read, on the plea of being too old to begin upon anything. A convert somewhat advanced in years thereupon declared with much vivacity that there was no great difficulty in mastering the alphabet. "There is F," he cried, "it is just like a club; C is like a half moon; O is like the full moon; L is like a leg with a foot; T is like the posts of a verandah, with the cross piece of wood over the top," and so on.

The Rev. Mr Johnston had arranged to take up his abode on the island, but died before he could settle down to his work. His widow, instead of returning to her friends, bravely proceeded to Aneiteum and took charge of the Orphan School and Home.

In 1862 the Tanna Mission was again abandoned through the violence of the heathen, nor can anything very satisfactory be said of the religious or moral condition of those fierce islanders even at the present date.

Only fifteen miles to the north-east of Tanna the low

uninviting islet of Niua—pronounced Neeooah—rises about 200 feet above the level of the sea. It is of coral formation, and contains about 500 inhabitants. Repeated efforts were made, but in vain, to bring these islanders under Christian influences; but each experiment speedily proved abortive, the teachers being compelled to flee for their lives.

In 1858 two natives of Aneiteum, named Navallak and Nemeian, volunteered for the ungrateful task. As it chanced, however, the Niuans had carefully nurtured the memory of a grievous wrong done to a party of their fellow-islanders some thirty years before. These men had gone to visit some friends in Aneiteum, but having been driven by stress of weather to a part of the island where they were unknown, were incontinently slain and eaten, with the exception of two who concealed themselves among the rocks. At night these two seized a small canoe with two paddles, and setting up a cocoa-nut leaf for a sail, succeeded in reaching their homes. Infuriated at the ghastly fate of their countrymen, the Niuans fixed some sticks in the ground to remind them of the debt of revenge they owed, carefully replacing those that rotted. Unhappily Nemeian came from the very district in which the foul deed had been perpetrated, and the circumstance soon became known. The Niuans, however, shrank from taking vengeance with their own hands, and consigned the hateful task to two Tannese savages who were living amongst them. These ruffians waylaid the teachers one Sunday afternoon, killed Nemeian on the spot with a sharp stone, and beat Navallak with a club till he was sorely wounded. The Niuans thereupon pronounced themselves satisfied, pulled up the sticks *in memoriam*, and built a

chapel for the wounded man, who was soon afterwards joined by another teacher from Aneiteum. A native of Aitutake was likewise placed here in 1859, and gradually a certain moderate degree of success was attained.

Of all the islands in the Southern Seas, Erromanga enjoys the bad pre-eminence of being most deeply steeped in the blood of European missionaries. It is a mountainous, but tolerably fertile island, 75 miles in circuit, and contains about 5000 inhabitants. Erromanga was originally discovered in 1769 by Captain Cook, who came into collision with the natives. These are described as being both physically and morally inferior to the Tannese, and of a darker complexion—the negro cast of countenance being not unfrequently observed. They have always been addicted to war, cannibalism, and polygamy, and were regarded with mingled dread and aversion of all their neighbours. With the idea of giving their children strength and vigour, new-born babes were fed with fish and taro, under which diet the weak and sickly soon passed away.

Among the natural productions of this island was the much-coveted sandalwood, which drew down upon the natives most cruel treatment from the rude violent men who pursued that traffic. To this cause must be assigned the murder of the two missionaries who, on the 20th November 1839, first endeavoured to open a friendly intercourse with the savages, though it has been stated that Mr Williams unconsciously gave offence by landing at a time when certain religious rites were being performed.

It is more probable that the version received by Mr Turner from the actual murderers is the correct one. According to this, the natives had collected a quantity of

yams and taro for a great feast, and when they saw a boat filled with white men making for the spot, they naturally concluded that they had come to steal their property. They were under the impression at the time that the missionary vessel, the *Camden*, was the same that had recently anchored there with a party of sandalwood-cutters on board, by whom they had been vilely treated. They therefore retired into the bush and watched their opportunity for revenge.

Mr Williams had no intention of leaving a teacher on the island, but merely desired to conciliate the natives by making them a few presents. As neither women nor children were to be seen on the beach, Captain Morgan endeavoured to dissuade him from going on shore, but he was bent on making a commencement, and replied, with a smile: "Captain, you know we like to take possession of the land, and if we can only leave good impressions on the minds of the natives, we can come again and leave teachers; we must be content to do a little. You know Babel was not built in a day." The allusion to Babel was more characteristic than felicitous, inasmuch as the tower was never completed, but the name was probably more familiar than that of Rome.

In compliance with the worthy man's urgent wishes, Captain Morgan at length lowered a boat and pulled in for the shore, having on board, in addition to Mr Williams, a Mr Cunningham, and a young gentleman named Harris, who was on his way to England with a view to be appointed to the Marquesas Mission. As the boat neared the land, Mr Harris stepped into the water, and wading ashore sat down on the beach, where some natives brought him young cocoa-nuts and even opened them for

him. He then followed a path into the bush a little way ahead of Mr Williams, Mr Cunningham bringing up the rear, while Captain Morgan remained behind to see that the boat was properly secured. A bend in the road hid the three explorers from the boat's-crew, but Mr Cunningham afterwards related that Mr Williams was engaged in teaching a lad the Samoan numerals, and he himself was stooping to pick up some shells that were new to him, when suddenly a loud yell rang from the bush, and almost instantaneously he saw Mr Harris running at top speed pursued by armed natives, one of whom struck him with a club. Staggering a few steps forward, he fell into the stream and was speedily beaten to death.

Mr Cunningham and Captain Morgan made straight for the boat, and quickly scrambled on board; but Mr Williams rushed into the sea, apparently with the intention of swimming off out of the reach of his pursuers. He was overtaken, however, at the water's edge; but catching the first blow on his arm, he dived beneath the waves, though only to be struck again and again as he rose to the surface. The surf upon the shore was soon tinged with the red hue of blood, and the missionary's career was fulfilled. Meantime the boat pushed off beyond the reach of stones and arrows, and when the martyr's dead body was dragged up high and dry upon the beach and pelted with stones by the cruel young barbarians, the sorrowing survivors returned to the ship.

There being no shot on board, Captain Morgan could fire only blank cartridge, which failed to intimidate the ferocious islanders, who carried off the two bodies into the bush when they saw the boat again making for the land. It is said that the natives were by no means of one

mind as to the expediency of attacking their unarmed and seemingly friendly visitors, and some of them made signals to prevent the approach of the latter. They themselves afterwards declared that their hearts melted within them when they saw "the man in the boat (Captain Morgan), who stood, and wrung his hands, and wept."

The news of this atrocious deed soon spread far and wide, and in every island, where the name of Williams was as a household word, called forth the most touching demonstrations of sorrow, and of sympathy with the bereaved widow, mingled with outbursts of rage and indignation. Sir George Gipps lost no time in despatching from Sydney H.M.S. *Favourite,* commanded by Captain Croker, to recover the remains of the two murdered men, but with strict instructions to refrain from all show of vengeance. The natives readily delivered up two skulls and some bones, which were conveyed to Apia, in the Samoan group, where they were solemnly interred on the 31st March 1840, the officers, seamen, and marines walking in the sad procession, and a farewell salute being fired over the grave. A monument was also erected, bearing the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Williams, Father of the Samoan and other missions, aged 43 years and 5 months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Erromanga on Nov. 20, 1839, while endeavouring to plant the Gospel of peace on their shores."

Subsequently, however, it was ascertained that a great mistake had been made. Captain Croker's interpreter had failed to make himself understood. At all events, the natives took off to the ship two skulls and a quantity of bones from a heap lying in a cave used as a catacomb. One of the skulls, it is alleged, was that of the father of a

lad educated at the Samoan Seminary, while Mr Williams's head was buried at the foot of a palm-tree a little way inland.

"A piece of red sealing-wax," says Mr Turner, "found in Mr Williams's pocket, was supposed by the natives to be some portable *god*, and was carefully buried near where the skull was laid. Mr Gordon lately recovered this and handed it to me (in 1859) to convey to Mr Williams's children, as the only relic which he has been able to obtain of their lamented father. At first he thought, from the description of the natives, that this *god* would turn out to be Mr Williams's watch; but, when found, it was only red sealing-wax. The clothes, and other things found on the body, after the massacre, were all distributed about, with the exception of this bit of sealing-wax, an inch and a half long."

A singular memento of the murder is a flat block of coral about a gunshot from the place where Mr Williams was struck down. Upon this his body was laid on its right side, with the knees somewhat bent, and three marks were cut in the stone to indicate the length from the crown of the head to the lower part of the trunk, and from that point to the feet. Mr Harris's body was cooked in Dillon's Bay, the scene of the massacre; while that of his companion was taken a few miles into the interior, and divided between three different villages.

No sooner was Mr Williams's sad fate known in Samoa than a meeting was held to consider what steps should be taken under these discouraging circumstances. The Rev. T. Heath, however, immediately volunteered to renew the attempt to open a friendly intercourse with the Erromangans, on the sole condition that, if he perished, the

duty should be undertaken by some one else, and that those savages should not be abandoned as utterly irreclaimable. The condition was cheerfully accepted, and in May 1840 Mr Heath succeeded in landing some native teachers, under positive assurances of support and protection. The unfortunate men, however, would have been starved to death had not a kindly-disposed native secretly, and at imminent peril to himself, supplied them with food during the hours of darkness. In the following year they were rescued with some difficulty, and Erromanga was sought only by dealers in sandalwood.

In 1845, indeed, Messrs Murray and Turner anchored in Dillon's Bay and, pulling in close to the shore, presented some bits of cloth, beads, and fish-hooks to the natives who crowded round the bow, suspicious and irresolute; but an old chief seated on a pile of stones on the beach forbade his people to go off to the ship, and Mr Turner remarks in his journal, "The door seems quite shut." The prospect was equally gloomy in 1848, when the Erromangans were engaged in constant disputes with the sandalwood-cutters, in which the latter often fared badly. The islanders, for instance, would swim off to a boat with a tomahawk under one arm and pushing before them a log of sandalwood. While this was being hauled in they would dive under the keel and capsize the boat, and then use their tomahawks with murderous effect.

At last, in 1849, four of the islanders were induced to proceed to Samoa for three years' instruction at the Seminary. One of these died on their voyage home in 1852, but the others were safely landed, together with two married teachers. Fighting was then going on in all directions, and the new-comers were more than once sorely straitened for

the barest necessaries of life, but their humanising influence was gradually extended over the tribes in their immediate vicinity.

Five years later the Rev. G. N. Gordon from Nova Scotia, accompanied by his wife and two married teachers from Rarotonga, ventured to fix his abode within a very short distance of the scene of the massacre in 1839. Here the devoted couple were found by Mr Turner in 1859, except that to avoid the unhealthy swamps on the low ground, Mr Gordon had built his cottage on the hill at an elevation of a thousand feet above the sea, and by the side of his house a small chapel with a fine sonorous bell. A congregation of a hundred and fifty persons assembled in this little building, and the visitors were delighted to "hear them, as led by Mrs Gordon, strike up the tune of 'New Lydia' and also the translation and tune of 'There is a happy land.'" On the previous Sunday, however, the chapel was nearly deserted, only five natives having ventured to disregard a prohibition issued by the chiefs against attending divine service, in consequence of a report received from Aneiteum that the new religion was there killing the people.

Mr Gordon admitted that it was terribly uphill work, and that his chief hope centred in six young Erromangans whom he was training as teachers. He was assisted, indeed, by a native of Aneiteum, and an Erromangan was stationed on the other side of the island, where he was working with considerable success; but the want of European knowledge and energy was keenly felt. Mr Turner shook hands with Kauian, the chief who murdered Mr Williams, and saw also one of his men who struck down Mr Harris. Both appeared to regret their conduct on that occasion, and the

latter especially testified his sorrow at having killed "a man of God."

Barely eighteen months elapsed after Mr Turner's last visit before another name was added to the roll of Christian martyrs. A native of Singapore had established himself in Erromanga and claimed superhuman powers, in virtue of which nine of the local chiefs had bestowed upon him a daughter in marriage. An attack of measles having carried off many of the islanders, this man gave out that it was the handiwork of the missionary, and on the 18th May 1861 Mr Gordon was privately warned that his life was in danger. The information was unheeded, and he went about his usual avocations. A similar warning reached Mrs Gordon on the morrow, which happened to be Sunday.

On Monday morning Mr Gordon desired eight of his lads to go down to the lowlands to cut reeds to thatch a house which he was building, while one remained with Mrs Gordon, and another accompanied himself to the new dwelling. About noon nine men and a boy called at his residence and were offered refreshments. Each accepted a cocoa-nut and some fish-hooks, but said that they wanted some cloth to cover themselves, as they wished to attend divine service. Mrs Gordon thereupon referred them to her husband, and as they were going down the hill she was moved by a strange impulse to call after them, and ask if they intended to kill her husband and herself. The boy turned round and jestingly answered in the affirmative, but, deceived by his tone and manner, the lad with Mrs Gordon thought he was speaking in fun.

Eight of the party, when they had got well out of sight, concealed themselves in the bush, while the other went on

to Mr Gordon, followed by the lad who was bringing the missionary his frugal meal. As the man approached, the other lad recognised him as the murderer of several persons, and mentioned the circumstance. Mr Gordon contented himself with taking from the fellow a hatchet with which he was armed, and asking how he came to act in such an atrocious manner. The savage hung down his head, and his hatchet was restored to him. He then said that he wanted some cloth for himself and his friends, whereupon Mr Gordon took a chip of wood, and with a piece of chalk wrote on it a few words, requesting his wife to give each of the party a yard of calico. The man declined, however, to take charge of the missive, and added that one of his companions was very ill and wanted medicine. Mr Gordon had begun to open his wife's parcel, but on hearing that a sick man stood in need of his advice, he quickly tied it up again and, giving it to the other to carry, bade him walk on in front. This he declined to do, and the missionary fearlessly led the way. Presently one of those in ambush sprang out from his hiding-place and struck at him, but the blow fell on the suddenly-uplifted arm. Mr Gordon then took to his heels, but on reaching a steep broken bit of road received a severe wound across the vertebral column, near the loins, and instantly fell to the ground, when he was speedily despatched by a blow on the neck which severed the spine and arteries. Hearing a noise, Mrs Gordon came to the door of the house and looked out, and while she was doing so one of the men stole round from behind and struck her repeatedly on the back, neck, and arms. A little girl who was with her fled down to the shore, and carried the woeful news to the lads who were cutting thatch. These bravely hurried back to

the house, and were in time to save both bodies from the ovens.

When Mr Murray arrived a little later in the same year, he found that husband and wife had been buried in the same grave, over which was raised a mound of stone and lime about two feet in height, with mulberry-trees planted in a circle all round, the whole being enclosed within a rude fence made of bamboos, attached to cocoa-nut posts. Mr Gordon, it seems, had distrusted native agency, and strove to work single-handed, so that, when the hour of danger arrived, he was left all alone. After his death seventeen of his converts escaped to Aneiteum, but those who remained were subjected to no persecution.

The sad fate of this worthy and courageous man failed to deter others from incurring the same risk. What the Roman poet said of the fabled bough of gold is truly applicable to missionaries *in partibus infidelium*—

> . . . "Primo avulso, non deficit alter
> Aureus; et simili frondescit virga metallo."

Thus, in the year 1869, Captain Palmer, in command of H.M.S. *Rozario*, found the Rev. Mr M'Nair and his wife residing in the deserted premises of the old sandalwood establishment at Dillon's Bay. Mr Gordon's murderers had more than once forced their way into his garden, and threatened to treat him in the same way. The situation is described as most unhealthy, the atmosphere being laden with miasma from the rank vegetation on the river's banks. The people, too, were lazy and stupid, and had killed the pigs and poultry which Mr M'Nair had given to them for breeding purposes, neither would they accept his offer to feed, clothe, and educate their children. "Doubtless,"

remarks Captain Palmer, "the sketches of the missionary settlement look very pretty on paper; but, unfortunately, there are some things you cannot portray, such as insufficient food, brackish water, together with swarms of mosquitoes and other insects, and often, as at Dillon's Bay, a sweltering, poisonous atmosphere, accompanied by fever and ague. The missionary schooner is often delayed on her annual trip; then the stores of flour are at a very low ebb, and frequently injured by the damp, and the sugar swarming with ants. An English labourer would often turn up his nose at their daily fare. All these things cannot be put into a sketch of a two-roomed cottage, under the shade of a cocoa-nut grove, with beautifully-wooded hills as a background."

The climate spared the Erromangans an additional crime, Mr M'Nair speedily succumbing to the pestilential exhalations of Dillon's Bay.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW HEBRIDES: SANTA CRUZ AND SOLOMON ISLANDS.

Vaté—Horrible outrage—Sualo—Ill-success of the native teachers—Conversion of the Erakorites—Santa Cruz Islands—Missionary excursion of Bishop Selwyn and the Rev. Coleridge Patteson—Banks' Islands—Mr M'Farlane on missionaries—Bishop Patteson—His martyrdom at Nukupa Island.

FORTY-FOUR miles to the north of Erromanga lies the fine coral island of Vaté, named Sandwich Island by its discoverer, Captain Cook. It is probably not less than eighty miles in circumference, and contains a population estimated at 12,000 inhabitants. The shore is indented with magnificent bays and excellent harbours, while the scenery in the interior is described as exceedingly diversified and picturesque. The people are taller and stouter than the Tannese, with short, woolly hair, but of a lighter complexion than either the Tannese or Erromangans, and far more decently clad. Their features, too, are more regular, with straight or nearly aquiline noses, good foreheads, and beards of moderate length. Tatauing is not practised, though the chest and arms are frequently covered with raised figures.

Though quite as truculent as their neighbours, they are less addicted to war with one another, and intermarry all over the island. The body of a vanquished foe may usually be redeemed by a pig, or some other offering of equal value; otherwise, it is placed in the

oven. Human bones are often suspended from the rafters of their houses, together with those of inferior animals. "Here," says Captain Erskine of the house in which he was lodged, "hung strings of the vertebræ of pigs, there the joints of their tails; whole dozens of merry-thoughts of fowls, and every conceivable bone of birds and fishes, mingled with lobster-shells and shark's fins."

As the women are constantly employed in field labour, they have little time to devote to the nurture of their own children, and seldom spare the lives of more than two or three, the others being buried alive as soon as they are born. The sick and infirm are also buried alive, themselves intimating when the proper time has arrived. "When an old man," says Mr Turner, "feels sick and infirm, and thinks he is dying, he deliberately tells his children and friends to get all ready and bury him. They yield to his wishes, dig a round, deep pit, wind a number of fine mats round his body, and lower down the poor old heathen into his grave in a sitting posture. Live pigs are then brought, and tied, each with a separate cord, the one end of the cord to the pig, and the other end to the arm of the old man. The cords are cut in the middle, leaving the one-half hanging at the arm of the old man, and off the pigs are taken to be killed and baked for the burial-feast; the old man, however, is supposed still to take the pigs with him to the world of spirits."

In cases of delirium the patient is invariably buried to prevent *infection*, and it is related how a young man in the prime of life was twice buried, and in his frenzy twice burst up the grave. He was then lashed to a tree, and left to die of starvation. Idolatry is unknown, but worship is paid to the spirits of deceased ancestors.

The first intercourse held by these islanders with Europeans was of a lamentable character on both sides. The odious sandalwood trade here, as elsewhere, led to frequent collisions, usually traceable in the first instance to the foreigners.

In 1842 a peculiarly horrible tragedy was enacted. Three vessels arrived about the same time, whose crews rivalled each other in their cruel treatment of the natives. They had also some sixty Tongans on board as woodcutters, who showed no ruth in stealing pigs and plundering plantations. A fight ensued, in which twenty-six of the Vatese were shot, while not one of the others was seriously injured. The fugitives hastily threw up some rude fortifications, which were stormed with great slaughter of the defenders. The survivors then fled to an islet, and hid themselves in a cave with their women and children, but were closely pursued by the victors, who pulled down a number of huts, and blocked up the entrance with the materials, which were set on fire, and fresh fuel added, until not a single Vatese was left alive. By way of reprisal, the friends of the murdered islanders surprised two English vessels, and destroyed them and their crews.

It happened, however, that in 1845 Messrs Turner and Murray were informed that a Samoan named "Swallow," who had been settled for many years in Vaté, had expressed a strong desire to have Christian teachers placed in his district. Eagerly availing themselves of this favourable opportunity to gain a footing on an island hitherto regarded as inaccessible to missionaries, those gentlemen directed their course thither from Erromanga, reaching their destination on May-day. With some difficulty they satisfied the natives that their motives for visiting them

were purely disinterested, and at length established friendly communications. The Samoan of whom they had come in search turned out to be a native of Savii, named Sualo, who twenty years before had sailed from that island for Tonga in a double canoe, with about fifty companions. An adverse wind, however, drove them to Tongoa, or the "Three Hills," an islet to the north of Vaté. Landing, club in hand, they conquered the inhabitants, and took possession of two villages.

Two years later they again put to sea in the hope of making Tonga, but were blown into a bay on the coast of Vaté, where they resolved to settle themselves. Many of them dying, however, of ague, the others removed to Erakor; but by 1845 only nine of the original band survived. Sualo had made himself a great name as a warrior, and was often induced by the promise of a pig or two to join the neighbouring chiefs in their frequent fights with one another. His prowess was so great, that he had more than once turned the scale of victory with his long-handled tomahawk. He had three wives, and was a heathen to the backbone. Nevertheless, he was deeply affected by the teachings and admonitions of the Samoan teachers landed by the missionaries, and avowed his readiness to embrace the new religion. Encouraged by the hopeful commencement made at Erakor, Mr Turner and Mr Murray left four Samoans on the island, and only regretted that they could not leave forty.

Their expectations of success were not justified by the result. Although the number of teachers had been increased to nine in 1846, only five were alive in the following year, and these were unable to point to a single genuine case of conversion. One teacher had had his

house burnt down, because his wife refused to yield to the solicitations of a chief. The wife of another teacher had died of dropsy. Ague having carried off the teacher stationed at Mélé, the local chief claimed his property and his widow, who, to save her honour, rushed into the sea, and was drowned. Two other teachers died natural deaths, but there was reason to believe that the fourth, having shown symptoms of delirium, had been prematurely put out of pain.

A fearful story is told by Mr Turner of the massacre of the crew of the *British Sovereign*, a barque engaged in the sandalwood traffic. The vessel was wrecked in April 1867, and, with the exception of an Englishman named John Jones—saved by the exertions of two of the teachers —and a Tanna man and boy, every human being who escaped to the shore was killed and eaten. Ten bodies were cooked upon the spot, ten more distributed among the nearest villages, and the others disposed of in various ways. Sualo, however, had gone on improving, and upon the whole the missionaries felt themselves justified in landing some more teachers to replace those removed by death.

Within the next twelve months three of these teachers, with three of their children, were carried off by the unhealthiness of the climate, and the survivors, themselves stricken with sickness, were taken away from every station except Erakor. The natives also had suffered from an epidemic which was ascribed to the new religion, and the houses of the teachers were accordingly fired, and their plantations destroyed. A party had even arranged to murder the strangers while at prayer; but, when the time came, their hearts failed them. Another band of sixty men started in three canoes from Fila, with

the same fell purpose in their minds, but were caught in a storm, and wrecked upon the coast, their boats crushed and themselves utterly disheartened.

In 1852 an epidemic broke out at Erakor, and fifteen persons perished, whereupon the teachers were removed to a place called Sema; but, as thirty more died after their departure, they were brought back after a fortnight's absence. The chapel at Pango was also burnt down, and a party of twenty-nine natives, who had gone there from Sema to trade, was suddenly attacked, and twenty-two of them slain, all of whom were eaten, with one exception.

In 1853 two preachers, with their wives and one child, settled in the neighbouring islet of Lolopa, at the express desire of the natives, but within three weeks after their landing were all murdered and eaten. An epidemic which then broke out, and carried off one hundred and fifty individuals, was looked upon as a judgment from the Christians' God. Two teachers also dying on the main island, the last survivor, with the widow of one of his dead colleagues, was removed, and Vaté given once more over to heathenism.

Still some professors of Christianity were found there in 1857; and in the following year three Rarotongan teachers, with their wives and children, volunteered to renew the attempt. This time a certain degree of success was attained. By 1859 the two hundred and fifty inhabitants of Erakor were all nominally Christians, and supplied the teachers—one of whom had died of fever and ague—with abundance of fish, fruit, and vegetables, in return for their spiritual instructions. A chapel had been built, 45 feet in length by 35 in width, wattled and plastered, and thatched with grass, with a pulpit constructed of blocks of coral, and rough forms placed as seats. A quantity of taro, yams, sugar-cane,

and cocoa-nuts, was presented to Captain Morgan and Mr Turner, "and presently an old lady came along with a cooked fowl and some hot yams in a basket. . . . This old lady, who was dressed in a straw bonnet and a Turkey-red cotton gown, turned out to be the wife of the chief."

A great improvement, too, was noticed in the nature of the local traffic. Formerly, trinkets and tobacco had been in greatest request, but now the demand was all for shirts and calico. And notwithstanding that thirty deaths from measles occurred in this little community in 1861, the converts remained true to their new persuasion.

When Captain Palmer touched at Vaté in 1869, he found the Rev. Mr Cosh, with his wife and child, residing in a two-roomed cottage, nicely thatched, and whitewashed inside, the fittings having been brought from Australia, and put up by himself. They were living, however, merely on sufferance, neglected by the natives, and striving to do their duty in spite of every discouragement.

The mortality among the native teachers in Melanesia was estimated by Bishop Selwyn at not fewer than fifty, mostly sent from Samoa and Rarotonga; and no better proof could be desired of the earnestness of the Christian converts in those islands than their readiness to volunteer for the most perilous posts, in order to prepare the way for the European missionaries.

Little more need be said on the subject of mission-work in the New Hebrides. Two married native teachers were landed in 1861 in the fertile island of Api, inhabited by a comparatively mild and gentle race. Teachers were also placed in the large island of Espiritu Santo, whose inhabitants are described as equally pacific and tractable, though

they keep their women in a wretchedly degraded condition. It does not appear, however, that Christianity has gained a real footing among the northern, any more than among the southern islands of the New Hebrides Archipelago, though some little amelioration of social habits and practices may possibly have been effected through the beneficent example of the Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, and the occasional visits and exhortations of the Wesleyan missionaries.

The Solomon Islands, lying to the northward of the New Hebrides, are in no way better reputed than the latter group. They were discovered by Alvaro de Mendana in his first voyage in 1567, when the Spanish names of Guadalcanar and San Cristoval were substituted for the native appellations of Gera and Bauro.

In 1594 Mendana, in pursuance of a project he had formed of colonising these islands, fitted out four ships, and, accompanied by his wife, went forth upon this rash expedition. So vaguely, however, had he laid down their position, that he missed his way and blundered upon the Marquesas. Sailing thence in a north-westerly direction, he came upon a group of islands, of which one was of tolerable extent, two little better than islets, and the fourth a mere volcano in a state of activity. The largest he called Santa Cruz, and attempted to found a city, to be the capital of his government. The people were taught to make the sign of the cross, and to repeat a few Spanish words, without much reference to their meaning.

An alliance, too, was formed with Malope, a native chief of great local influence; but, some disputes having arisen between the Spaniards and the islanders, he was treacherously murdered, and the whole island thrown into confusion.

The murderers, indeed, were executed by Mendana's orders; but a few weeks later he also died, when his widow and the colonists returned to Spain.

Being somewhat out of the ordinary track of sailing vessels, and involved in a network of little-frequented islets, the Santa Cruz cluster attracted scant attention until it was visited by Bishop Patteson in 1856. Seven years previously two of the half-breed natives of Pitcairn's Island were massacred by the inhabitants; and altogether there seemed little chance of holding friendly intercourse with these unmitigated savages. Neither can it be said that much good has yet resulted from the good bishop's excursion to the group.

Strictly speaking, it was Bishop Selwyn who conducted this missionary expedition, with the Rev. Coleridge Patteson, the future Bishop of Melanesia, for his zealous coadjutor. The two proceeded thence to Nukupa Island, destined ere long to become odiously familiar by name to all who take an intelligent interest in the duty of civilising the barbarous islanders of the Southern Seas. "The natives soon came off in canoes, and brought bread-fruit and cocoa-nuts. They spoke a few words of Maori (the New Zealand vernacular), but wore their hair like the people of Santa Cruz, and resembled them in the character of their ornaments and in their general appearance. They had bows and clubs of the same kind, tapa stained with turmeric, armlets, ear-rings, and nose-rings of bone and tortoise-shell."

The next stage was Tubna, where they were received on the beach by thirteen natives, from whom they obtained some cocoa-nuts in exchange for fish-hooks. Suddenly, however, Bishop Selwyn made a sign to his companion to

regain their boat which was lying outside the reef—for they had waded ashore—and, when they were on board, explained that he had seen "some young men running through the bush with bows and arrows, and these young gentry have not the sense to behave well like their parents."

From Tubna they sailed to Vanikoro, the scene of La Perouse's fatal shipwreck in 1788. One of his ships struck on the reef and was dashed to pieces, the mariners being either drowned, or killed and eaten by the natives. The crew of the sister ship, however, gained the shore in safety, and held the islanders at bay until they had constructed a two-masted vessel, in which they put out to sea, but were never heard of again. In 1826, sixty European skulls were found in a temple, hideous relics of the unfortunate crew of the ship that was totally wrecked. When Bishop Selwyn landed in 1856, the beach was quite deserted, but a horrible stench that assailed their nostrils caused them to examine the ground. Their search was rewarded by the discovery of some human bones, with bits of flesh still hanging from them, buried a few inches beneath the surface, and close to an oven-pit formed by throwing out the earth and lining the sides and bottom with stones.

The Banks' Islands were next visited. These consist of Vanua Lava or Great Banks' Island, Valua or Saddle Island, Mota or Sugar-Loaf Island, Star Island, and Santa Maria, all begirt, as it were, with a circumvallation of coral. At Valua the natives were seen swarming on the cliffs, but as there was no beach, and no appearance of canoes, it was judged imprudent to attempt a landing.

The missionary party were more successful at Mota, where a small cove was discovered between steep crags.

The natives were quite naked, and had resort neither to painting nor tatauing. A good many of them swam off to the ship, while canoes went off to it with fruits and flowers. "I crammed native combs in my hair," Bishop Patteson wrote home, "picked up what words I could, and made up the rest by a grand display of gesticulation."

At Santa Maria there was a great scramble for bits of striped calico, and at Vanua Lava the natives put off in their canoes without either clubs or spears, or any other description of offensive weapons, and appeared of a mild and gentle disposition. In 1851 Bishop Selwyn had been assailed with stones and arrows at Aurora, and narrowly escaped with his life; but on this occasion there was no show of hostility, and the islanders even accepted a few trifling presents, though they declined to barter their produce.

Seven of the Solomon Islanders were persuaded to accompany the Bishop and his colleague to New Zealand, where they were placed in St John's College, Auckland, and made rapid progress. It can hardly be said that any direct attempts were made during this Episcopal excursion to convert the natives of any of the Melanesian groups to Christianity. The foundation only was laid for future intercourse, and no trouble or personal risk was spared to conciliate the barbarians, and inspire them with respect for a religion whose followers were in all respects so superior to themselves. Few natives, as Mr M'Farlane sensibly remarks, embrace Christianity for its intrinsic value. They are chiefly moved by the material advantages possessed by its professors, and "fish-hooks are more effective than sermons."

People are apt, continues that intelligent and experienced missionary, to picture to themselves a grave gentleman in a black coat, with a Bible in one hand and with the other pointing to heaven, while a crowd of naked savages stand around gaping with astonishment. It would, however, be more true to life to portray a man with his feet on the strand and his back to the sea, his garments dripping with the salt brine, but his coat left in the boat before he plunged into the surf, and struggled to the shore. In his hand there is no book of any kind—only beads and fish-hooks. Or, again, he might be represented sitting on the beach without shoes or stockings, and suffering the natives to examine his feet, and satisfy themselves that his skin is really white. Or, yet again, a Lord Bishop might be sketched, with his back to a rock, weighing yams with a steelyard, and ingratiating himself with the natives by his evident fairness and desire to act justly.

In the following year Bishop Patteson—it is more convenient to designate him by his title, though he was not consecrated until 1861—revisited Bauro and Gera, and was greeted in the most friendly manner. One night, being prevented by a violent squall from going off to the *Southern Cross,* he slept on shore in a hovel,with a score of natives lying around him. He also landed at Oanuta or Cherry Island, and at Tikopia, the natives of which he described as good-natured giants, of dull temperament, but shrewd enough to prefer intercourse with whalers, from whom they procured spirits and tobacco, to the salutary counsels of missionaries, sweetened only with fish-hooks and calico. It must be acknowledged that both Melanesians and Polynesians were somewhat glutted with these simple articles of merchandise, good enough in their way, but

which might profitably have been varied with tools and other objects of general utility. Far too much importance, besides, has been attached to decent apparel, unmindful of the obvious fact that decency is very much a matter of education and habit. The inner man should nowhere be judged from the outward garb, and in tropical countries the most absolute purity is perfectly compatible with the absence of any garment at all.

The earlier missionaries were men of less general knowledge than those who have been sent abroad within the last twenty years, and acted according to their feebler lights and narrower judgments. They would certainly have disapproved of Mr M'Farlane's prudent advice, to bear awhile with native prejudices, and not to begin by condemning all that animates the life of a South Sea Islander—his feasts, his night-dances, his plurality of wives, his filthy kava, and his pipe. These practices are best gradually purged of their immorality; and there can be no greater mistake than in representing Christianity as opposed to mirth and geniality, or in rendering religion hateful by a gloomy asceticism.

Be that as it may, on his return to New Zealand, Bishop Patteson wrote to one of his most valued friends, "We visited sixty-six islands, and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, &c., all most friendly and delightful; only two arrows shot at us and only one went near—so much for savages. I wonder what people ought to call sandalwood-traders and slave-masters, if they call my Melanesians savages." He was not one of those sanguine apostles who believe that heathens can collectively be metamorphosed into practical Christians by a few sermons which they very imperfectly understand, even when sup-

plemented by any number of fish-hooks. Thus in 1861 he said of the natives of Mota, that although they had come to despise the religious rites of their ancestors, they were not in any sense Christians, nor likely to be so for some time to come. "They will be very idle," he wrote, "talk infinite scandal, indulge in any amount of gluttony, &c." And Mota was one of his favourite and most hopeful stations, and was visited every year. It was there that he said of himself, "I am so accustomed to sleeping about anywhere, that I take little or no account of thirty, forty, fifty naked fellows lying, sitting, sleeping around me. Some one brings me a native mat, some else a bit of yam, a third brings a cocoa-nut; so I get my supper, put down the mat (like a very thin door-mat) on the earth, roll up my coat for a pillow, and make a very good night of it."

He was indeed the very model and exemplar of a true missionary, even though he may possibly have discovered his deficiency in some of the minor qualifications which, according to his own delineation, are required for one's own comfort, during years of voluntary exile from the extremest borders of civilisation. "Every missionary," he wrote, "ought to be a carpenter, a mason, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook. If a little knowledge of glazing would be added, it would be a grand thing—just enough to fit in panes to window-frames, which last, of course, he ought to make himself. To know how to tinker a bit is a good thing; else your only saucepan or tea-kettle may be lying by you useless for months."

For the ten years after his consecration as Missionary Bishop of Melanesia, this exemplary soldier of the Cross devoted himself heart and soul to the moral and social improvement of the barbarous islanders of his diocese, and

combated with all his might the degrading consequences of their ordinary intercourse with white men. In the last letter he ever wrote, he deplored the horrors of kidnapping, by which whole islands had been depopulated. Striving in vain during his lifetime to put down this atrocious and inhuman crime, he struck a fatal blow at its continued perpetration by his death.

On the 20th September 1871, Bishop Patteson entered a boat in company with two chiefs, with the intention of landing on Nukupa Island. The inhabitants, about one hundred in number, resemble the Eastern Polynesians, and are said to be a high-spirited race, singularly attached to their homes, and were consequently incensed against the kidnappers—one of whose vessels was supposed to be off the coast. When the Bishop had crossed the reef, the islanders urged his boat's-crew to follow in his wake, but when they found that their exhortations were unheeded, they let fly a volley of arrows a yard long, with poisoned heads of human bone. Mr Aitken was wounded in the shoulder, a black teacher named Stephen received seven arrows in his chest, and another named John was touched on the head. The crew instantly pulled back to the ship, and being reinforced, returned to fetch off the Bishop.

The boat was steered by Mr Aitken, who alone was acquainted with the coast. As they approached the shore, two canoes were seen, one towing the other, and, as the boot stood in, the latter was cast off. A few more resolute strokes of the oars brought the boat alongside. There lay the dead body of the martyr-Bishop, stript of everything save the shoes, but reverently wrapped in a tapa cloth, with a palm branch laid over the wounds. Five knots were tied in the leaf to indicate that revenge had been

taken for five acts of brutality committed by white men calling themselves Christians—probably for five lives unjustly cut short. Five wounds, too, had been inflicted, two on the head, three on the body and legs. A sweet smile still wreathed the lips. On the morrow the body was committed to the deep. *Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.*

Five days later, the Rev. Joseph Aitken died of tetanus, caused by the poisoned arrow, and on the following day Stephen was added to the melancholy list of innocent men sacrificed to expiate the crimes of the guilty. Their death, however, has already produced good fruits. Public opinion, shocked by this horrible outrage, has compelled the Government to take decisive action to suppress kidnapping, and no long time will now elapse before that shameful traffic shall have been utterly stamped out.

CHAPTER XX.

NEW CALEDONIA: LOYALTY ISLANDS.

New Caledonia—Missionary attempts—Perilous position of the teachers—French in possession—Isle of Pines—Fearful massacre—Nengoné or Maré—Massacres—Missionary progress—Arrival of Romish priests—Civil war—The French interfere—Brutal conduct of the French soldiery—Fruits of the Imperial Commission — Lifu — Pao, the Rarotongan teacher — Samoan teachers in jeopardy—Temporary retirement and subsequent success.

"WHAT a noble island!" Mr Turner exclaimed, when he first anchored off New Caledonia. The last link in the great Pacific chain, this island extends 250 miles in length, varying from thirty-five to fifty in breadth. Through the centre rises as it were a backbone of rock, while a barrier of coral from two to twelve miles distant runs almost entirely round. The climate is said to be delightful, and remarkably favourable to the cultivation of a large variety of fine fruits and vegetables. The inhabitants somewhat resemble the Fijians, though differing in language and religion. They are mostly strong robust men, considerably above the average stature. Tatauing is unknown among them, and very few paint their persons. Their complexion is of a dark drab colour, and their hair is decidedly woolly, betraying their Papuan extraction. Their houses are said to have very much the appearance of circular hayricks, and

are entered by extremely low doors. Captain Cook, who discovered the island in 1774, describes the people as civil but shy, and mentions their possession of large earthen jars capable of containing from six to eight gallons. Here, as throughout the South Pacific islands, women are mere drudges, and are treated as inferior beings.

Mr Williams, the "martyr of Erromanga," had intended to place native teachers in New Caledonia, and five months after his death the attempt was actually made by Mr Heath but without success. In 1841, however, two teachers took up their abode on the island, one of whom shortly afterwards died of consumption, but this vacancy was speedily filled, and for a time the prospect was not without encouragement. A chapel was built and a dwelling-house for the teachers, and schools were opened for both children and adults. This hopeful state of things soon passed away.

Though much the larger island of the two, New Caledonia was dependent on the Isle of Pines, then governed by a fierce barbarian named Mantungu. This savage sent over an axe already stained in Christian blood, and commanded that the teachers be put to death; and when he heard that his instructions had not been fulfilled, he threatened to "make food" of the whole district. From that time the lives of the teachers were in constant jeopardy. On one occasion they were surrounded by a band of armed ruffians thirsting for their blood. "Come on," cried Taunga, "kill us, we are not afraid; close our lips in death, if you please, but remember you will not thereby silence the Word of God." The would-be murderers were so astonished by the calm courageous bearing of their intended victims, that they desisted from their fell purpose, and went on their way.

At another time four men rushed into the house, seized the teachers by the arm, and stood over them with uplifted hatchets. Taunga bowed his head in silent prayer, but his companion, Noa, prayed aloud, "Father, if it be Thy will that we this day fall at the hands of the heathen, receive our souls, through Jesus Christ our Saviour." The perfect faith evinced by these poor fellows touched the hearts of the assassins and, lowering their weapons, they hurried out of the house. As no good could be done commensurate with the risk incurred by these devoted teachers, they were removed in 1845, and at present the island is in the possession of the French, who have turned it into a penal settlement, to which many hundreds of the Parisian Communists have already been transported. The Papists are here all-powerful, and do not scruple to employ forcible means for effecting the conversion of the heathen.

Rather less than thirty miles from the south-eastern extremity of New Caledonia lies a small island called by the natives Konil, but better known as the Isle of Pines, the name bestowed upon it by Captain Cook because of the great profusion of those trees. Teachers were first placed here in 1840, and by the following year heathen practices appeared to be abandoned. Mr Murray and his companion were received by Mantungu with much distinction, but he evinced in his own conduct such sickening brutality that the missionaries were glad to find themselves once more on board the good brig *Camden*. If the natives in passing him did not bend as lowly and reverently as he considered due to his rank, the chief struck at them furiously with his club. One of his sons also laid about him with such ferocity that the teachers interposed, and gradually soothed the two human monsters. Mantungu

was very anxious that a missionary should be stationed on his island, and presented Mr Murray with a goodly store of sugar-cane, bananas, and yams, graciously accepting that gentleman's return gifts.

It unfortunately happened, however, that one of the *Camden's* crew mentioned at Sydney that sandalwood grew plentifully on the Isle of Pines, and consequently no long time elapsed before vessels arrived in search of that coveted cargo. From that moment missionary efforts were completely neutralised. The three teachers were ordered to take their immediate departure, and were offered a passage to Samoa by Captain Ebrill of the brig *Star*, then on its way to Sydney. Returning from that port, Captain Ebrill touched at the island to obtain more sandalwood, when the chief sent off some food for the teachers, who were still on board. For some reason or other the skipper would not allow the gift to be received, and the bearers were even pelted with pieces of wood and fired at, one of them being wounded on the knee.

Next morning thirty natives went off to the brig with sandalwood, and taking with them only the adzes with which the bark is stripped off. The wood was eagerly purchased, and the natives were permitted to go on board to grind their adzes. "One of the crew," says Mr Turner, "was grinding an adze, and the captain close by. Seizing a favourable moment, the native swung his adze and hit the captain in the face between the eyes. This was instant death to Captain Ebrill, and the signal for attack all over the vessel. In a few minutes seventeen of the crew were killed, viz., ten white men including the captain, two Marquesans, two Mangaians, one Aitutakian, one New Zealander, and a Rarotongan teacher. The cook

fought desperately for a while with an axe, and killed one man, but was at length overpowered and fell. This occurred on the afternoon of 1st of November 1842."

The work of slaughter did not end even there. A young man named Henry, two Samoan teachers, and a native of the New Hebrides, had gone down below, and Henry began to fire up the companion, with no other effect than to increase the fury of the savages. The teachers then offered six red shirts, eight axes, and a few other trifles, which constituted all their worldly gear, in exchange for their lives. The proposition, however, was declined, but the night passed over without further molestation on either side. In the morning Henry and his companions were promised their lives if they would go upon deck and take the vessel close in to the shore. When this was done, they were landed, and a son of Mantungu held forth his left hand to Henry as he stepped out of the boat, and as soon as the other had given his right hand, he laid him dead at his feet with one blow from his tomahawk. One of the teachers and the New Hebrides native were killed at the same time, but the other Samoan, wounded and bleeding, ran up to the chief, who was looking on from beneath the shade of some cocoa-nut trees, and throwing himself at his feet, begged hard for life. After a momentary hesitation Mantungu made a sign to one of his attendants, who accordingly laid hold of the teacher and began to drag him away. Shaking off his grasp, the Samoan fled to the water's edge, plunged in, and swam off to an islet, whither he was pursued by four men in a canoe. Climbing a pine-tree, he held a parley with his pursuers, and was at length persuaded to come down, but no sooner did he reach the ground than they sprang upon him. Again freeing him-

self, he made a dash at the canoe, but was overtaken, struck down, and slain. Much feasting took place over the dead bodies, and the brig itself, after being ransacked, was set on fire, and blown up. At a subsequent period an attempt was made to cut off the *Caroline* of Sydney, but the plot failed, and the ship put off to sea and was saved. Mantungu died towards the close of 1845, and was succeeded by his son, no less savage than himself. Like New Caledonia, however, the Isle of Pines is now a French possession, and under the exclusive dominancy of the Romanists.

Attached to New Caledonia, but lying a little to the eastward, are the low flat coral islands constituting the Loyalty group. They consist of Lifu, Maré or Nengoné, Uea, Toka, and several uninhabited islets. The most southerly member of this little cluster is Nengoné, as it is called by its own inhabitants, or Maré, as it is called by their neighbours. It is said to measure from sixty to eighty miles in circumference, and to contain a population of seven to eight thousand souls. The highest point does not exceed an elevation of three hundred feet. Polygamy and cannibalism prevailed to a fearful extent, though the islanders laid their own dead in the earth. Disease-makers were numerous and much dreaded, but there were no idols, their only gods being the deified spirits of their ancestors. The island was discovered only at the commencement of the present century, and was first explored by D'Urville in 1827. The surface is covered with pines and huge fragmentary blocks of coral. When first visited by Europeans, not a quadruped of any kind was to be seen, but now there is a fair supply of pigs, sheep, and cattle.

The first attempt to introduce Christianity was made in 1841 by Mr Murray, who was not a little astonished when a native hailed him from a canoe and cried, "I know the true God." The man turned out to be one of a party of eight Tongans who had been driven to Maré by contrary winds seven years previously, but it did not appear that his knowledge of Christianity was very profound or extensive. The natives seemed gentle and pacific, and accorded a ready welcome to the two Samoan teachers who were confided to their protection. One of these died of consumption, his chief regret being that his colleague would by his death be left all alone. "The natives," we are told, "wept and wailed as if it had been one of themselves." Their next fear was lest the survivor should also be cut off. They were therefore additionally careful to provide him with sufficient food, nor would they let him work, or incur any needless risk.

At first a good many converts were made, most of whom fell off when influenza broke out in the form of an epidemic. They had fancied that their prayers to God would have shielded them from sickness, but in this respect they could see no change. A worse enemy than the most dire disease was the atrocious conduct of the sandalwood-traders, provoking the most fearful reprisals, not always inflicted upon the actual offenders. Indeed a very slight offence would sometimes suffice to produce a terrible catastrophe. Thus a boat's-crew of six sailors were once cut off, cooked, and eaten, and their boat smashed, because one of them accidentally struck a chief on the head with his oar as the latter insisted on being taken off to visit their ship.

In November 1843, a party of ten seamen who had gone on shore for immoral purposes were all murdered,

with the exception of one who was saved by a teacher, and their bodies were baked and eaten. A little later a small sandalwood-vessel, the *Sisters*, was seized, plundered, and burnt, and the crew surprised and slain, seven of the eleven being thrown overboard and four reserved for the oven. On the previous day a chief had asked two bits of hoop iron for two yams, but the captain would give no more than one. The chief thereupon refused to part with his yams, which so enraged the skipper that he thrashed him with a rope's end. The insult, as we have seen, was terribly avenged.

Among the spoils chanced to be several kegs of gunpowder, which were taken into the "great house," used for public ceremonials and festivities, and carelessly opened. Amusing themselves like children, by setting fire to small quantities of the powder, the natives contrived to let some sparks fall into a keg, when an explosion ensued. The house was blown to pieces, four persons killed, and many wounded. Among the dead was unfortunately a chief who was greatly beloved and respected, and it was determined to avenge his death on the first white men who should fall into their hands. They had not long to wait. A boat put in with seven runaway convicts from Norfolk Island on board, five of whom were murdered upon the spot. The two others had gone off into the bush, where they encountered an old chief and his sons, who took them home and treated them kindly.

Mr Turner visited Maré in 1845, and landed another teacher, the survivor of the former couple electing to remain. Three years later these reported that the schools had fallen off, but that religious services continued to be well attended on Sundays. Some few individuals, it was

hoped, were acquiring a saving knowledge of the truth, though the bulk of the population still adhered to their heathen rites, with a mild infusion of Christian prayers and phrases.

One old chief had had recourse to a crucial test to ascertain how far the teachers were justified in referring diseases to divine rather than human agency. A priest of established reputation was instructed to exercise his highest power to afflict his rivals with sickness, and accordingly concealed himself in the bush behind their house, taking with him his basket of relics, consisting of the bones, hair, finger-nails, &c., of his forefathers. Striking the air with his club, he looked at his basket to see if any trace of blood appeared; but as no sign was given, though he laboured with all his might, he came to the conclusion that Jehovah was, after all, the true God. The consequence of the experiment was that both the chief and the priest became favourable to the teachers, and would not suffer them to be molested.

A great moral effect, too, was produced by the return of some natives who had been to Sydney, and were able to corroborate all that the teachers had told them about the great churches and the crowds of people flocking to them; for some unprincipled white men had asserted that the Samoans were impostors, and that there was no such thing as religion. Subsequent reports being still more encouraging, two missionaries, the Rev. S. M. Creagh and the Rev. J. Jones, took up their abode in this island in 1854, and were pleased to find that almost every one was able to read, and a considerable number to write. Many of the chiefs had put away all their wives save one, to whom they clave faithfully, while their progress in civilisation

was attested by twelve neat plastered houses clustered about a stone-built church. Not more than one-third of the population, however, professed Christianity, and shortly afterwards a teacher who attempted to convert the heathen was killed and devoured.

The latter unfortunately came to identify the new religion with their enemies, and having heard that the Romish priests were not only opposed to the missionaries, but were supported by French soldiers, they applied to the Governor of New Caledonia to assist them in their struggle with their Protestant fellow-islanders. A priest was accordingly sent to them, who had been removed from his station for having incited an attack upon the European settlers in that island, by which seven lives were lost. This firebrand began by distributing tobacco, in the hope of ingratiating himself with the rude savages, and so stirred up the hatred of the heathen majority that they murdered and baked two teachers, burnt down a chapel, and plundered the plantations of the Protestant converts.

No redress being procurable, Naisilin, the chief who presided over the missionaries' disciples, resolved to defend himself vigorously on the next occasion. Not long afterwards he was attacked when at the head of a small band of chosen warriors, and after a sharp skirmish routed his assailants. The fugitives, however, were rallied by the Romish priest, who sprinkled holy water upon their weapons, lent them his own gun, and promised them an assured victory. But the result opened the eyes of the heathen, and taught them the inefficacy of unholy benedictions. In the battle that ensued they were again defeated with the loss of fourteen lives; which so utterly

discouraged them, that they gave in their adhesion to Naisilin, and their chiefs proceeded to Netche to render him personal homage. They were regaled by Mr Creagh with a fatted ox roasted whole, which was pronounced almost as good as human flesh.

The priest and his Papist converts, however, retired to a fortified post, whence the former despatched a letter to the French military commandant at Lifu, setting forth that the Protestants had commenced a war of extermination by burning down villages, and massacring seventeen natives who refused to join them, and that he himself was besieged on a rock. The commandant was accidentally prevented from sending over a detachment of soldiery, and after a short time the besieged surrendered at discretion, and acknowledged Naisilin as their chief. The victor thereupon sailed across to Lifu to give an account of the late proceedings, but was thrown into prison and kept in confinement for six weeks without being permitted to offer any sort of explanation.

The commandant in the meanwhile went over to Maré and adopted the one-sided version concocted by the malignant and militant priest. On his return to Lifu he set Naisilin at liberty, but still kept him under his own surveillance. In Maré he had left a rude unlettered corporal with eight French soldiers, who imprisoned and tortured the Protestant teachers, and conducted themselves with characteristic brutality. One unfortunate man passed ten days with his legs fastened one over the other, and for one whole night, in addition, had his hands tied behind his back with a cord.

After a long delay, and the endurance of much cruelty, an Imperial Commission was appointed to inquire into the alleged grievances of the Protestants. The members of this

Commission, being not only civilians but lawyers, approached the investigation with unbiassed minds. The first indication of their uprightness was shown in their charging the priest with the utterance of deliberate falsehoods, and in withdrawing from his house in disgust. The old chief Naisilin was restored to his former position, the ruffianly corporal was deprived of his stripes, a gentlemanly, liberal-minded lieutenant was appointed in his place, and the Protestants were assured perfect toleration and protection. As the latter after this made great progress, and in fact converted nearly the entire population, the priests affected to be apprehensive for the safety of their flock, and applied to the Governor of New Caledonia for means of removal to some other island. A vessel was accordingly despatched to Maré, on board of which nine hundred unfortunate men, women, and children were torn from their homes, and deported to the Isle of Pines. Since their departure, however, the tranquillity of the island has remained undisturbed, and Protestant Christianity is nominally professed by all.

Lifu, the largest of the Loyalty group, is situated about thirty miles northward of Maré, and sixty to the eastward of New Caledonia. In extends about fifty miles in length and twenty-five in breadth, and nowhere rises more than three hundred feet above the sea, being merely an upheaved coral formation. Its surface is rocky, with frequent patches fit for cultivation. Near the shore the water is generally brackish, but, by boring to a moderate depth, it may everywhere be obtained sweet and fresh. The inhabitants are divided into fifty-five villages, and the population, which is said to be decreasing, has been estimated at from seven to eight thousand souls. Formerly these islanders were

inveterate cannibals, and polygamy was practised to such an extent that the old chief Bula is reported to have had forty wives. This uxorious potentate was also a notable devourer of human flesh. So many as sixteen bodies had been served up at a single banquet given by him after a victory over his enemies.

There were two despotic chiefs on the island, living in a chronic state of hostility with one another, though their actual conflicts were seldom attended with much slaughter. But even in the intervals of comparative tranquillity, kidnapping was constantly going on, and a supply was thus obtained for the ovens on both sides. In times of scarcity the buried were often exhumed; and it was remarked, with ghastly humour, that men with the largest families stood in the least danger of starvation. Sorcery was an institution, and individuals earned a livelihood, like Balaam the son of Beor, by cursing those whom they were hired to ban. The spirits of departed ancestors were supposed to be ever nigh at hand, and were conciliated by great feasts. Parents on their deathbeds bequeathed to their children the relics they had themselves inherited, and to which, after death, were added their own nails and tufts of their hair.

Their original huts were mean, low, without windows, and with only one small door to afford air and light as well as admittance. In this respect, however, a change for the better was gradually introduced, and in 1845 the people are described as industrious, and as building circular houses fifty feet in diameter. At a later period they imitated the neater model of the teachers and missionaries, so that Bishop Patteson was somewhat too hasty in denouncing the slowness of social improvement. "The same dirt," he wrote in 1858, "the same houses, the same

idle vicious habits; in most cases no sense of decency, or but very little."

The first apostle to Lifu was a Rarotongan, named Pao, who had served for some years before the mast in a whaling-ship. Wearying of a sea life, he placed himself under the religious tuition of the missionaries, and made such rapid progress that, twelve months afterwards, he was selected to carry the glad tidings of Christianity to the Loyalty Islands. In the first instance he was landed at Maré in 1842, whence he crossed to Lifu in an open canoe, taking with him only a Bible and a bundle of clothes. Dashing over the reef, he gained the shore, and was fortunate enough to be adopted by Bula as an *enemu* or *protégé*. The old chief had another *enemu* in an Englishman, the son of respectable parents, who had conformed to native habits with such horrible thoroughness that he was known to the sandalwood-traders as "Cannibal Charley." Bula, being a polytheist, was quite willing to add to his pantheon so powerful a god as Jehovah was represented to be by Pao, whose position, moreover, was considerably strengthened by a signal victory which his patron gained over his usual opponent, and which was largely attributed to his intercession.

On the other hand, Bula was after a time afflicted with blindness, which also was ascribed to the Christians' God, and five natives accordingly undertook to put Pao to death. He was repairing his canoe, when they came upon him, and readily entered into conversation with them. Presently their leader gave the concerted signal, but not a man lifted his weapon, and afterwards they protested that they felt as if they had no power to raise their arms, which hung paralysed by their sides. Pao was, after a brief

delay, joined by a teacher named Sakaria, who proved rather an obstruction than an assistance, for he speedily apostatised and followed the fashions of the islanders.

In 1845, however, a Samoan and his wife volunteered to go to Pao, instead of carrying out their original intention of returning to their homes from Tanna, where they were then located, and were serviceable in converting some Tongans who had settled in Lifu. Additional teachers were sent in 1846, but soon after their arrival an epidemic broke out, and the lives of the strangers were clamorously demanded by the infuriated savages. A somewhat stormy council, however, was held, and in the end it was judged more prudent not to meddle with them on that occasion—the non-contents declaring that they should not escape if any chief happened to die.

At that critical conjuncture of affairs, Bula and a brother chief were cut off in one day. The teachers naturally concluded that they heard their own death-knell when the mourners began their piercing lamentations at midnight. After engaging in prayer for some little time, they resolved to meet danger with a bold front; and taking with them a quantity of Samoan native cloth, they went off to the scene of wailing. The enclosure round Bula's house was filled with armed men in a state of wild excitement. As the teachers approached, the crowd gazed at them with wonder, opened a passage for them, laid down their arms, and seated themselves on the ground. Going up to the chief mourners, they explained that they had come to express their respect for the dead and their sympathy with the living, and would be glad to lay out the bodies of the departed chiefs after the manner of the Samoans. Permission being granted, they laid out the corpses at full

length, and encircled them with many folds of cloth, while the Lifuans looked on and admired. For in Lifu it was customary to make a sort of bundle of the dead, by tying the head and knees together, and also the arms and legs. Still, it was felt necessary that the deaths of two such great chiefs should be avenged according to the fashion of their ancestors. These casualties, as they believed, had been caused by incantations inspired by private malice, and very many were of opinion that they were traceable to the teachers. The majority, however, decided that the guilt lay at the door of a family of eight individuals, whereupon a party instantly went off and murdered every one of them.

The teachers, nevertheless, felt their position so insecure, that when a war broke out among the rival candidates for the vacant chieftainship, they judged it prudent to withdraw for a while to Maré. The intrepid Pao, indeed, could not long be restrained from making an early attempt to return to the field of his labours, but found it impossible to remain. And yet only a few months afterwards, all the teachers were invited to go back, were received with open arms, and were encouraged to establish district schools with every hope of success. Pao again exhibited all his former fearlessness and energy, and was often subjected to abuse and violence. On one occasion his tormentors, after wearying themselves with bestowing kicks and cuffs upon the patient man, proposed to throw him into a cavern, and there leave him to die of starvation; but their courage failed them, and they dreaded to incur the further displeasure of the awful Jehovah.

Between the eastern and western districts of the island there was a strip of neutral ground, the usual battle-field

of the two great contending chiefs, and therefore a waste wilderness producing neither fruit nor vegetable, and shunned by men of either party. On this spot Pao built a cottage for himself, and was soon followed by many others. Fruit-trees were planted, the ground was cultivated, and a chapel of lath and plaster erected in the centre of the new village.

In 1852 Messrs Murray and Sunderland were agreeably surprised to find at the principal station a stone chapel provided with a pulpit, reading-desk, &c., and close at hand a neat house for the teachers. In that part of the island heathenism was nominally at an end: no fewer than three hundred avowed Christians met together for prayer, and a hundred and fifty individuals had renounced polygamy. So the good work went on, ever gaining ground, and gradually humanising the hearts of those who were willing to listen to instruction, even so imperfect and incomplete as the native teachers were able to impart.

"This people," Messrs Harbutt and Drummond reported in 1857, "used formerly to worship the nail of a man's toe, or a finger-nail, or a tuft of human hair, put into a basket, and also stones of peculiar shape; and so fond were they of eating human flesh that they would go at night and steal a corpse from its last resting-place, and cook and eat it. How great the change through which they have passed! War has ceased on the island, and cannibalism is seldom heard of. A few years ago they all went in a state of nudity, now there are very few who do not wear some kind of clothing, and many of them are very respectably dressed."

It is true that Bishop Patteson in the following year failed to see things in such a roseate light. He com-

plained that the teacher, at the settlement where he landed with his Solomon Islanders, repeated the same words again and again, that he was not even acquainted with the Lord's Prayer, and that not one of the converts with whom he had conversed appeared to have any knowledge of the doctrines of revealed religion, while their morality was deplorably lax and unchristian-like. It was, indeed, time that European missionaries should appear on the scene, and plant good seed on the soil that had been broken up and prepared by their native predecessors and pioneers. These are eminently useful, and even indispensable, up to a certain point, but are themselves too ignorant and uneducated to do more than raise a spirit of inquiry, and throw contempt upon heathen customs and usages. It is obviously impossible that they can carry their hearers beyond the threshold barely attained by themselves.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOYALTY ISLANDS.

A missionary home — Missionary qualifications — Unsatisfactory converts—Interference of Romish priests—Barbarities practised in Lifu by French soldiers—Appointment of an Imperial Commission—Its results—Uvea, or Britannia Isles—Romish persecutions.

At length, on the 30th October 1859, Messrs Baker and M'Farlane, with their wives and three children, were landed on the coral beach of Lifu, the former being stationed at Mu, on the east side of the island, and the latter at Chepenehe, on Wide Bay. "Our little cottage," writes Mr M'Farlane, "soon began to look like home. By the taste and activity of Mrs M'Farlane, packing-cases were soon dressed and transformed into handsome-looking pieces of furniture. The windows, although the admiration of the natives, who had not any in their houses, were such that we could not keep out the wind and rain without shutting out the light also. Although after heavy rains the water was ankle deep in our house, and during the hurricane months we had to prop it up, yet it was a much better one than we expected to find, and superior to most of those occupied by missionaries upon their arrival in the field."

There was no want of supplies, the natives bringing abundance of their produce for barter, and insisting upon

the missionary purchasing as much as they wished to dispose of. Several of the islanders, through their intercourse with the sandalwood-traders, had learned a good many English words; but in four months Mr M'Farlane was able to read sermons in the Lifuan dialect, and in seven to preach without notes.

At first his time was much occupied with manual labour. He had to superintend the process of lime-burning, to sharpen saws, to look after the sawyers, and to mark the logs. His view of missionary qualifications, indeed, tallies pretty closely with that enunciated by Bishop Patteson. "To draw a plan of your church, school, and dwelling-house," he observes, "you must be an architect; to build and repair them, you must be mason and carpenter; and when a pane of glass is broken, you must turn glazier; and when the table-knives or your wife's scissors require sharpening, you must turn scissors-grinder; to mend your chairs, you must be a cabinetmaker; to repair your boat, you must be a boat-builder; to manage it in rough weather among those islands, you must be a seaman; to shoe your horse, you must be a blacksmith; and to manage him over island roads, you must be a rider. So that more is required to make a good missionary than the mere ability to translate and expound the Scriptures."

In his division of the island, Mr M'Farlane found himself, though a Presbyterian, exercising *quasi*-episcopal functions over his six Samoan and Rarotongan teachers, with their numerous Lifuan assistant teachers, while his "diocese" contained a scattered population of over 3000 souls.

Cannibalism and polygamy had both ceased out of the land, and the people generally professed to be Christians.

Of the value of such professions some idea may be formed from Mr M'Farlane's statement that the natives are seldom truly penitent. They may be sorry for having sinned, but it is only lest God should punish them for what they have done. They are great at Bible-reading, church-going, and psalm-singing; but they are at the same time liars, hypocrites, and thieves. At the first service he attended, his attention was drawn to an elderly man, with spectacles upon nose, who was looking with a most sanctified air into his hymn-book, which he was holding upside down. The hymns then in use are condemned as devoid of sense and metre, while the singing was mere bawling, each individual shouting at the top of his voice.

The native teachers, too, are characterised as being for the most part lazy, selfish, ignorant, and proud. Even Pao could barely read or write. They cannot, however, be dispensed with, and would indeed be invaluable were they more thoroughly trained and educated. It is clearly impossible to send out a sufficient number of European missionaries to supply the religious wants of the widely-scattered islands of the South Pacific. The expense would be ruinous, and no private funds would ever be adequate to such a purpose. Native teachers, besides, more easily gain the ear of their fellow-islanders, and are less suspected of ulterior motives. But, to be truly serviceable, they need a far higher education than they can at present obtain.

The aspect of affairs was, nevertheless, hopeful. Eight congregations, each consisting of some thirty members, had been formed on the island, and in a very short time the aggregate number of worshippers exceeded two thousand five hundred. A seminary was also established for the

training of Lifuan teachers; roads were cut in all directions, and kept in good repair; chapels were erected in almost every considerable village, and wells were sunk to supply the natives everywhere with fresh water. Attention, too, was paid to agriculture; and pigs, poultry, oil, and cotton were exported to a comparatively large extent. The Romish priests were the chief purchasers of oil and cotton, which they resold at a good profit, though at one time they refused to buy these articles from Protestant converts. Religious rivalry, indeed, ran disgracefully high.

Ukenezo, the chief of the heathen portion of the island, being disgusted and alarmed by the defection and conversion of his brother-in-law, had written to the Government of New Caledonia to send him priests, in the belief that they would be supported by soldiers, by whose aid he would be enabled to triumph over his enemies. The result was an excellent illustration of the fable which represents the horse as calling in the help of man in his contest with the stag.

Romish priests, indeed, had landed from the neighbouring island of Uvea in 1858, during Bishop Patteson's residence, but were not then welcomed by the bulk of the population. They built themselves a house, the interior of which was profusely decorated with pictures, images, medals, and crosses, all regarded by the natives as potent charms. They further gave acceptable presents to their adherents, while they threatened their opponents with a French man-of-war. One of them had the bad taste to build his house close to the Protestant chapel at Chepenehe, and to employ a native to beat a gong during divine service, in order to annoy the congregation. According to Mr M'Farlane, "the Roman Catholic priests [in Lifu] generally live in miserable houses, remark-

able only for their filth and disorder; and their persons are often disgustingly dirty. This they call 'merit,' and 'self-sacrifice.' One of the storekeepers in New Caledonia," he continues, "who supplies the priests with their provisions and barter-goods, told me that, during the three years he had been there, the priests had ordered all sorts of goods, but never any soap."

The rivalry that reigned between the two Christian Churches soon culminated in acts of outrageous violence perpetrated by the Papists; and when these failed to arrest the extension of Protestant principles, the priests applied to the Governor of New Caledonia for the aid of the military. A small force of twenty-five French soldiers was accordingly landed in the early part of 1864, and encamped about half a mile from the missionary settlement at Chepenehe. The lieutenant in command, a hot-headed young man not twenty-five years of age, who called himself "Commandant of the Loyalty Islands," immediately issued orders to provide suitable accommodation for his men, threatening to put in irons whosoever refused to obey the decree. Houses were speedily run up, but the natives received not the slightest remuneration for their time and labour.

The commandant next talked of burning Chepenehe, and was with difficulty diverted from his purpose by the remonstrances of Messrs M'Farlane and Sleigh. He positively forbade, however, all further distribution of books in the vernacular tongue, and also religious instruction in any other language than French; while his soldiers conducted themselves as in a conquered country, ill-using the natives and laying their hands upon whatever they fancied. A plot was therefore formed to

attack them in their camp at night, but Mr M'Farlane succeeded in dissuading the poor islanders from a step that would be sure to bring down upon them a fearful retaliation.

In the following month the governor himself arrived with two steamers filled with soldiery. This functionary informed Mr M'Farlane that no religious mission could exist in the French colonies without the express sanction of the Imperial Government, and that religious services could only be celebrated by French subjects. As an Englishman and the citizen of a country friendly to France, Mr M'Farlane was told that he would be permitted to remain in the island, but that if he ventured beyond his own premises he would be shot by the sentinel posted at his gates. The soldiers then plundered the settlement, and treated the natives with great barbarity. While prayers were being offered up in the chapel one Friday evening, they forced their way into the sacred building, but were received by the officiating teacher with so much dignity that they grew abashed and presently withdrew.

Frightful cruelties were perpetrated in the interior as well as at Chepenehe. Many natives were shot down, and others bayoneted, without the slightest provocation. Forced labour, without pay or food, was the order of the day; and neither age, nor sex, nor rank availed as a defence against the cowardly ruffianism of these military bigots. The Protestant teachers were bound hand and foot, and sent on board the steamers as prisoners; nor was the missionary vessel, the *Day Spring*, which arrived at the height of this exhibition of unbridled ferocity, suffered to hold any communication with the shore.

These atrocities, however, eventually reached the

ears of influential and earnest individuals in England, who lost no time in presenting a memorial to the Emperor Louis Napoleon, setting forth the injustice that had been wrought in his name, and praying for a full and searching investigation. An Imperial Commission was accordingly appointed to inquire into the matter, but was greatly baffled by the nomination of the Commandant of the Loyalty Islands as one of its members. The Report was never published, but in the end the commandant was recalled from Lifu, and a civilian sent to replace him. The Governor of New Caledonia was also invited to Paris, whence he never returned, and his post was given to a worthier man.

After Sedan the French soldiers were entirely withdrawn from the Loyalty group, and the new church in Lifu was handed over to the Protestant missionaries with ceremonials of the most gratifying character, and with warm acknowledgments of their meritorious services. From that moment the Romanists declined in numbers and importance, and by the latest accounts the proportion of Protestants to Papists was as six to one.

Civilisation, too, is steadily advancing, and nowhere are missionary prospects more encouraging than in this island, where for a time the balance seemed to waver between the horrors of heathenism and the corrupt and idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome.

To the north-east of Lifu lies a charming cluster of coralline islets, called indifferently the Iai, Neu, and Uvea groups, and by others the Britannia Isles. Some twenty islets form a deep lagoon eighteen miles in length and nine in breadth; but the principal island, named Uvea and Huie, is thirty miles long and in places three miles

wide, but nowhere more than 150 feet above the sea-level. It is separated by a narrow strait from Whakaia, a small island not above two miles in length. The population was estimated by Mr Turner at 4000 prior to the irruption of the Romish priests, while after that period of misrule it was reckoned by Mr M'Farlane at only 2500. Christianity was first preached in this picturesque sub-group of the Loyalty Islands in 1856, by some teachers from Maré, who were readily patronised by the most powerful of the two rival chiefs.

In 1859 there were five teachers stationed on Uvea, who preached every week to congregations aggregating 1300 souls. Here, too, a disturbing element was fated to appear in the shape of Romish priests, of the type that disgraced Christianity in the sixteenth century. Some of these illiterate fanatics had landed in 1857, but it was not until after Mr Turner's visit in 1859 that they fully displayed the cloven foot. By the following year they had erected chapels in Protestant villages, offering grog and tobacco as allurements, and threatening the recalcitrant with a military occupation. Mr M'Farlane was grievously molested by one of the priests in 1860, but the captain of the French ship *Bonita* rendered him full justice, and rebuked the zeal or malice of his rival.

Three years later the Protestant cause seemed to be gaining ground, though the priests were excessively troublesome. The first missionary appointed was Mr Irving, but he died at Sydney on his way thither, and the Rev. S. Ella was selected as his successor. This gentleman, however, was only suffered to land in the character of an English resident, and was forbidden to exercise any sort of spiritual function. The priests meanwhile incited

armed mobs to demolish the Protestant chapels, and to annoy the Protestant converts in every possible way. This state of affairs lasted from December 1864 to April 1865, when Mr Ella received permission both to teach and preach. The Protestants, nevertheless, still continued to be insulted and maltreated, and the island was arbitrarily divided into three portions, over each of which was placed a chief who had embraced Romanism.

After this the persecuting rage of the priests became almost demoniacal. Villages inhabited by Protestant converts were burnt to the ground, their plantations plundered, their fruit-trees cut down, themselves bound by ropes, dragged about, and shamefully beaten. Mr Ella himself and his boat's-crew were violently assailed; and on one occasion, during the administration of the Holy Sacrament, a mob burst into the chapel, nearly upset the table, and pulled the missionary about in the most unseemly manner. The terror of this scene threw Mrs Ella into a long and serious illness. After the Imperial Commission, however, had reported in 1869, this particular batch of priests was removed to New Caledonia, though it does not appear that their successors are men of a milder or more Christian disposition and deportment.

At the end of 1871 Mr Ella was compelled by ill-health to seek change of air and relaxation, and during his absence the Papists attacked a Protestant village near a priest's dwelling, killed not a few, and set fire to their houses. Ten days after this outrage Mr Sleigh landed, but was forbidden by the arrogant priest to celebrate divine service, or to hold any intercourse with the refugees. Mr Sleigh immediately despatched a letter to the Governor of New Caledonia, but without effect, and many of the Protestants

forthwith migrated to Lifu. It is said, indeed, that better times are beginning to dawn upon these unfortunate islanders; but it is little creditable to a powerful Protestant nation, such as that of Great Britain, that no efficient protection should be afforded to British missionaries, labouring to convert the heathen, against the brutality of French soldiers and the arrogance of Popish priests.

This is not the place to enter upon the discussion of a great political question, but it may at least be permissible to express a feeling of regret that every island of the Southern Pacific was not long since declared under the protection of the British flag. Had this been done when the Sandwich Islanders asked for the British protectorate, we should have been spared the indignities offered to a British subject in the person of Mr Pritchard, nor would the French have been suffered to rehearse at Tahiti the tragic scenes subsequently enacted by them in the Loyalty Islands. The timidity or supineness of the British Government in allowing to pass unquestioned the French occupation of New Caledonia and the adjacent islands, has infected the entire South Pacific Archipelago with the moral pollutions of a penal settlement—within easy reach, too, of our Australian colonies—and has afforded excuse for French interposition wherever Romish emissaries have succeeded in sowing dissension and stirring up strife. What is done cannot be undone, but it is not yet too late to extend the broad ægis of Great Britain over every island and islet not already appropriated by our rapacious and unscrupulous allies.

Unprotected and disavowed by their own Government, ridiculed and laughed to scorn by irreverent wits, their motives and their work alike misrepresented, and supported

only by their own sense of duty, and the encouragement afforded by a few faithful and loving friends in their far-away native land, the poor missionaries have braved discomfort, destitution, domestic bereavements, persecution and contumely, all manner of perils on shore and on the sea, and even death itself, in the earnest hope of illumining, by the abiding light of gospel truth, the thick darkness that enshrouded the southern isles.

In the comparatively short space of three-quarters of a century, hundreds of savage tribes have been induced by precept and example to forsake the heathen rites and ceremonies of their savage forefathers, and, in some degree at least, adopt the simple faith and pure morals of Christianity. Much certainly remains to be done, but a broad and firm foundation has been laid for raising up a noble superstructure. The most formidable obstacles, the most serious impediments, hitherto encountered by the missionaries, have been wilfully placed in their path by men calling themselves Christians, but whose lives would disgrace even paganism.

Allusion has already been made to the atrocities perpetrated by the sandalwood-traders, and still more recently by traffickers in human flesh faintly disguised as importers of free labour. More than once, too, reference has been made to the interested opposition of escaped convicts, run-away sailors, and broken-down adventurers from all parts of the world. Neither has it been possible to pass over in silence the arrogant pretensions of bigoted priests, or the horrid barbarities committed by the soldiers of a nation claiming for itself the foremost rank among the civilised countries of the globe. All these causes have, doubtless, sorely militated against the triumph of the Cross, and have let and hindered

the devoted missionaries in attaining to the goal they had set before them.

But, beyond all question, the chief barrier to a more satisfactory progress must be looked for in the ribald talk, the awful blasphemies, the foul lives of the white settlers, and, in too many cases, of the crews of the ships traversing those seas. The unhappy islanders have in vain been reclaimed from heathenism, if they are now to be exposed to the contagious influences of these degraded and shameless men, whether Europeans or Americans, without the aid of sufficient spiritual guidance to steer them clear of the rocks and shoals that beset their Christian course. Unless the small band of missionaries at present working in those remote islands be speedily and largely augmented, the latter state of the Polynesian Islanders is likely to be worse than their original condition of unenlightened ignorance.

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